Melodies Of Zion.

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Emily Hall,
from her affectionate
Husband
L. Hall.

31 January 1864.

MELODIES OF ZION;

CONTAINING

THE TUNES

FOR

"TIMES OF REFRESHING" & "SONGS OF ZION"

HYMN BOOKS.

Arranged for Four Voices.

LONDON:
MORGAN AND CHASE, 38, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

THOMAS HARRILD,

MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTER, SHOE LANE, FLEET ST.,

LONDON,—E.C.

PREFACE.

THE collection of Tunes contained in this Volume has been made in the design of supplying a want known to exist in places where the Hymns in the "TIMES OF REFRESHING" and "SONGS OF ZION" Hymn-Books are used. Several of the most beautiful Hymns in these books are passed over because no Tune is known that will measure their peculiar metres, and others because the Tunes which correspond with the metres are quite unsuitable to the character of the Hymns; while so great has been the desire to sing some very favourite Hymns, that Tunes have been forced into union with metres which they do not measure by a process of rythmical dislocation that no musical ear can endure.

Our endeavour has been—

1.—To supply Tunes that are *melodious*, discarding those mediæval drones whose Treble has no pretension to melody, and which are entirely dependent on their harmony and elaborate modulation for favour.

2.—Having made a sweet and simple melody our first object, then to arrange the harmony so that each part may be as smooth and melodious as possible; free from all wide and difficult, or chromatic intervals, and from such perplexing and recondite modulation as none but professional musicians can sing.

3.—To set the Tunes in such keys as will keep the highest note within the range of most voices, making it a rule not to rise above the note on the highest Treble line, and hardly ever beyond the ♮ of that note.

4.—To give only such Tunes as exactly measure the metres, taking care to avoid all faulty accents, inverted feet, and deceptive barring; and adopting the syllabic rythm as far as it was possible to do so without making such changes in the melody as quite to destroy its character.

5.—To select the best melodies, and most suitable in character, for each Hymn; in some cases giving two, or even three, Tunes for the same Hymn where all seemed good, or where a popular one, though inferior, seemed to claim a place.

Notwithstanding all our care and desire to make the book as perfect as possible, we have felt obliged to admit a few Tunes below our standard, and of which we do not fully approve; some because required for peculiar Hymns, and others because they are so popular in many places that their omission would have been considered a defect.

On the whole, we trust that this little contribution to the varied Hymnology of the present time—abounding in sacred song—will be kindly received by the dear children of GOD for whom it is designed, and promote, in some measure, the joyful exercise of praise.

MELODIES OF ZION;

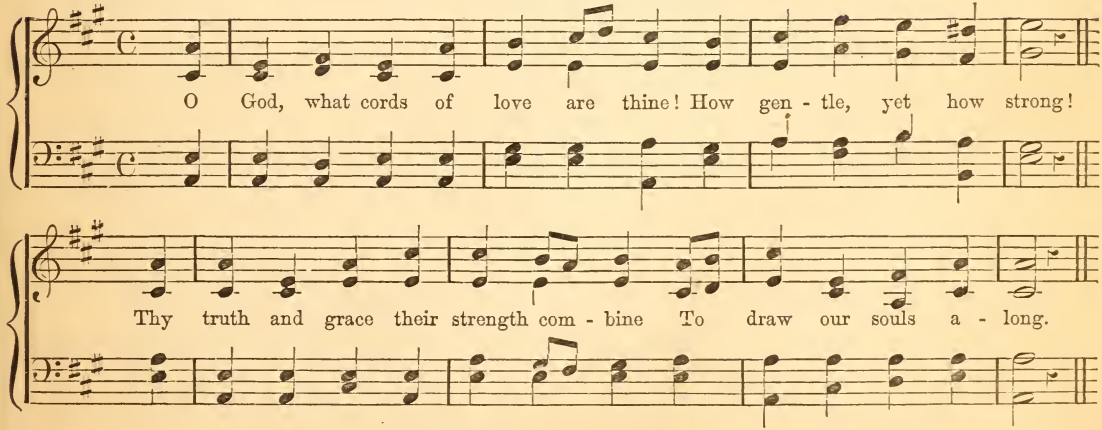
CONTAINING THE

Tunes for "Times of Refreshing" and "Songs of Zion" Hymn Books,

ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES.

DODDRIDGE.

THE CORDS OF LOVE.

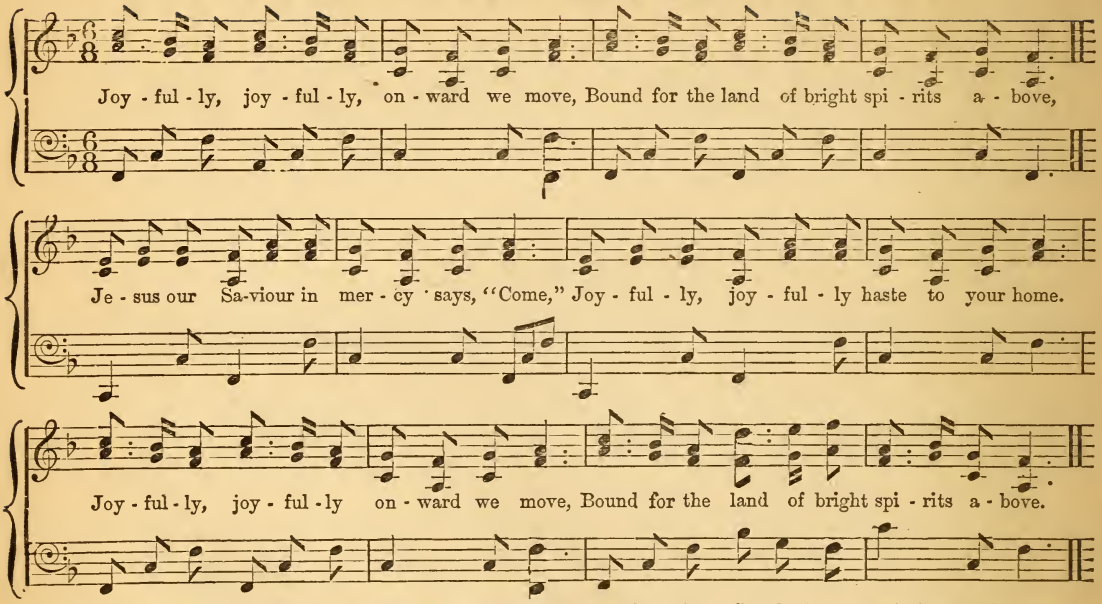

O God, what cords of love are thine! How gen - tle, yet how strong!
Thy truth and grace their strength com - bine To draw our souls a - long.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords, we'll onward move,
Till round the throne we meet.
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

JOYFULLY ONWARD.


Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound for the land of bright spi - rits a - bove,
Je - sus our Sa-viour in mer - cy says, "Come," Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home.
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward we move, Bound for the land of bright spi - rits a - bove.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below;
Soon to the presence of God we shall go:
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

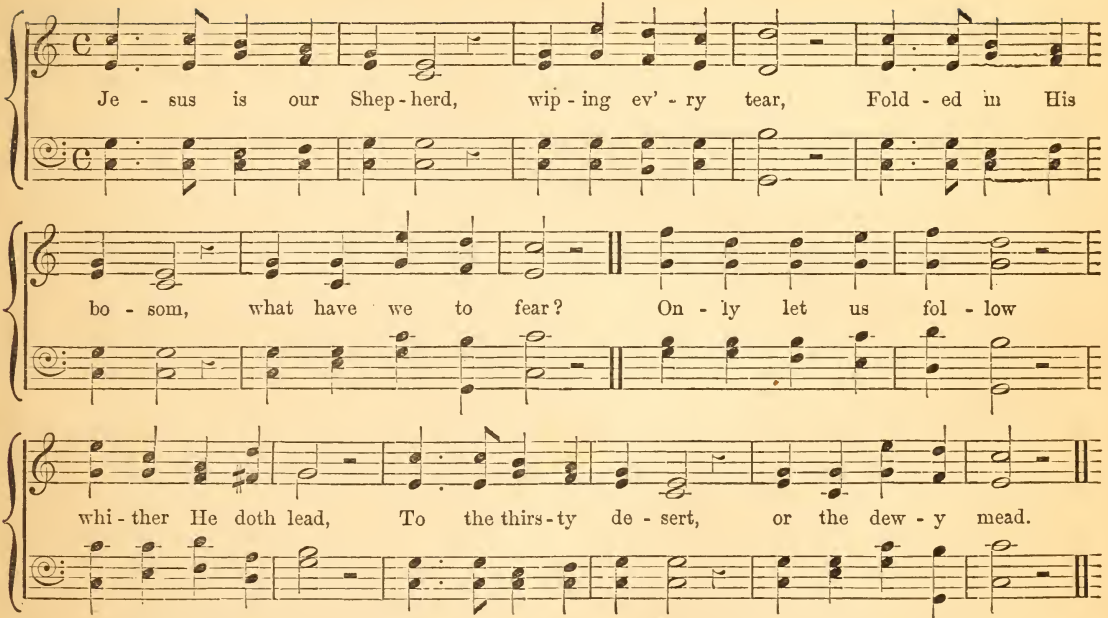
Teachers and kindred have passed on before;
Waiting they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Death, with its arrows, may soon lay us low;
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow,
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Bright will the day of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

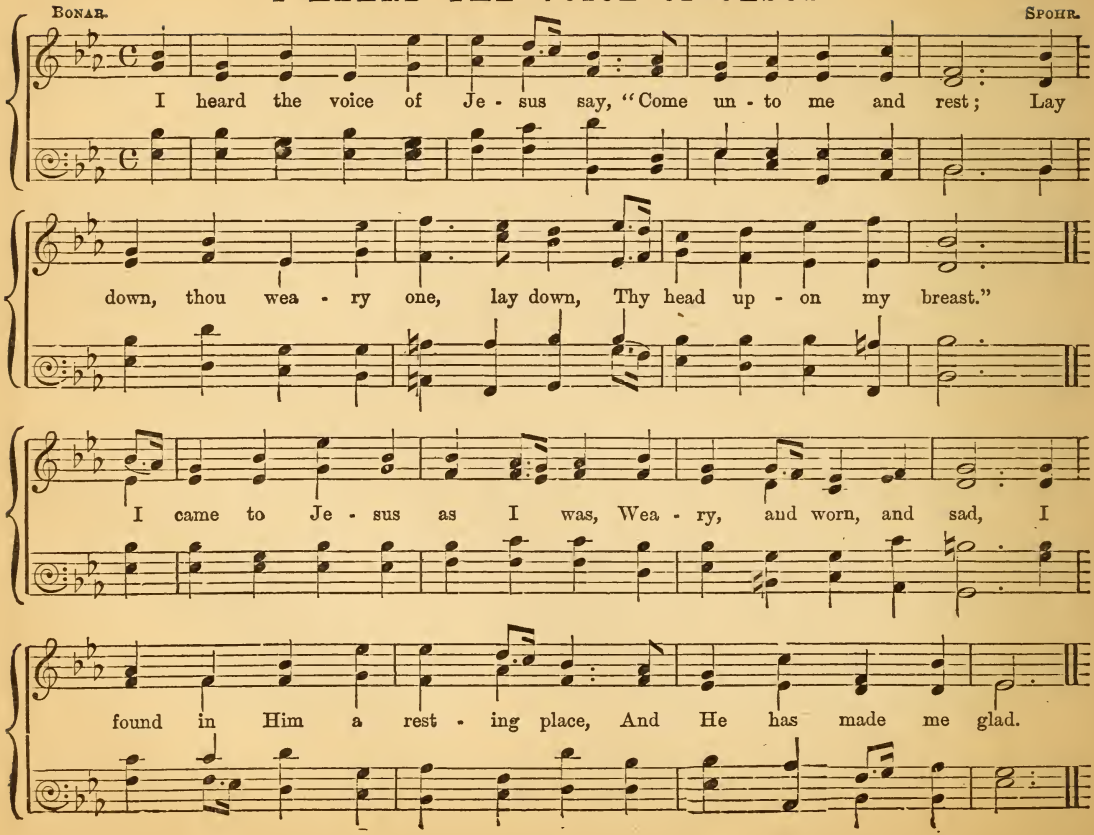

Je - sus is our Shep - herd, wip - ing ev' - ry tear, Fold - ed in His
bo - som, what have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low
whi - ther He doth lead, To the thirs - ty de - sert, or the dew - y mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd, may we know His voice!
How its gentle whisper makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth tender is His tone;
None but He shall guide us: we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep He bled;
Ev'ry lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
They that have my Spirit, these, saith He, are mine.

Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may ravin, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS.

BONAR. SPOHR.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay
down, thou wea - ry one, lay down, Thy head up - on my breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, I
found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

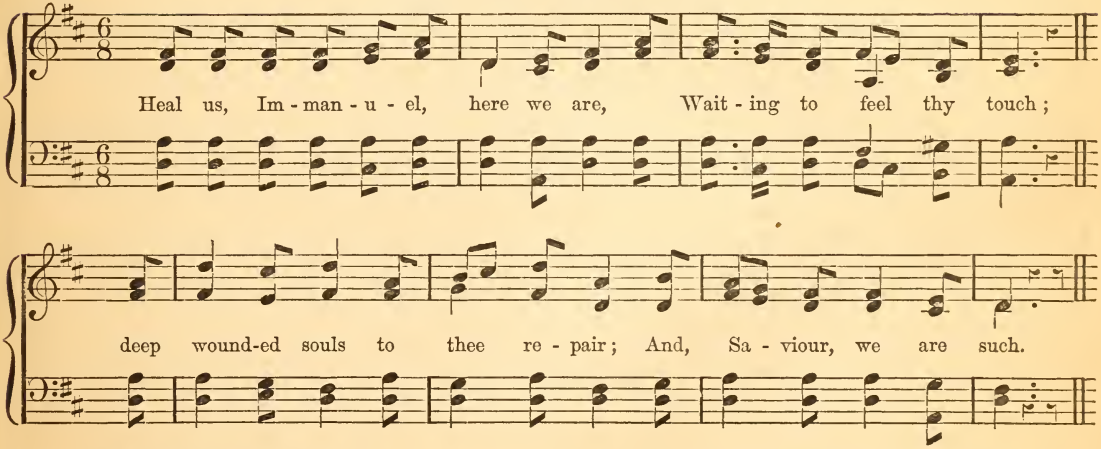
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I 'll walk,
Till trav'lling days are done.

COWPER.

HEAL US, IMMANUEL!

I. ASHE.



2 My faith is feeble, I confess,
I faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity me the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

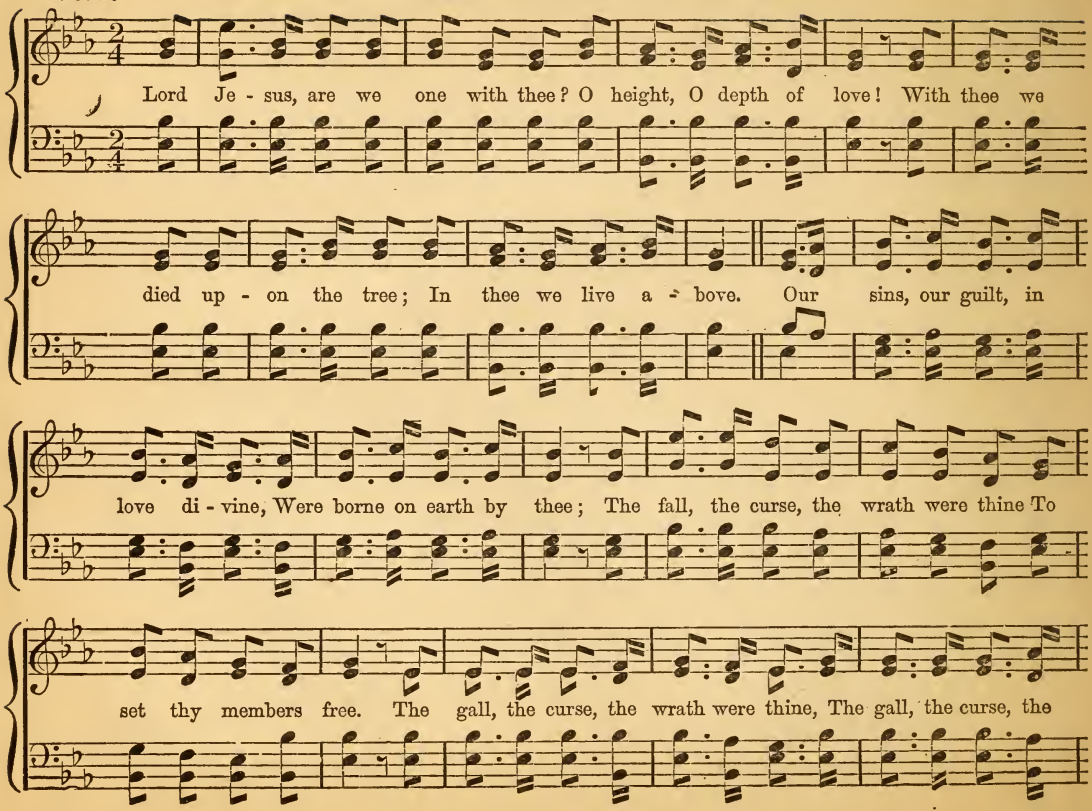
3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried,
"Help thou mine unbelief."

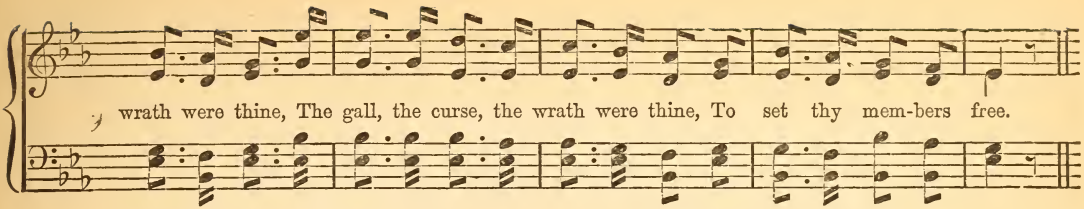
4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears, I come,
To touch thee if I may;
Oh, send me not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away.

J. G. R.

ONE WITH JESUS.


Lord Je - sus, are we one with thee? O height, O depth of love! With thee we
died up - on the tree; In thee we live a - bove. Our sins, our guilt, in
love di - vine, Were borne on earth by thee; The fall, the curse, the wrath were thine To
set thy members free. The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine, The gall, the curse, the

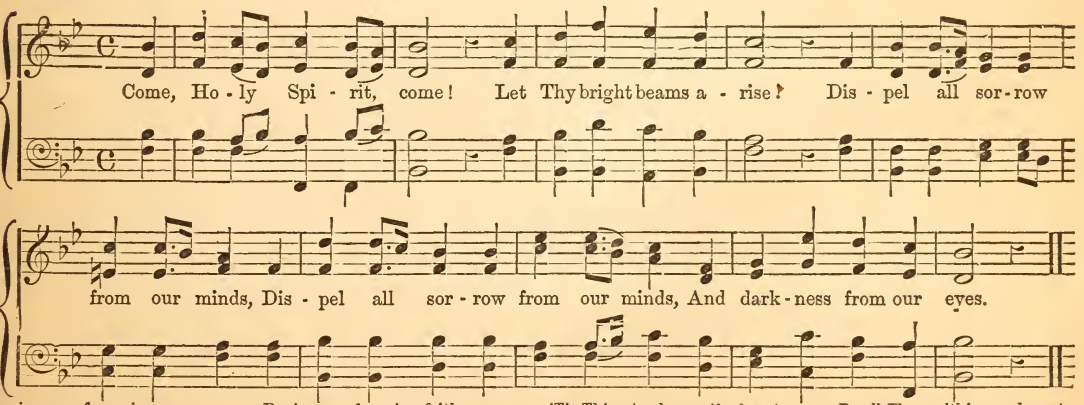


2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, COME!

HART.

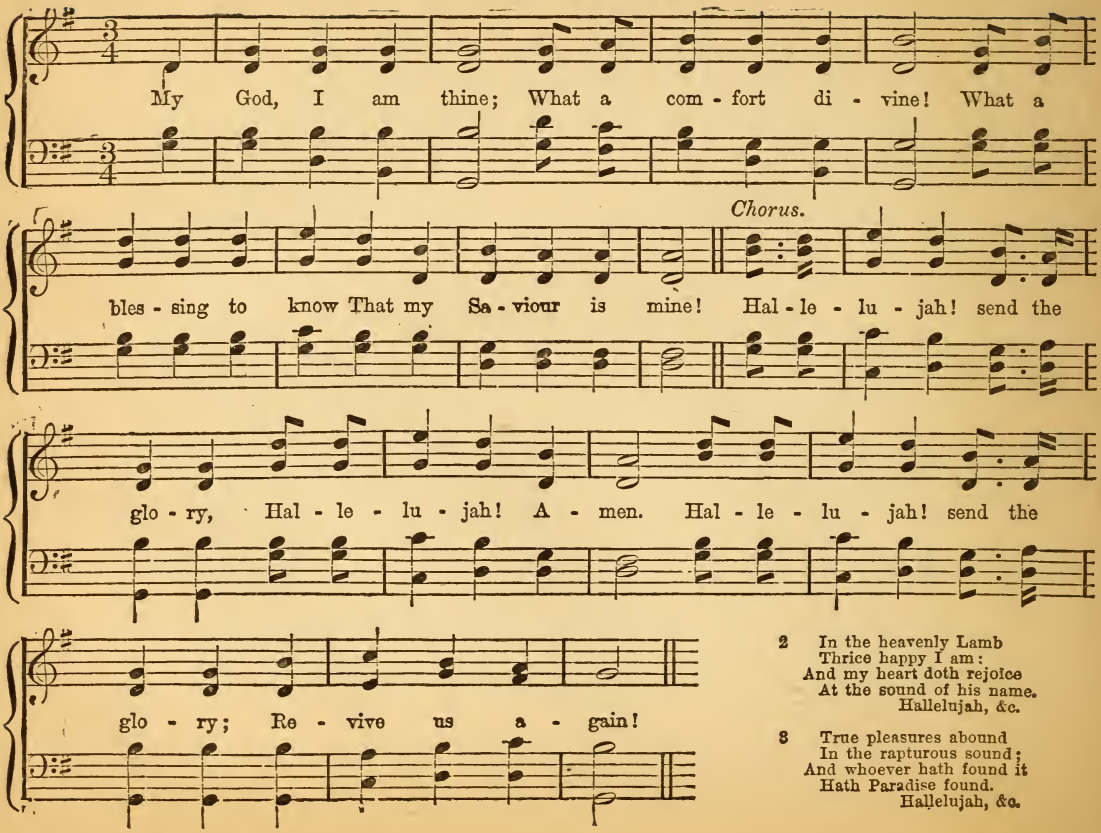

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise! Dis - pel all sor - row
from our minds, Dis - pel all sor - row from our minds, And dark - ness from our eyes.

Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The boundless love of God.

Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour new life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

Dwell Thou within our breast;
Our minds from bondage free,
So shall we know and praise and lo
The Father, Son, and Thee.

SEND THE GLORY!

My God, I am thine; What a com - fort di - vine! What a
Chorus.
bles - sing to know That my Sa - viour is mine! Hal - le - lu - jah! send the
glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the
glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain!

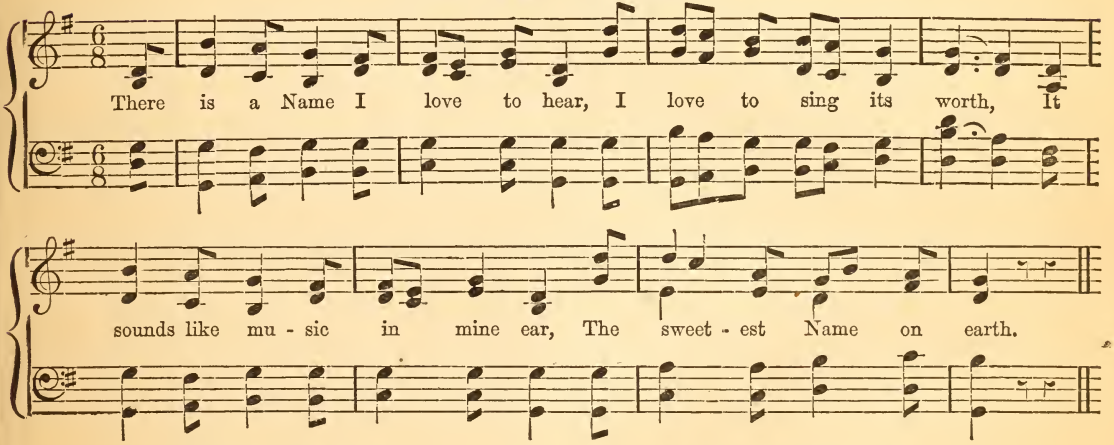
2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am:
And my heart doth rejoice
At the sound of his name.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it
Hath Paradise found.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 My Saviour to know,
And feel his blood flow.
'Tis life everlasting—
'Tis heaven below.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness,
But this is the taste.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 And this I shall prove
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens
In Jesu's own love.
Hallelujah, &c.

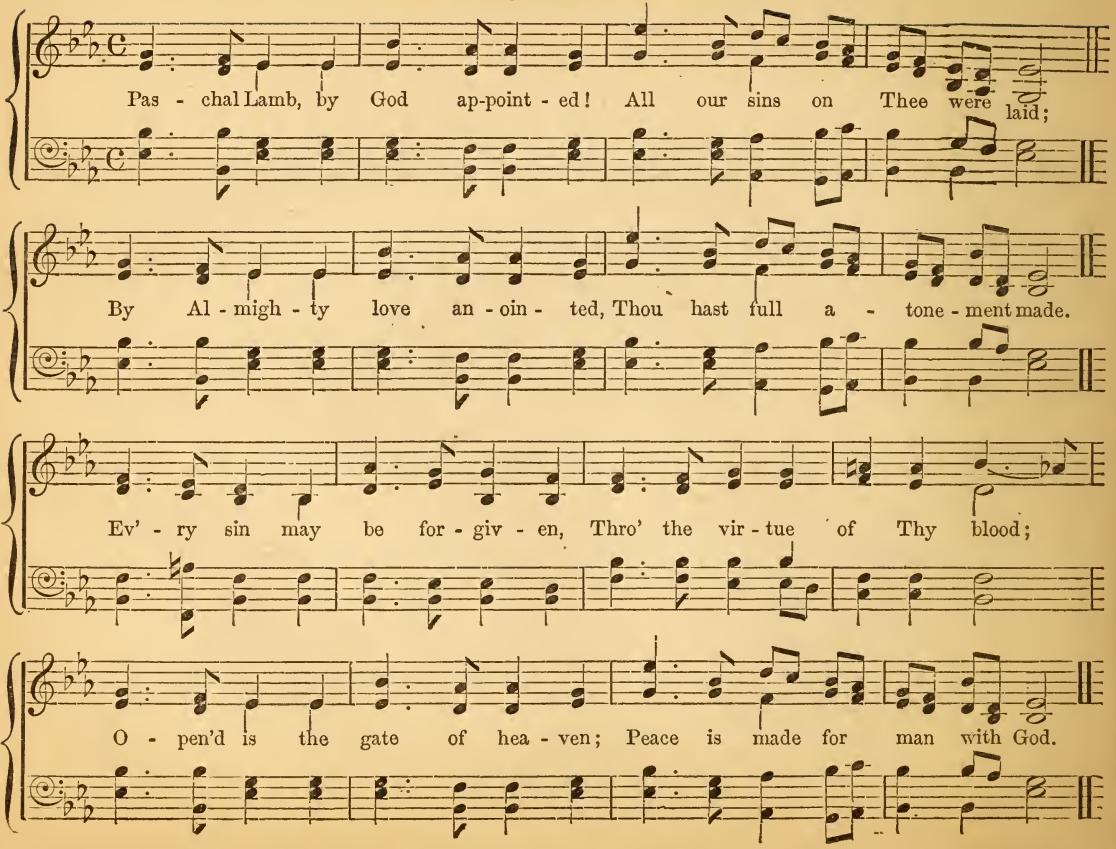
THE NAME OF JESUS.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe;
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

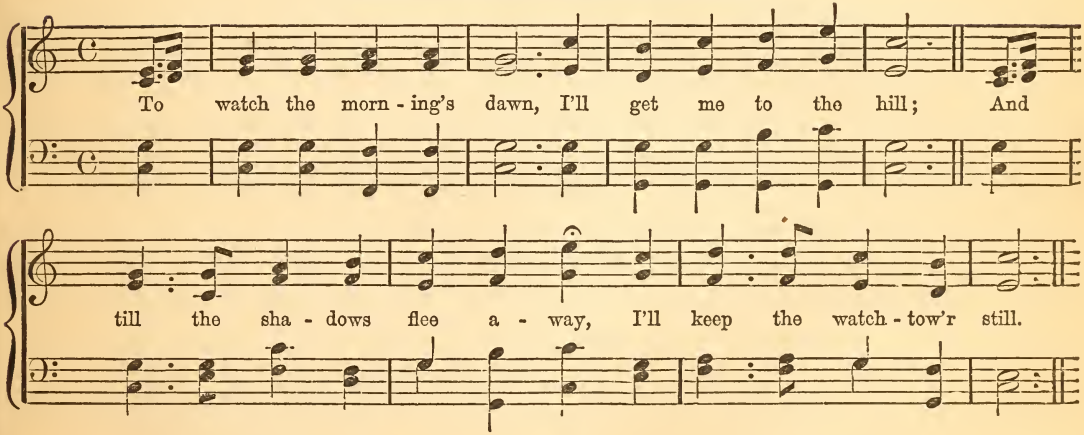
6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesu's love to me.

THE PASCHAL LAMB.

Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap-point - ed! All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Al - migh - ty love an - oin - ted, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.
Ev' - ry sin may be for - giv - en, Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;
O - pen'd is the gate of hea - ven; Peace is made for man with God.

Jesus hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year,"
There for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive:
Highest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING.



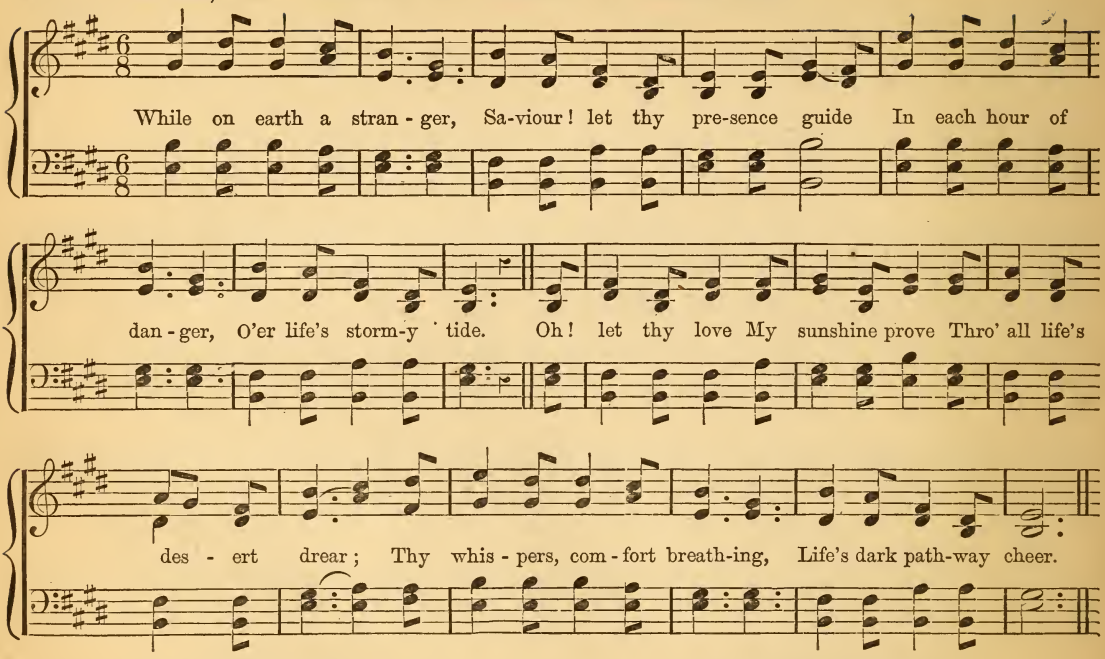
2 For morning surely comes,
With everlasting light;
The heavenly Day-star is at hand,
To chase the dreary night.

3 And though it lingers yet,
It cheers the failing eye
To mark, amid surrounding gloom,
The light of prophecy.

4 I'll trim my lamp the while,
And chant a midnight lay,
Till perfect light and gladness come,
In glory's endless day.

Words by Isaac Ashe, M.B.

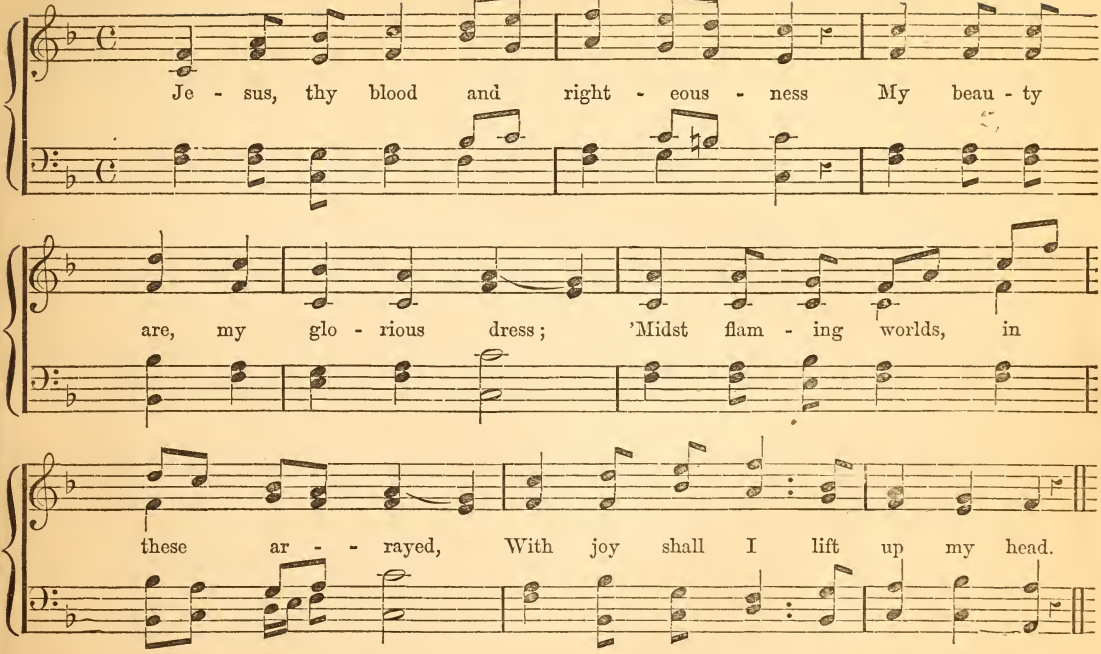
WHILE ON EARTH A STRANGER.


While on earth a stran - ger, Sa-viour! let thy pre-sence guide In each hour of
dan - ger, O'er life's storm-y tide. Oh! let thy love My sunshine prove Thro' all life's
des - ert drear; Thy whis - pers, com - fort breath-ing, Life's dark path-way cheer.

Though my footsteps wander
Here 'mid doubt, and fear, and sin,
Let my hopes be yonder
Heaven's bright courts within;
My soul arise
Beyond the skies,
With thee above to dwell,
And know, in sweet communion,
Joys no tongue can tell.

When at last I hear thee
Call the weary wanderer home
Ever to be near thee,
Lord, with joy I'll come.
On wings of love
I'll rise above
To that bright land of rest;
And, oh! at last in glory
Lean on Jesu's breast.

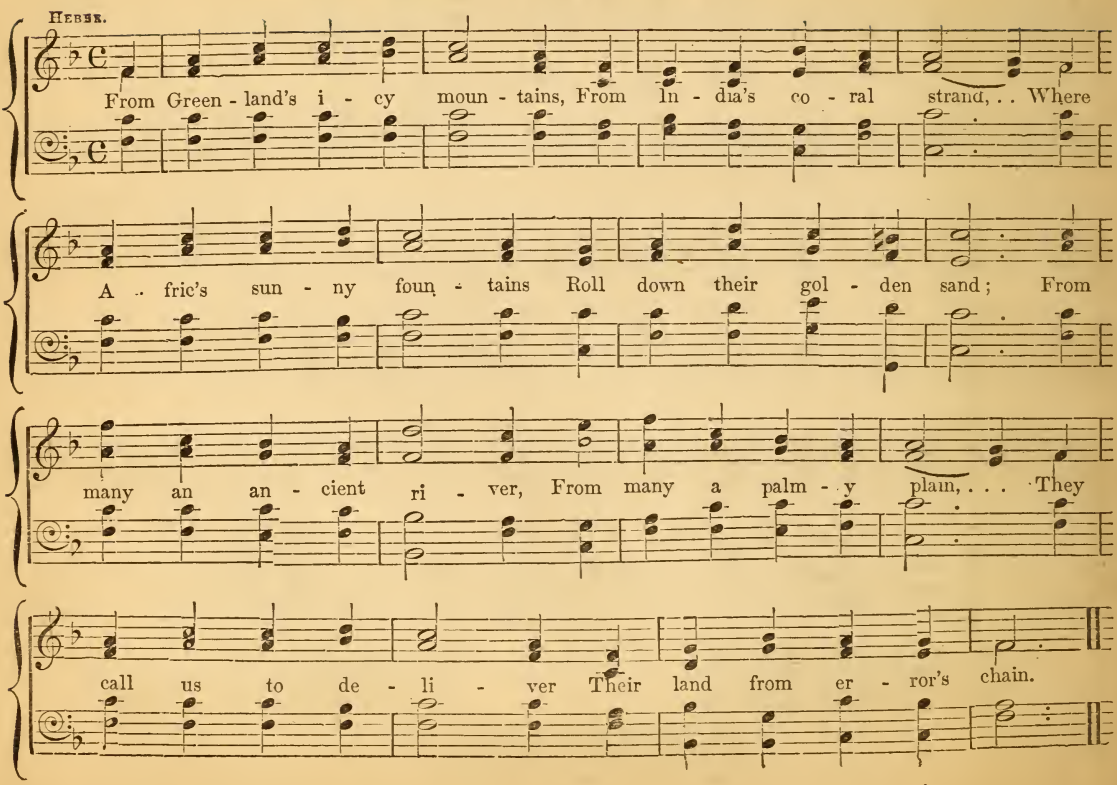
THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF FAITH.

ZINZENDORF.

Je - sus, thy blood and right - eous - ness My beau - ty
are, my glo - rious dress; 'Midst flam - ing worlds, in
these ar - - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
Since through thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame

4 And when the dead shall hear thy voice,
Thy sleeping children shall rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

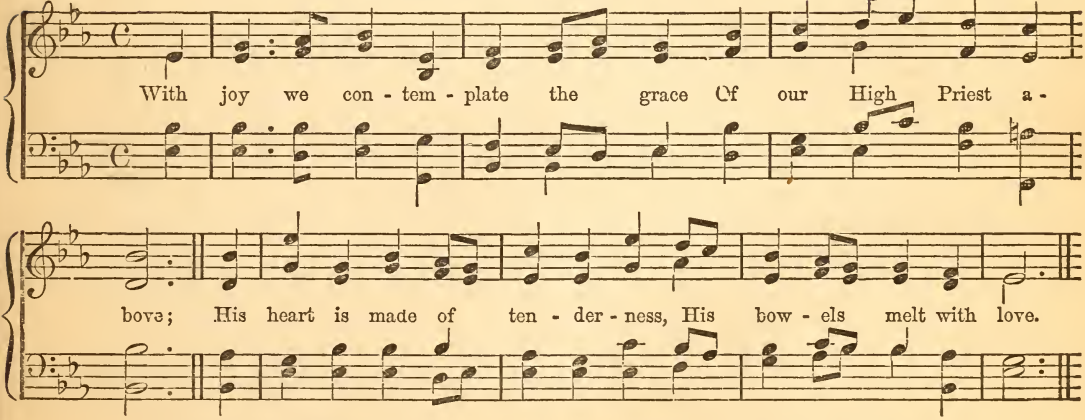
MISSIONARY HYMN.

HEBER.
From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, . . Where
A . fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gol - den sand; From
many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a palm - y plain, . . . They
call us to de - li - ver Their land from er - ror's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

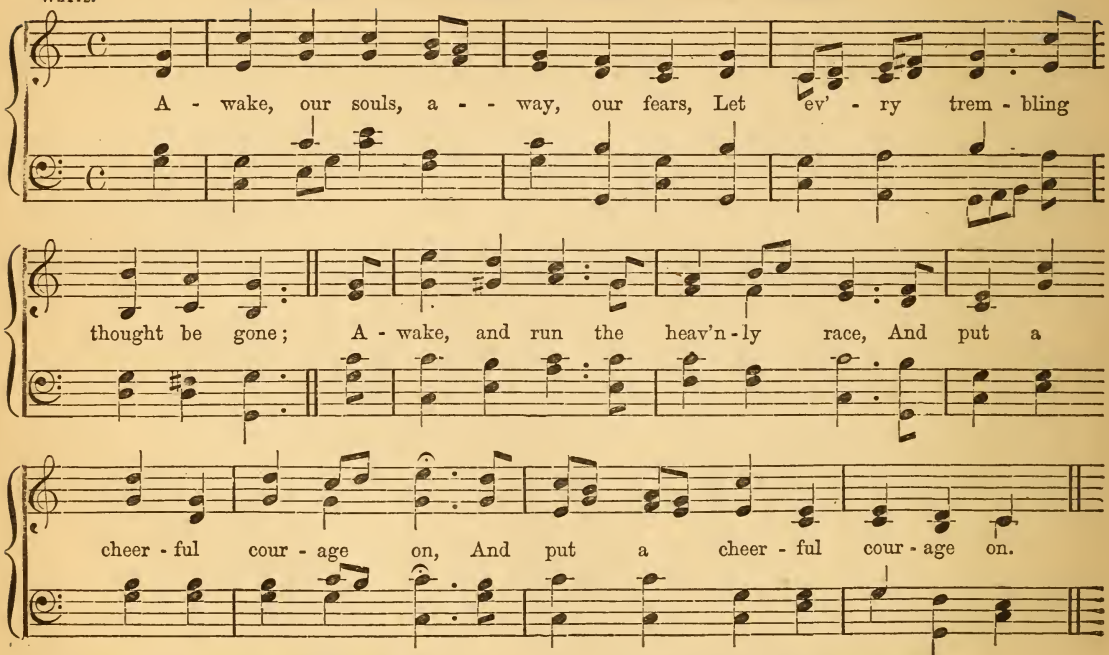
WATTS. MUSIC BY REV. I. ASHE.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what strong temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in his days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And still vouchsafes to feel afresh,
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In every trying hour.

AWAKE, OUR SOULS! AWAY, OUR FEARS!

WATTS.

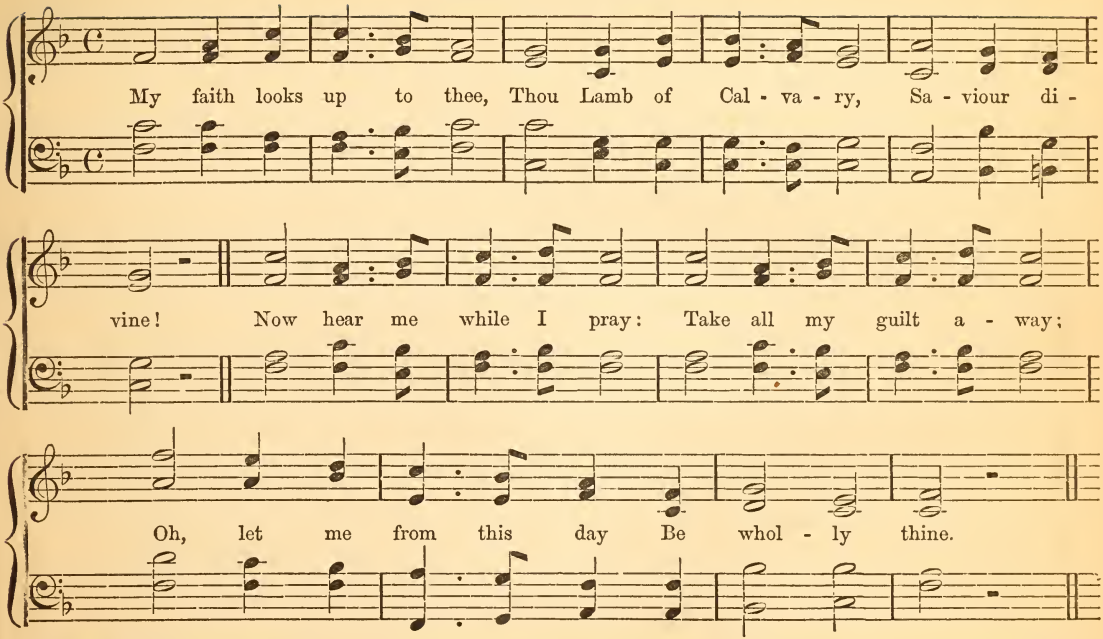

A - wake, our souls, a - - way, our fears, Let ev' - ry trem - bling
thought be gone; A - wake, and run the heav'n - ly race, And put a
cheer - ful cour - age on, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But Jesus is the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the everflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While they who trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

FAITH IN JESUS.


My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di -
vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt a - way;
Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

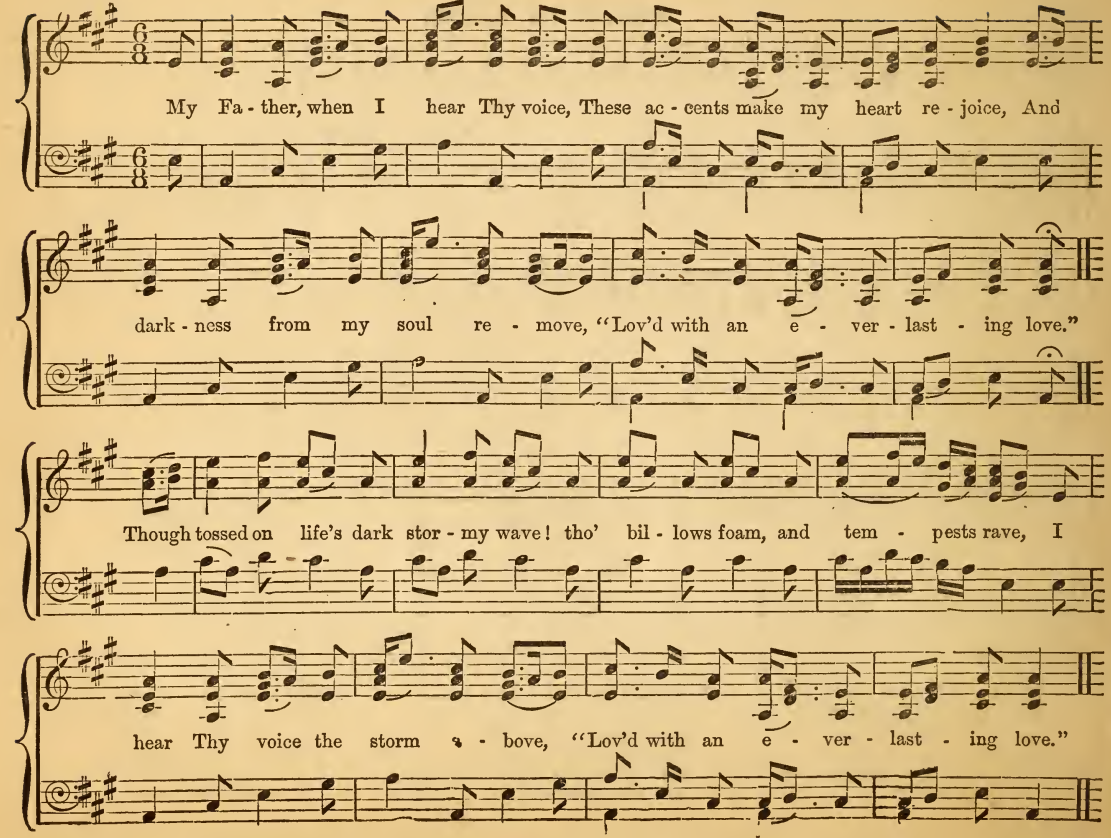
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my failing heart—
My zeal inspire.
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream—
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

LOVED WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE.

I. Ashe, M.B.


My Fa - ther, when I hear Thy voice, These ac - cents make my heart re - joice, And
dark - ness from my soul re - move, "Lov'd with an e - ver - last - ing love."
Though tossed on life's dark stor - my wave! tho' bil - lows foam, and tem - pests rave, I
hear Thy voice the storm a - bove, "Lov'd with an e - ver - last - ing love."

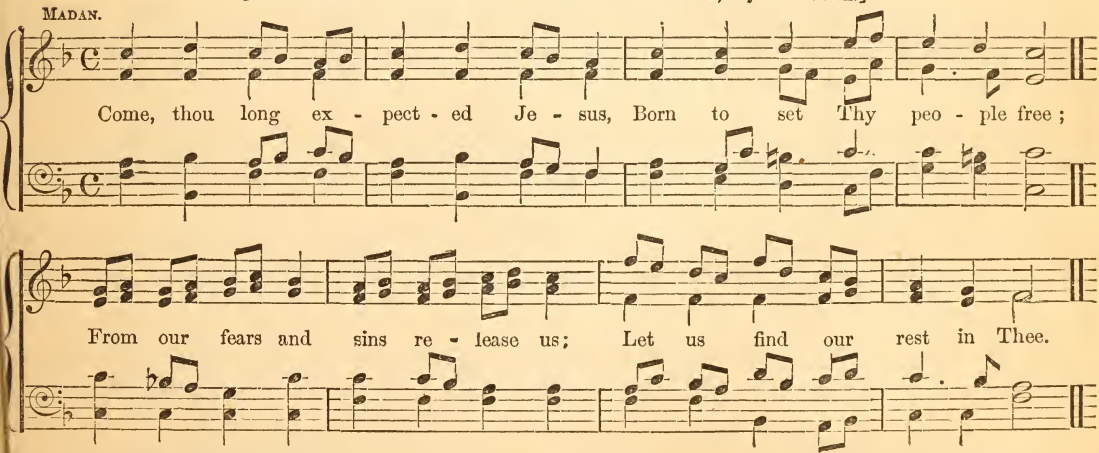
When days and nights of mourning come,
And sorrow makes my heart her home,
These tender words my comfort prove,
"Lov'd with an everlasting love."
Though anguish rack my feeble frame,
Thy watchful care is still the same;
These accents every doubt remove,
"Lov'd with an everlasting love."

When sore the combat, sharp the strife,
These words renew my strength and life,
"Thou yet shalt more than conqueror prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love."
When rough my path and worn my feet,
When fainting 'neath the noontide heat,
Still onward, upward, I can move,
"Lov'd with an everlasting love."

And when the tempter's wiles are tried
To lure me from my Saviour's side,
These tones forbid my feet to rove,
"Lov'd with an everlasting love."
My Father! in Thy smile of light,
This weary waste of earth looks bright,
And this shall be my Heaven above,
"Lov'd with an everlasting love."

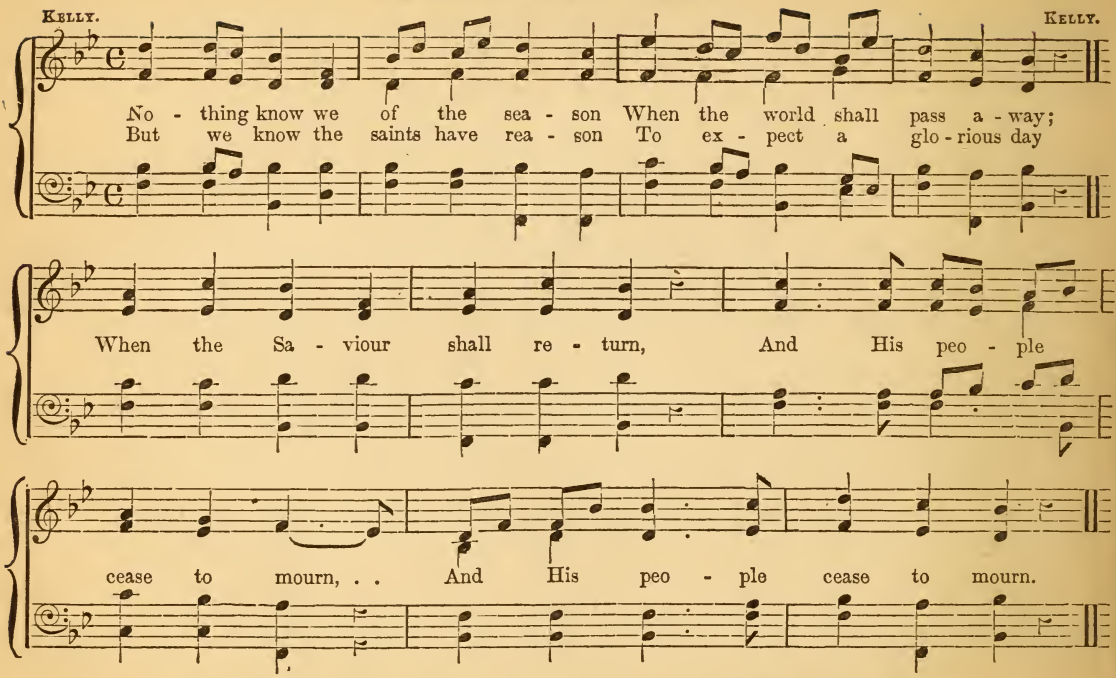
THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

[Harmonies from "THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," by Permission.]

MADAN.

Israel's strength and consolation;
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation;
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign o'er us for ever,
Now Thy glorious kingdom bring.

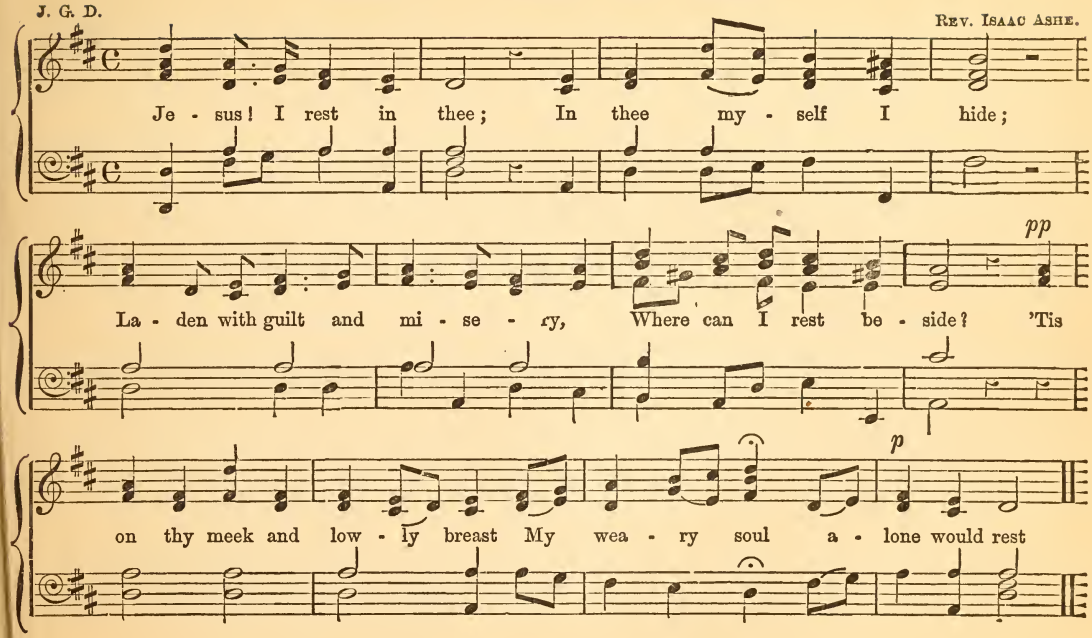
By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy heavenly throne.

WATCH AND PRAY.

KELLY.
KELLY.
No - thing know we of the sea - son When the world shall pass a - way;
But we know the saints have rea - son To ex - pect a glo - rious day
When the Sa - viour shall re - turn, And His peo - ple
cease to mourn, . . And His peo - ple cease to mourn.

Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning,
Let us watch while others sleep;
We're no longer of the night,
We are children of the light.

Being of the favoured number
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber
Nothing should be left undone:
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name.

JESUS! I REST IN THEE!

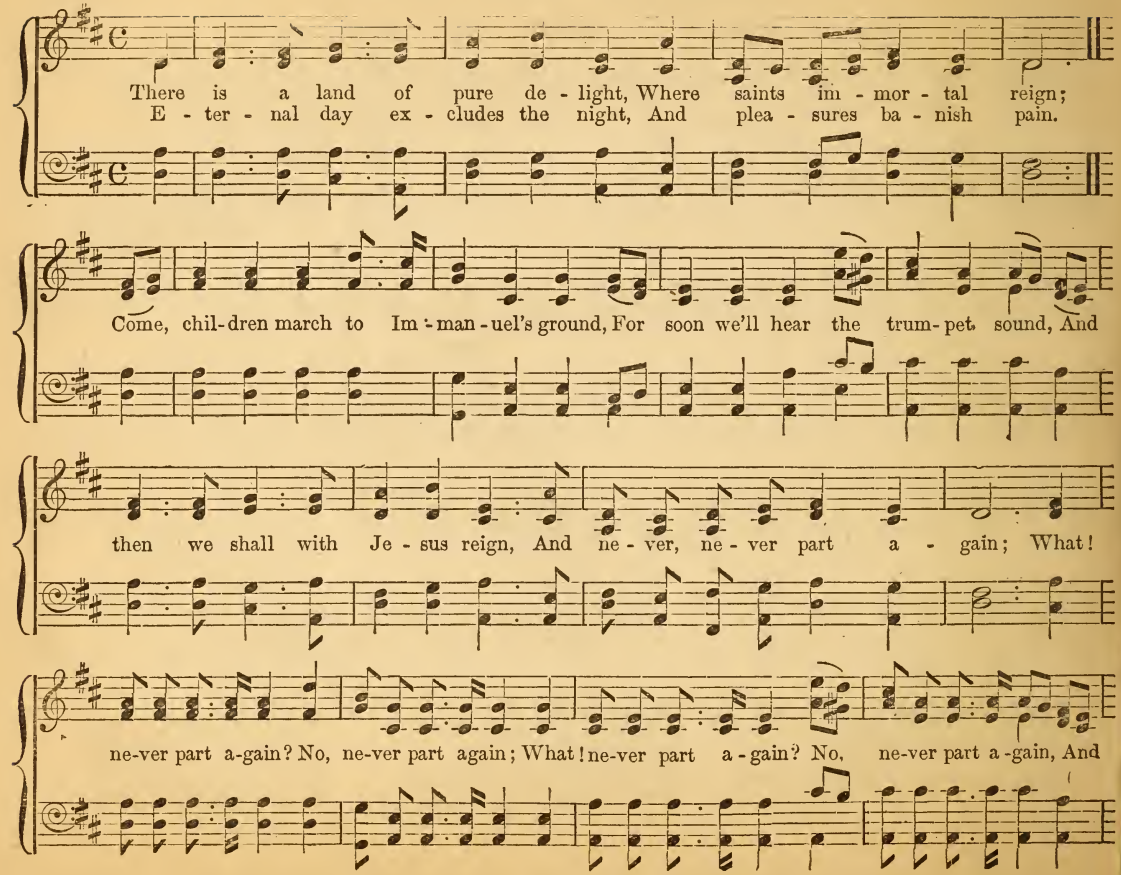
J. G. D. REV. ISAAC ASHE.

Je - sus! I rest in thee; In thee my - self I hide;
pp
La - den with guilt and mi - se - ry, Where can I rest be - side? 'Tis
p
on thy meek and low - ly breast My wea - ry soul a - lone would rest

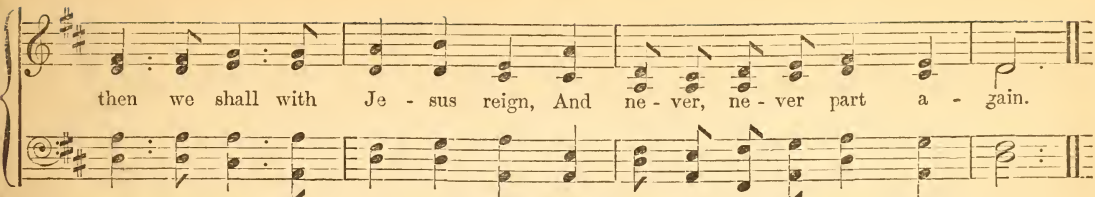
Thou Holy One of God,
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
That speaks to Him for me,
The curse is gone, through Thee I'm blest;
God rests in Thee, in Thee I rest.

The slave of sin and fear,
Thy truth my bondage broke;
My willing spirit loves to bear
Thy light and easy yoke:
The love that fills my grateful breast
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God, shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home:
Then, of the promis'd land possest,
My soul shall know eternal rest.

WATTS.

WE'LL NEVER PART AGAIN.

There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain.
Come, chil-dren march to Im - man - uel's ground, For soon we'll hear the trum-pet sound, And
then we shall with Je - sus reign, And ne - ver, ne - ver part a - gain; What!
ne-ver part a-gain? No, ne-ver part again; What! ne-ver part a-gain? No, ne-ver part a-gain, And

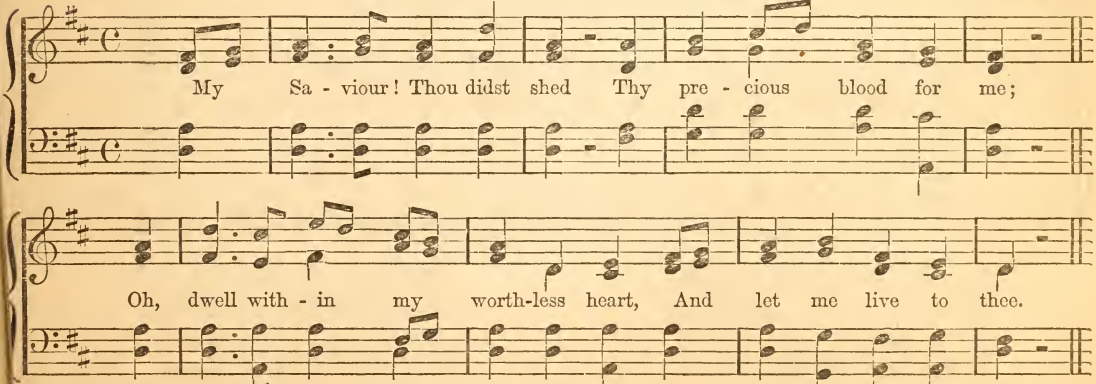


There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides
This heavenly land from ours.
Come, children, march, &c.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Come, children, march, &c.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.
Come, children, march, &c.

THE INVITATION ACCEPTED.

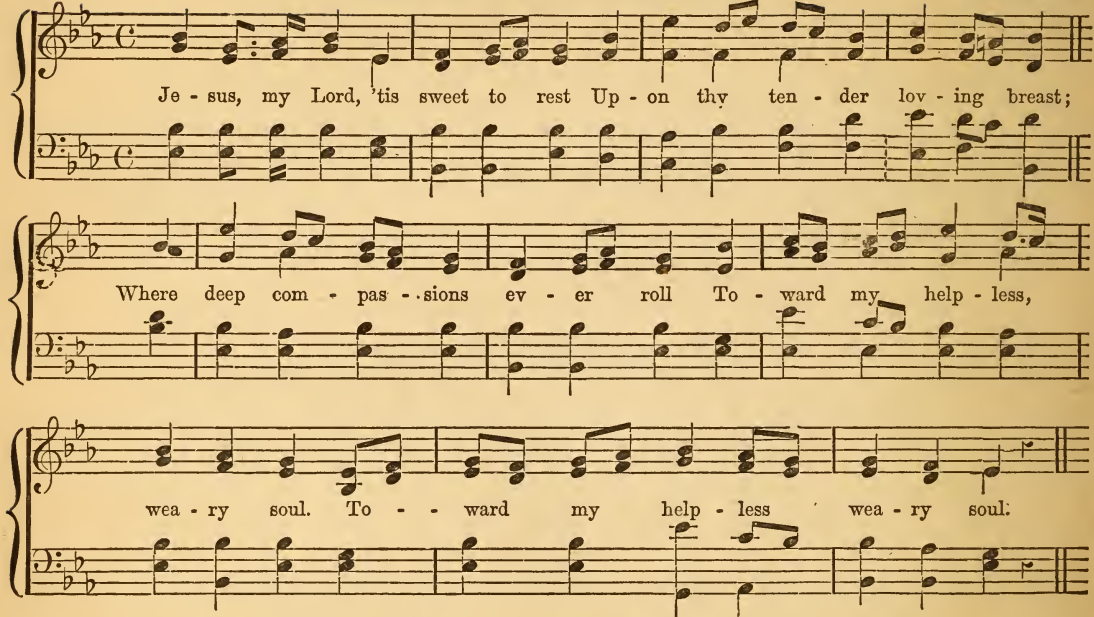
REV. ISAAC ASHE.

Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to Thee and live;
I therefore come with all my sins;
I know Thou canst forgive.

Jesus, my gracious Lord,
I long to see Thy face;
To know Thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.

And when this life is o'er,
Oh, may I dwell with Thee!
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb
Who lived and died for me.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

REV. ISAAC ASHE.


Je - sus, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest Up - on thy ten - der lov - ing breast;
Where deep com - pas - sions ev - er roll To - ward my help - less,
wea - ry soul. To - - ward my help - less wea - ry soul.

2 Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears,
Expels my griefs and calms my fears;
Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart,
And bids each anxious thought depart.

3 Blest foretaste this of joys to come,
In thy eternal heavenly home;
Where I shall see thy smiling face,
And know thy rich unfathomed grace.

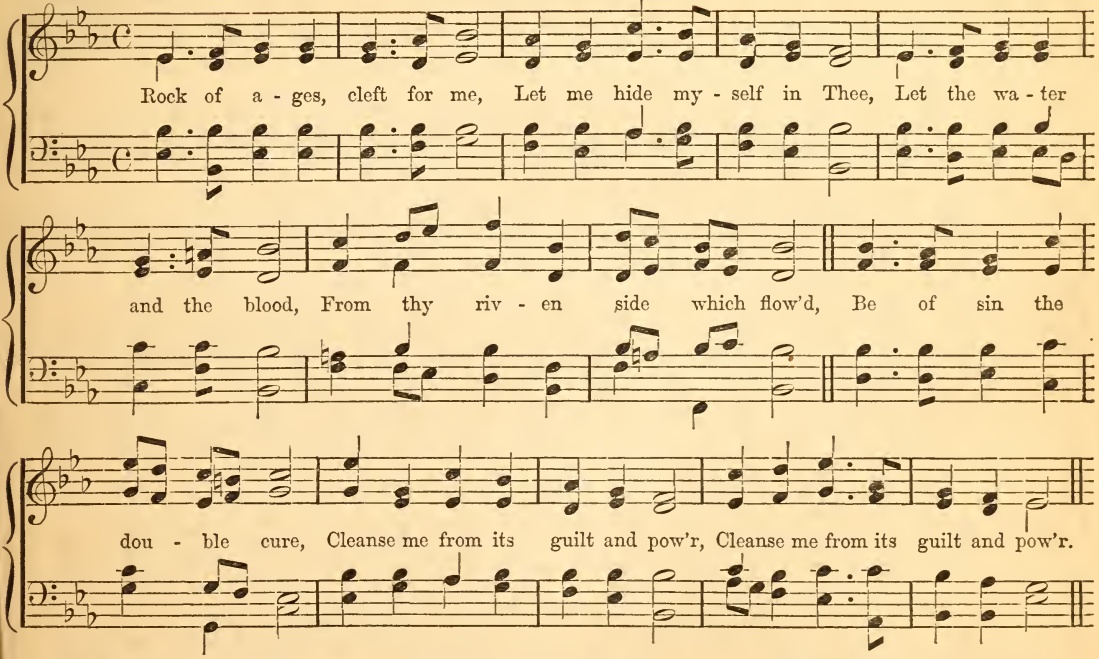
4 That peace sustains my spirit now,
Though still a pilgrim here below;
That grace suffices, comforts, guides,
Upholds, defends, preserves, provides.

5 Yet thou art with me, O my God,
To bear me on to thine abode,
Where I shall never cease to prove
Thy deep, divine, unfailing love.

6 Help me to praise thee day by day,
Till earth's dark scenes have passed away;
Till in thine own unclouded light,
Thy glory satisfies my sight.

ROCK OF AGES.

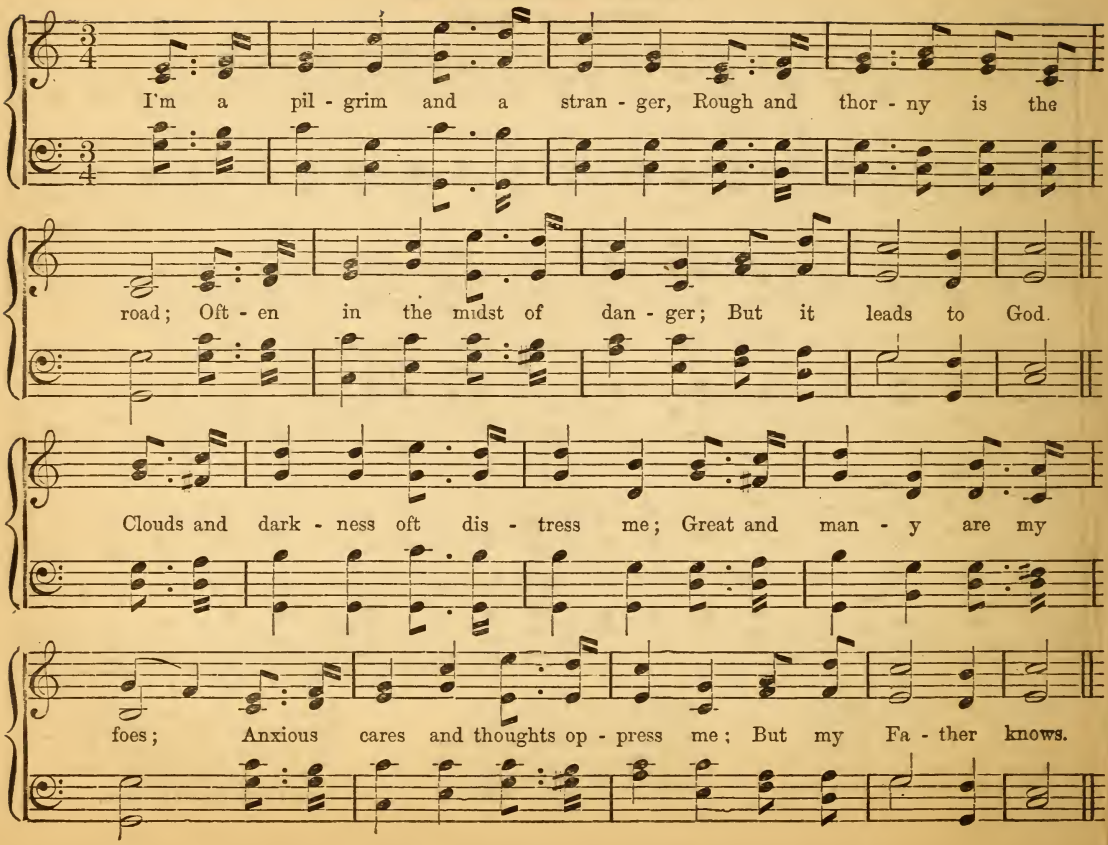
TOPLADY. REV. R. CECIL.


Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee, Let the wa - ter
and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flow'd, Be of sin the
dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Guilty, to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death.
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

MY FATHER KNOWS.

I'm a pil - grim and a stran - ger, Rough and thor - ny is the
road; Oft - en in the midst of dan - ger; But it leads to God.
Clouds and dark - ness oft dis - tress me; Great and man - y are my
foes; Anxious cares and thoughts op - press me; But my Fa - ther knows.

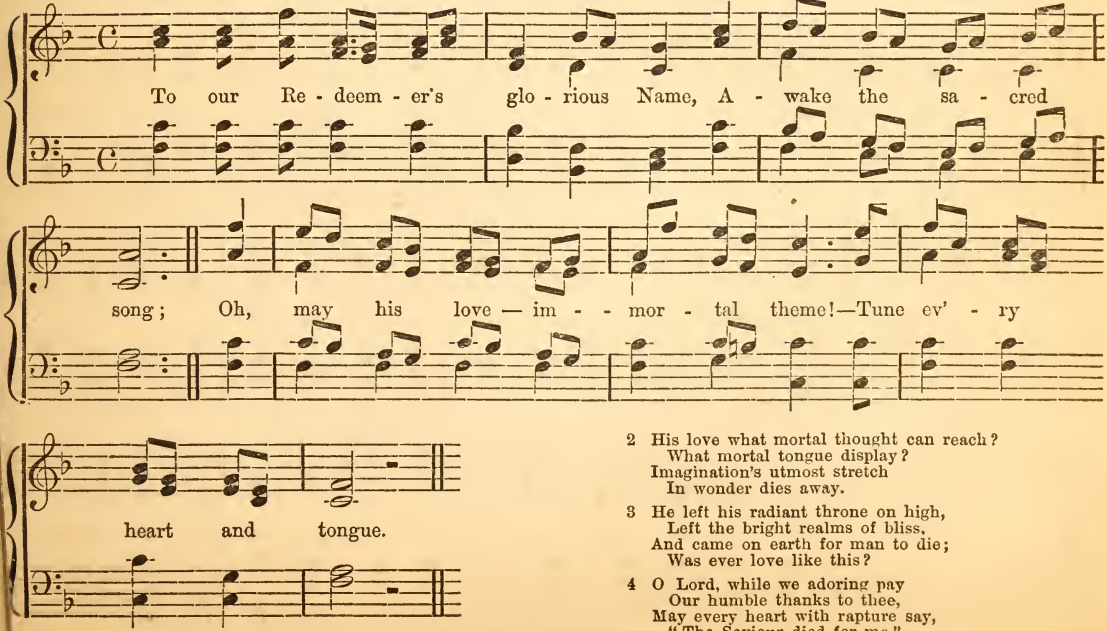
2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife;
Although sorrows past endurance
Follow me through life,
Home in prospect still can cheer me;
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel his presence near me—
For my Father knows.

3 Yes, he sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love;
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended—
This my Father knows.

4 I shall then with joy behold him;
Face to face my Father see;
Fall with rapture and adore him
For his love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose:
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
This my Father knows.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

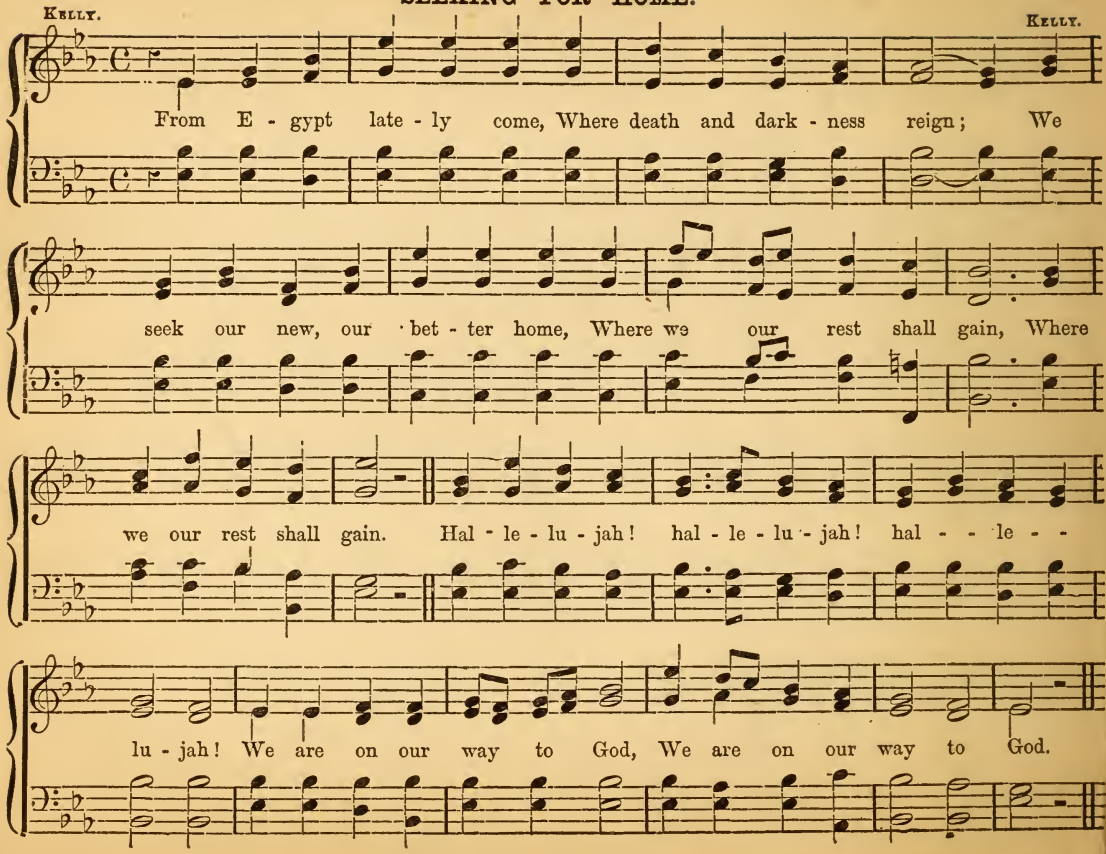
STEELE.



2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth for man to die;
Was ever love like this?

4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

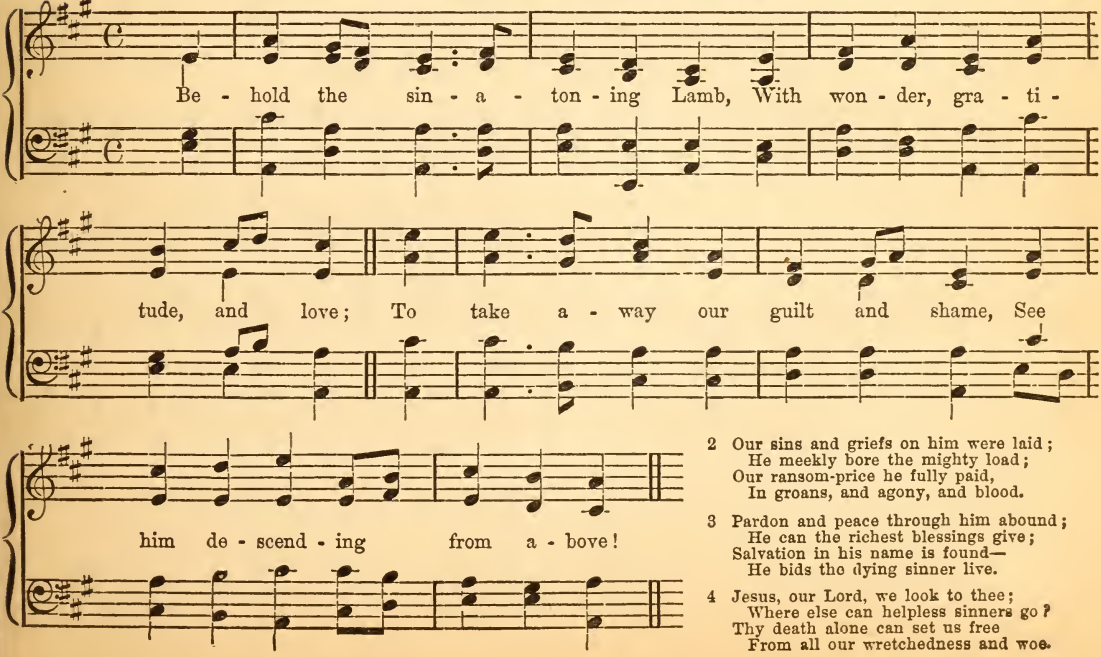
SEEKING FOR HOME.

KELLY.
KELLY.
From E - gypt late - ly come, Where death and dark - ness reign; We
seek our new, our bet - ter home, Where we our rest shall gain, Where
we our rest shall gain. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - - le - -
lu - jah! We are on our way to God, We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

4 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
To everlasting rest.

BEHOLD THE SIN-ATONING LAMB.

REV. ISAAC ASHE.

Be - hold the sin - a - ton - ing Lamb, With won - der, gra - ti -
tude, and love; To take a - way our guilt and shame, See
him de - scend - ing from a - bove!

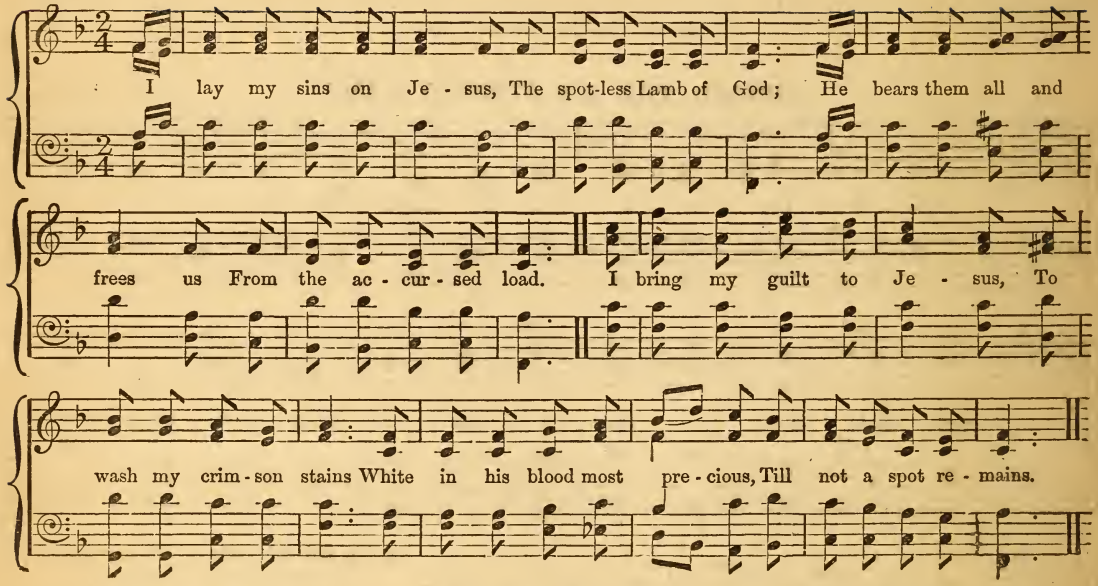
2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans, and agony, and blood.

3 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found—
He bids the dying sinner live.

4 Jesus, our Lord, we look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy death alone can set us free
From all our wretchedness and woe.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

H. Bonar.


I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all and
frees us From the ac - cur - sed load. I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To
wash my crim - son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

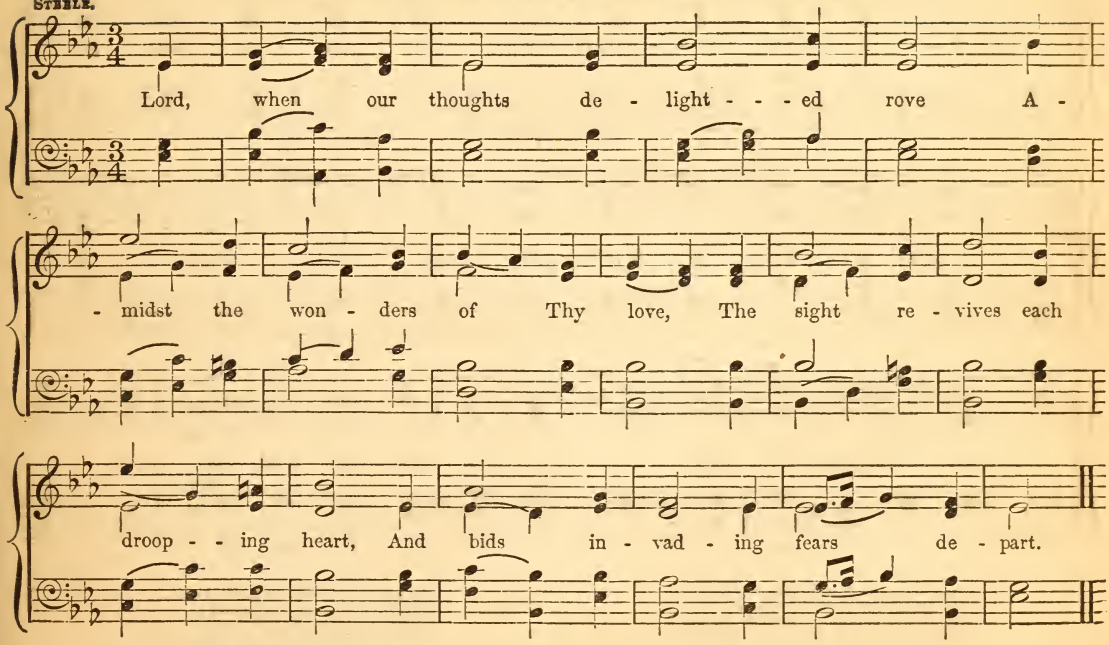
I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is pour'd.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

THE SOURCE OF COMFORT.

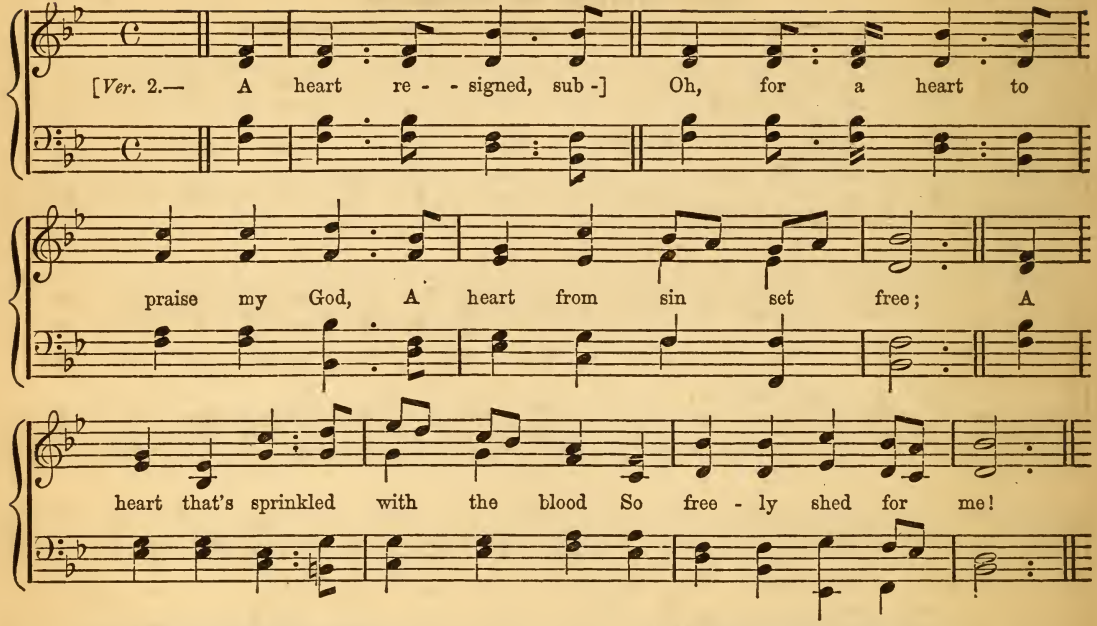
[Harmonies from "The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book," by Permission.]

Steele.

Lord, when our thoughts de - light - - - ed rove A -
- midst the won - ders of Thy love, The sight re - vives each
droop - - ing heart, And bids in - vad - ing fears de - part.

Oppressed with guilt, to Thee we fly,
On Thine atoning blood rely,
And on Thy righteousness depend,
Our Lord, our Saviour, and our Friend.

Be all our hearts, be all our days
Devoted to Thy single praise,
And let our glad obedience prove
How much we owe, how much we love.

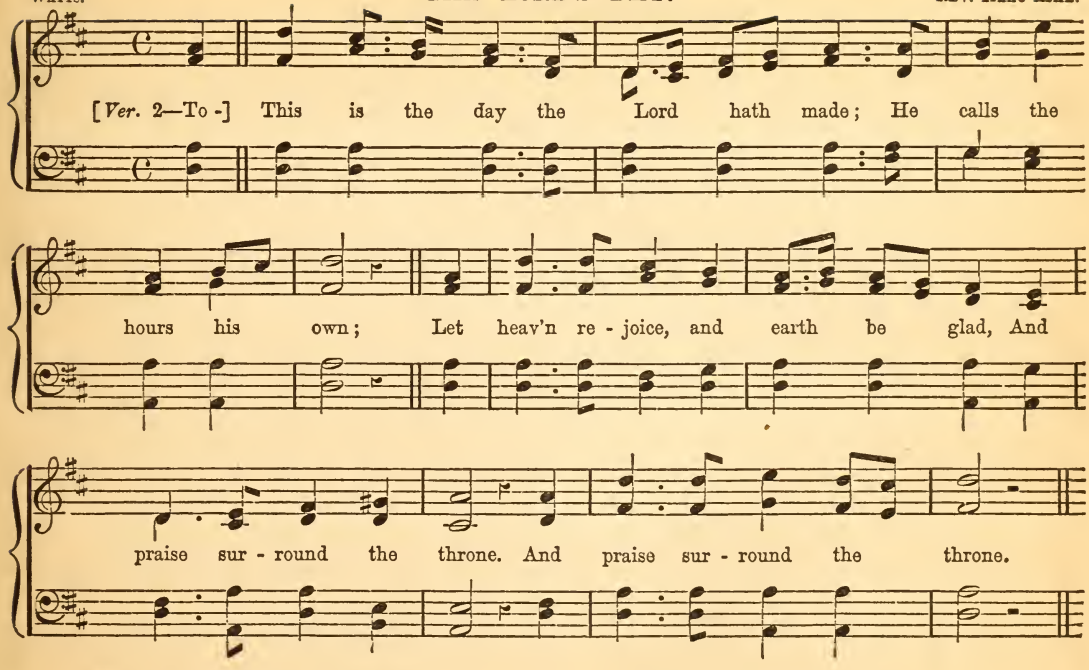
SANCTIFICATION.

C. Wesley. Rev. Isaac Ashe.

[Ver. 2.— A heart re - - signed, sub -] Oh, for a heart to
praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A
heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

WATTS. **THE LORD'S DAY.** REV. ISAAC ASHE.

[Ver. 2—To -] This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the
hours his own; Let heav'n re - joice, and earth be glad, And
praise sur - round the throne. And praise sur - round the throne.

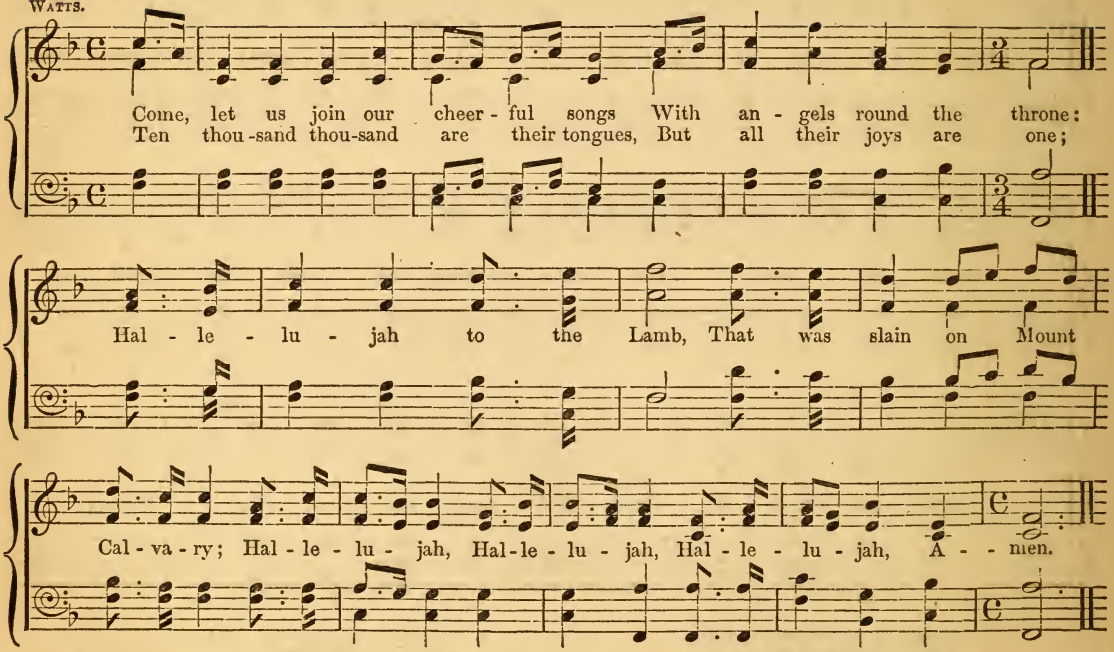
2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heaven, in which He reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

HALLELUJAH TO THE LAMB.

WATTS.

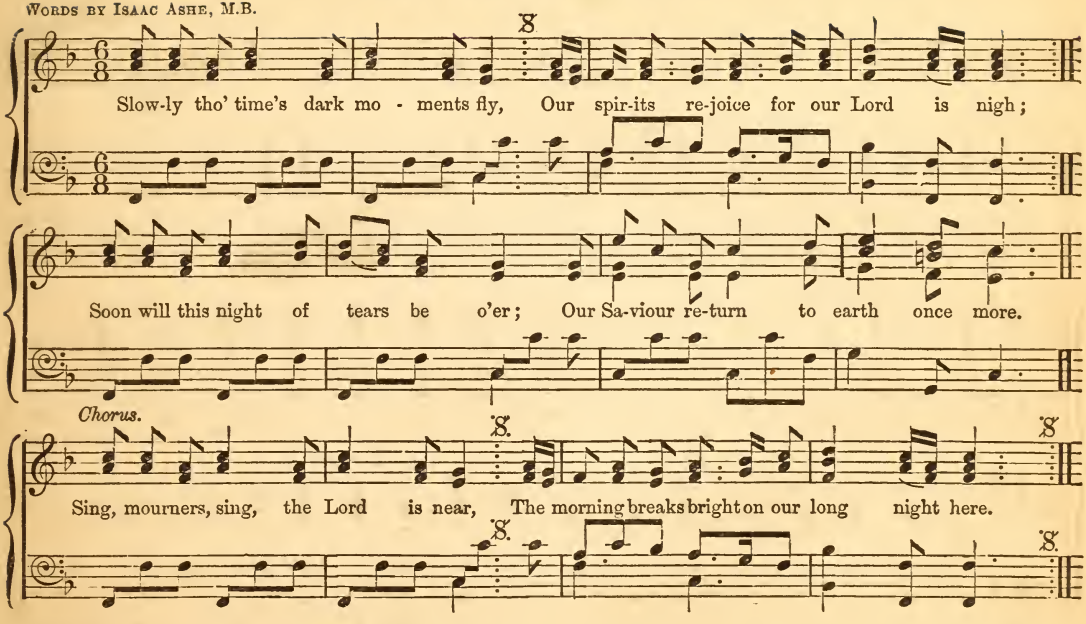

Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne:
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one;
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, That was slain on Mount
Cal - va - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

SING, MOURNERS, SING.

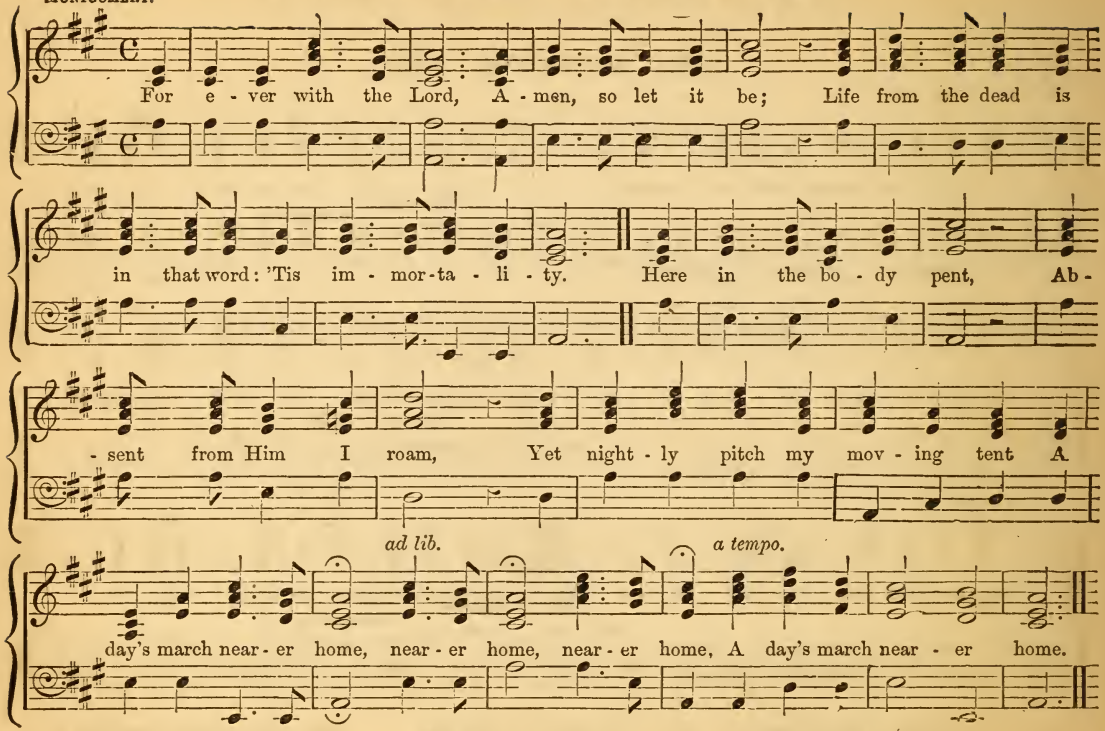
WORDS BY ISAAC ASHE, M.B.

Slow-ly tho' time's dark mo - ments fly, Our spir-its re-joice for our Lord is nigh;
Soon will this night of tears be o'er; Our Sa-viour re-turn to earth once more.
Chorus.
Sing, mourners, sing, the Lord is near, The morning breaks bright on our long night here.

Long have we watched with heavenward eyes
To see the first beams of the Day-star rise;
Soon shall those beams of joy divine
In every heart that mourneth shine.
Sing, mourners, sing, &c.

Soon will that hour of gladness come;
With Jesus we'll rest in our Father's home;
Then shall our Saviour's presence prove
In every heart a heaven of love.
Sing, mourners, sing, &c.

Haste then, O Saviour, haste the day
That calls us to meet Thee from earth away;
Soon may Thy bride's hosannas sweet
Her heavenly Bridegroom's advent greet.
Sing, mourners, sing, &c.

A DAY'S MARCH NEARER HOME.

MONTGOMERY.

For e - ver with the Lord, A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is
in that word: 'Tis im - mor-ta - li - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab -
- sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A
ad lib.
a tempo.
day's march near - er home, near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear. Here, &c.

3 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above. Here &c.

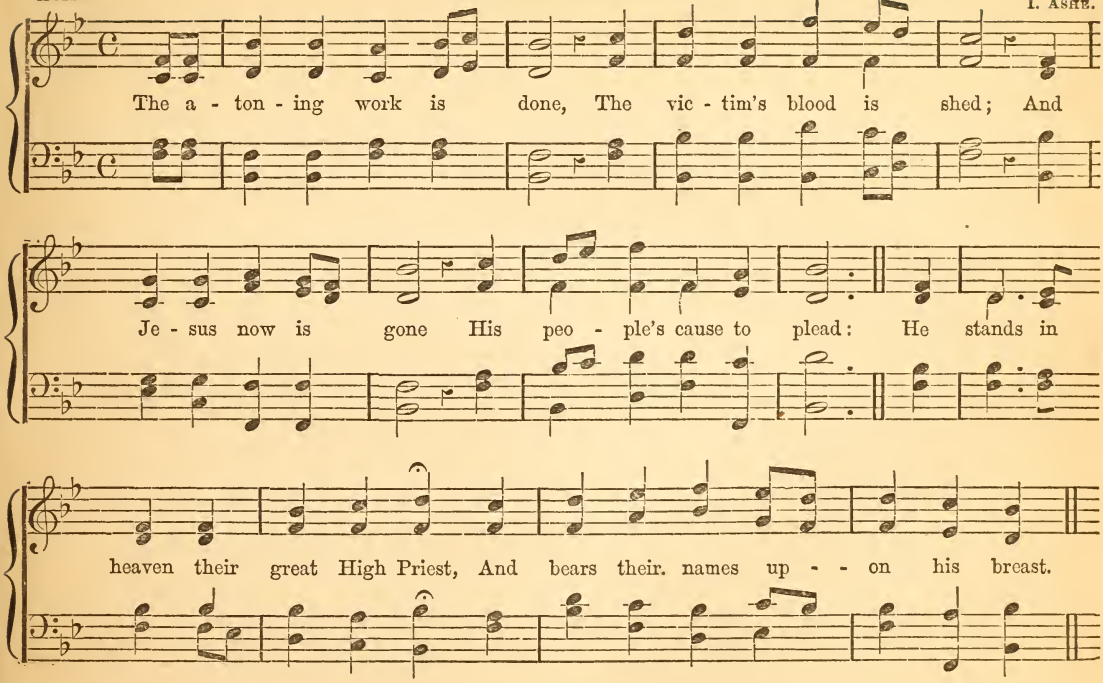
4 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil. Here, &c.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain. Here, &c.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word?
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord! Here, &c.

THE ATONEMENT.

KELLY. I. ASHE.

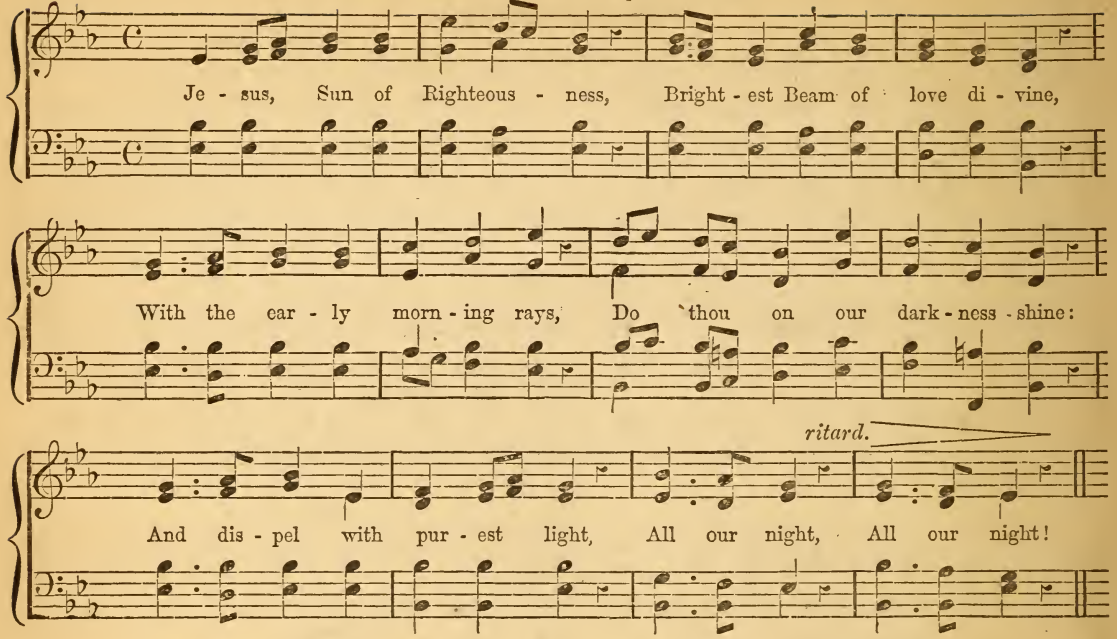

The a - ton - ing work is done, The vic - tim's blood is shed; And
Je - sus now is gone His peo - ple's cause to plead: He stands in
heaven their great High Priest, And bears their names up - - on his breast.

2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly Priesthood his.
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I. A.


Je - sus, Sun of Righteous - ness, Bright - est Beam of love di - vine,
With the ear - ly morn - ing rays, Do thou on our dark - ness - shine:
ritard.
And dis - pel with pur - est light, All our night, All our night!

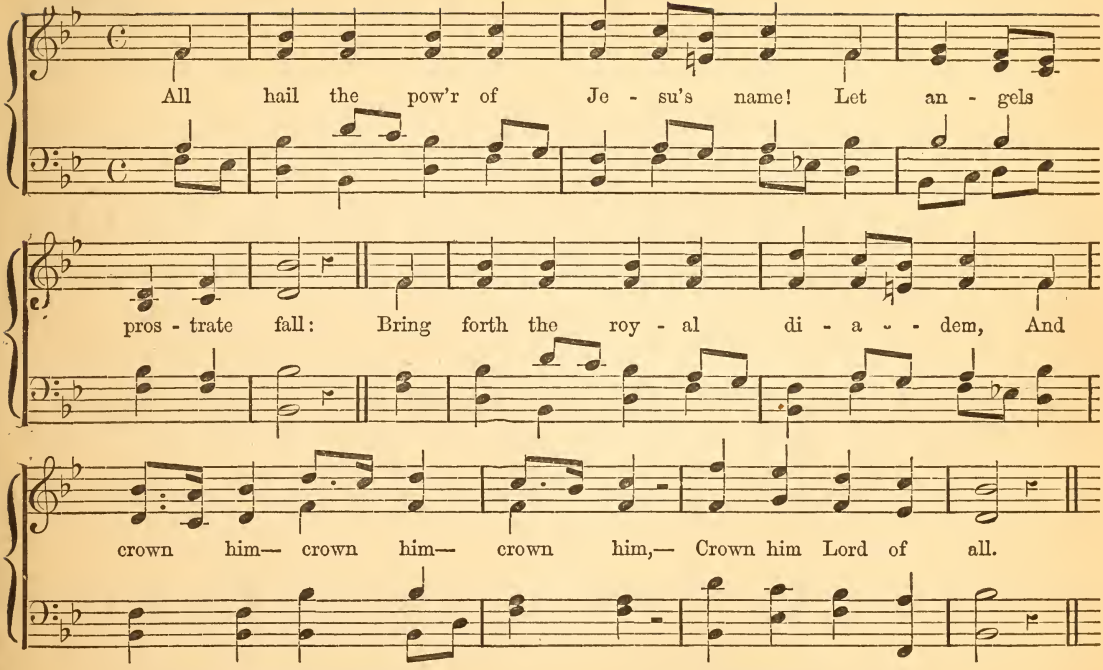
2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft, refreshing dew,
Let thy Spirit's grace and power,
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go:
Gladly serve thee, and obey
All the day.

4 Oh, our only hope and guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at thy side,
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In thy strait and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest!

CROWN HIM!

PERRONETT.

All hail the pow'r of Je - su's name! Let an - gels
pros - trate fall: Bring forth the roy - al di - a - - dem, And
crown him— crown him— crown him,— Crown him Lord of all.

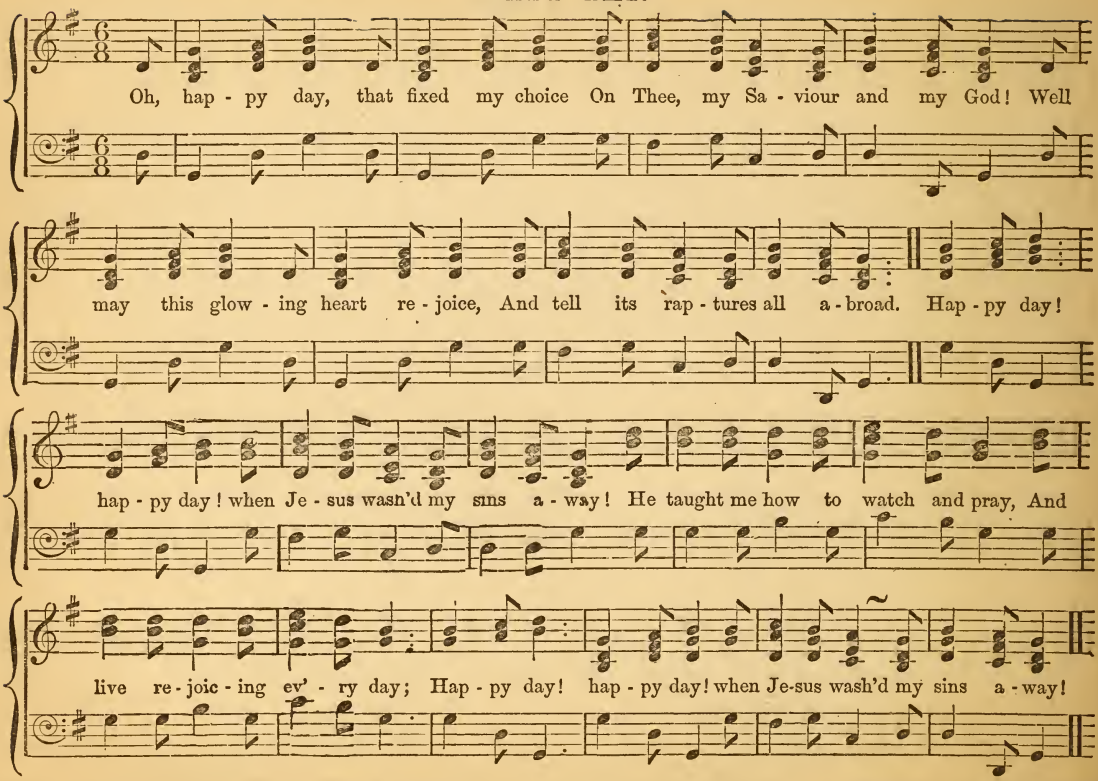
2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye souls redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

DODDRIDGE.

HAPPY DAY.

Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sa - viour and my God! Well
may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. Hap - py day!
hap - py day! when Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And
live re - joic - ing ev' - ry day; Hap - py day! hap - py day! when Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way!

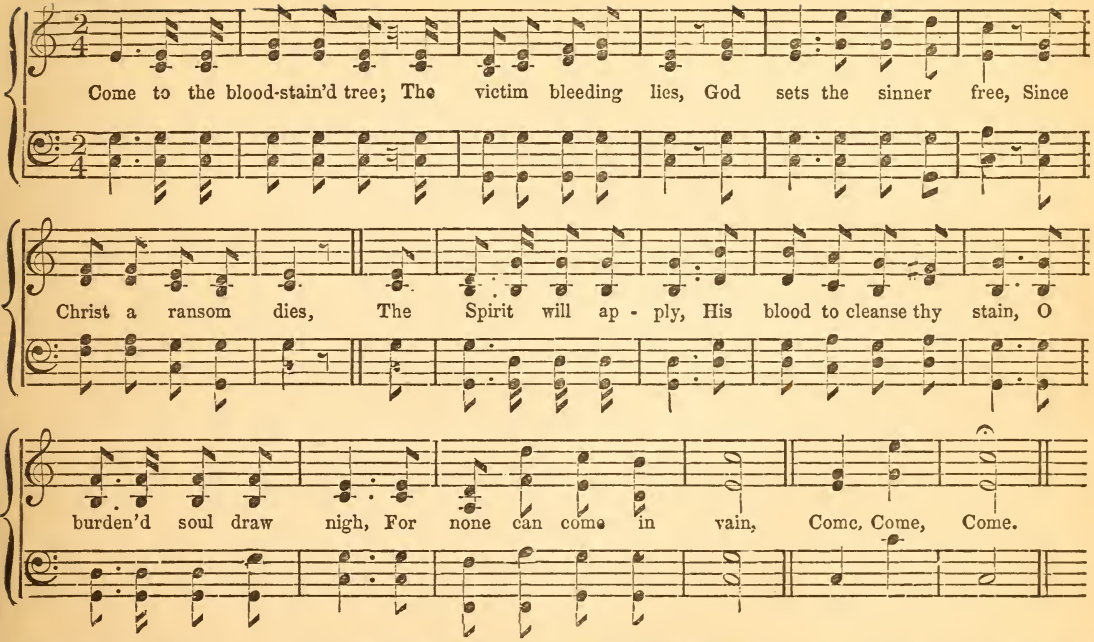
Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day! happy day! &c.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to obey the voice divine.
Happy day! happy day! &c.

Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest!
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast!
Happy day! happy day! &c.

High heaven, that heard the sacred vo
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear
Happy day! happy day!

COME, COME, COME.

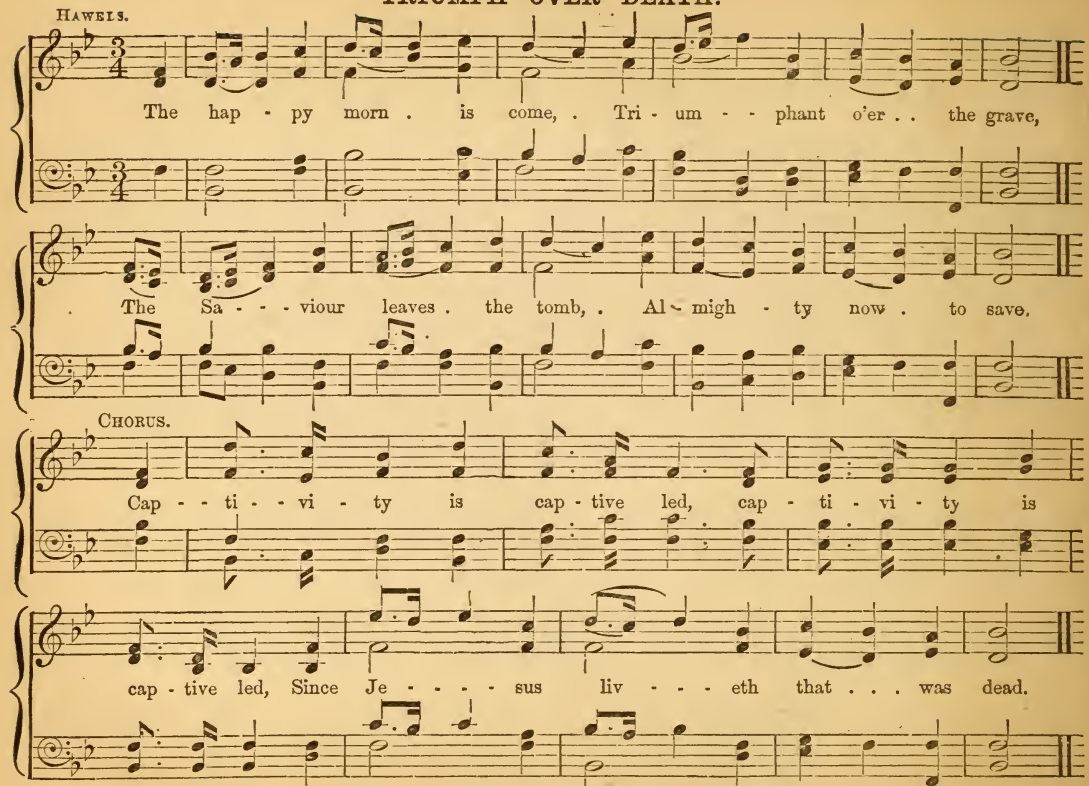
I. Ashe, M.B.

Come to the blood-stain'd tree; The victim bleeding lies, God sets the sinner free, Since
Christ a ransom dies, The Spirit will ap - ply, His blood to cleanse thy stain, O
burden'd soul draw nigh, For none can come in vain, Come, Come, Come.

Dark tho' thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson dye,
There's boundless mercy here,
And Jesus bids thee try.
Oh! do not doubt His word,
There's pardon full and free,
For justice smote the Lord,
And sheathes her sword for thee.
Come, come, come!

Look not within for peace—
Within there's nought to cheer;
Look up and find release
From sin, and self, and fear.
If gloom thy soul enshroud;
If tears faith's eye bedim,
If doubts around thee crowd,
Come, tell them all to Him.
Come, come, come!

Rest to the weary soul
And aching breast is given,
Balm makes the wounded whole;
Love fills the heart with heaven.
For thee, dear soul, for thee,
These priceless joys were bought,
Accept the mercy free
That Christ to earth has brought.
Come, come, come!

Come, with the ransomed train
The Saviour's praises sing,
Rejoice! the Lamb was slain:
Adore! He reigns a King.
And soon before His face
We'll praise in heaven above,
Triumphant in His grace,
Enraptured with His love.
Come, come, come!

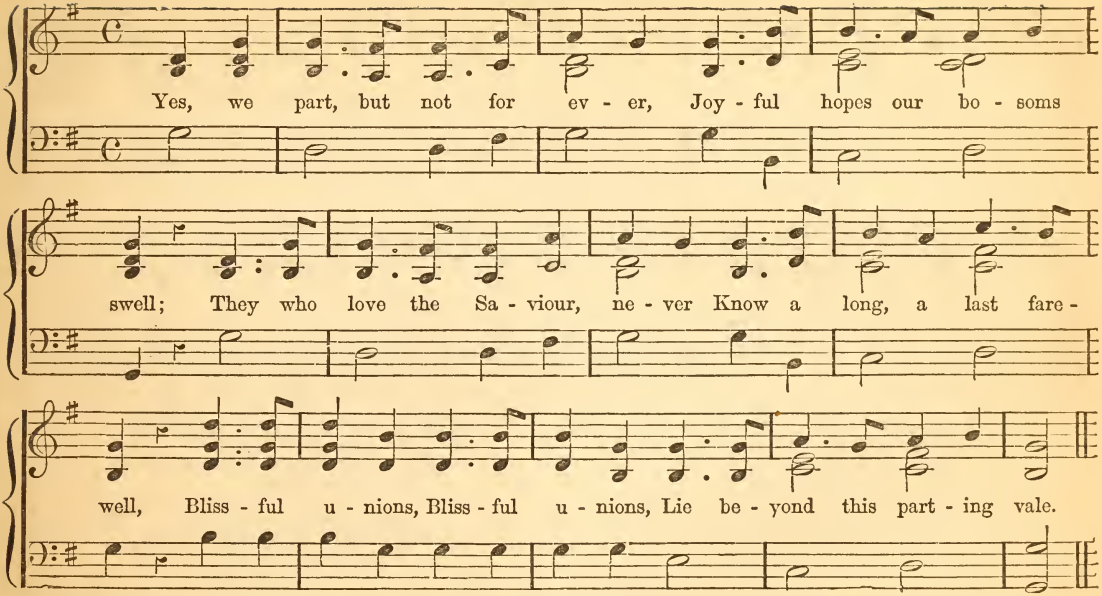
TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

HAWELS.
The hap - py morn . is come, . Tri - um - - phant o'er . . the grave,
. The Sa - - - viour leaves . the tomb, . Al - migh - ty now . to save.
CHORUS.
Cap - - ti - - vi - ty is cap - tive led, cap - ti - vi - ty is
cap - tive led, Since Je - - - - sus liv - - - eth that . . . was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom the Surety died?
Or who can those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity, &c.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done:
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won.
Captivity, &c.

Then hail, triumphant Lord!
The resurrection Thou!
Believing on Thy word,
Before Thy throne we bow.
Captivity, &c.

PARTING.


Yes, we part, but not for ev - er, Joy - ful hopes our bo - soms
swell; They who love the Sa - viour, ne - ver Know a long, a last fare -
well, Bliss - ful u - nions, Bliss - ful u - nions, Lie be - yond this part - ing vale.

Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind—
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings
By the Lord for us designed.

O what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell—
Glorious meetings to restore us
HIM with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our passions swell!

Now, indeed, we meet and sever;
Chequered is our transient day:
Life's best flowers perish, ever
Tending to a long decay.
Fairest flowers
Bud and bloom, and die away.

Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
Soon will fade this earth away:
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full Redemption-day.
Hail the rising
Of the wished-for new-born ray!

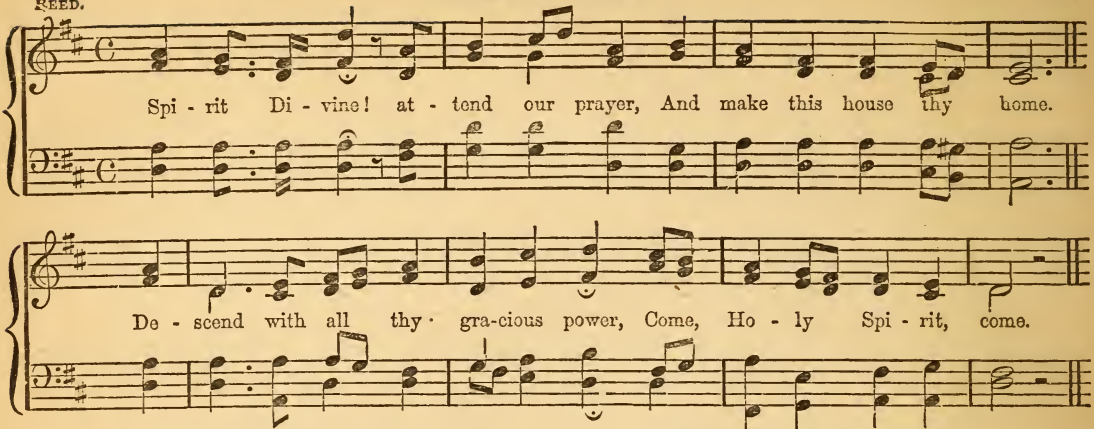
Thus we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a last, a long farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

Thus upon the coming morrow,
Leaving scenes I love so well,
Joy shall blend with chastened sorrow
As I bid you each farewell!
Thus I leave you,
Dearest Flock! Farewell—farewell!

J. DENHAM SMITH.

SPIRIT DIVINE!

REED. MUSIC BY REV. I. ASHE.



2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

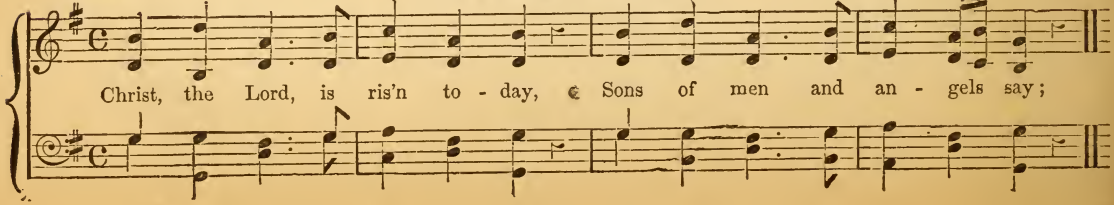
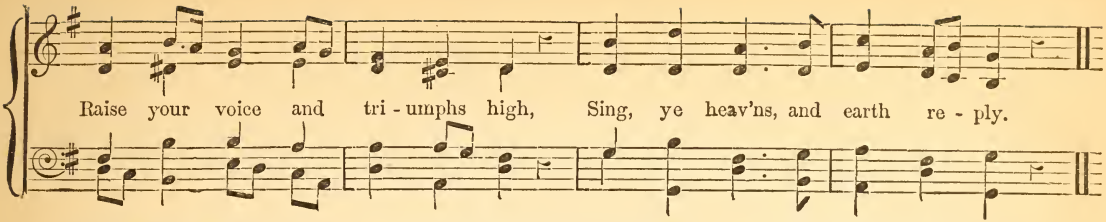
3 Come as the fire—and purge our souls
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

C. WESLEY.

RESURRECTION.



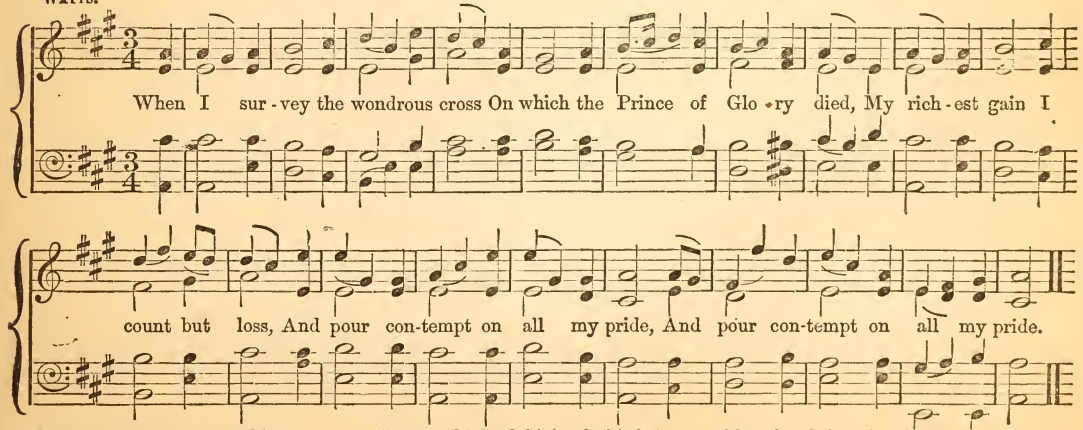
Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in death no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

WATTS.


When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

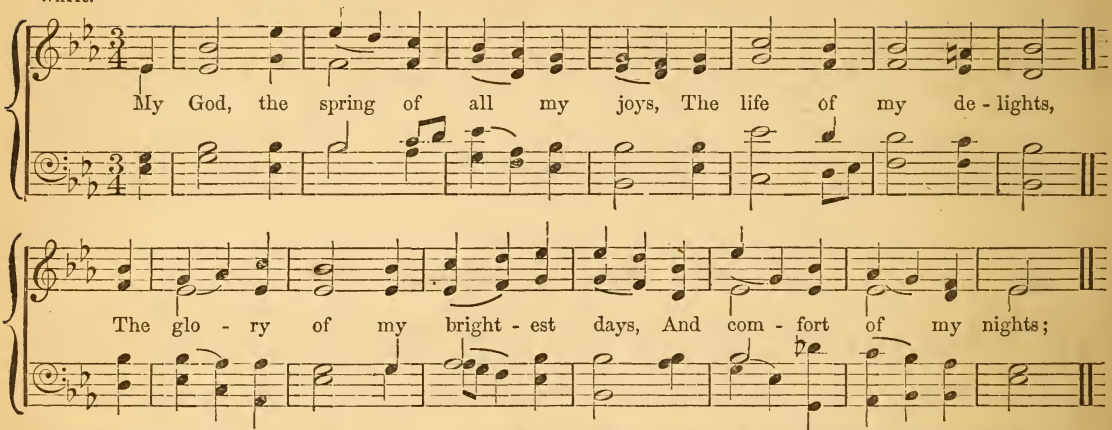
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

WATTS. [Harmonies from "THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," by Permission.]



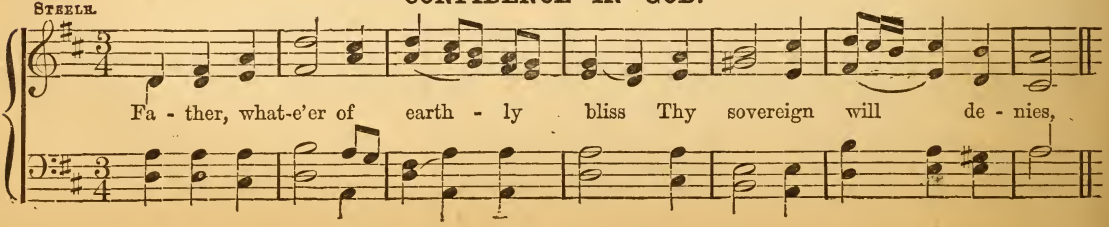
In darkest days, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

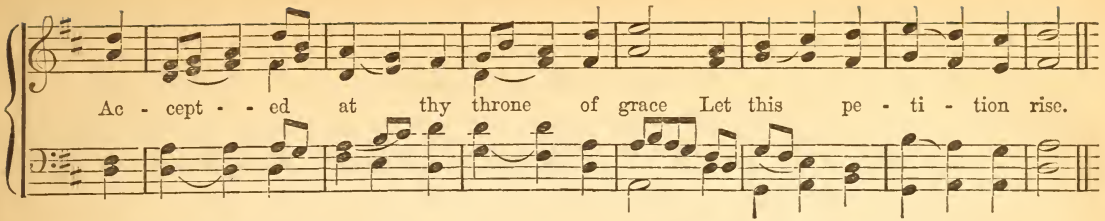
The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows His mercy mine
And tells me I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

STEELE.



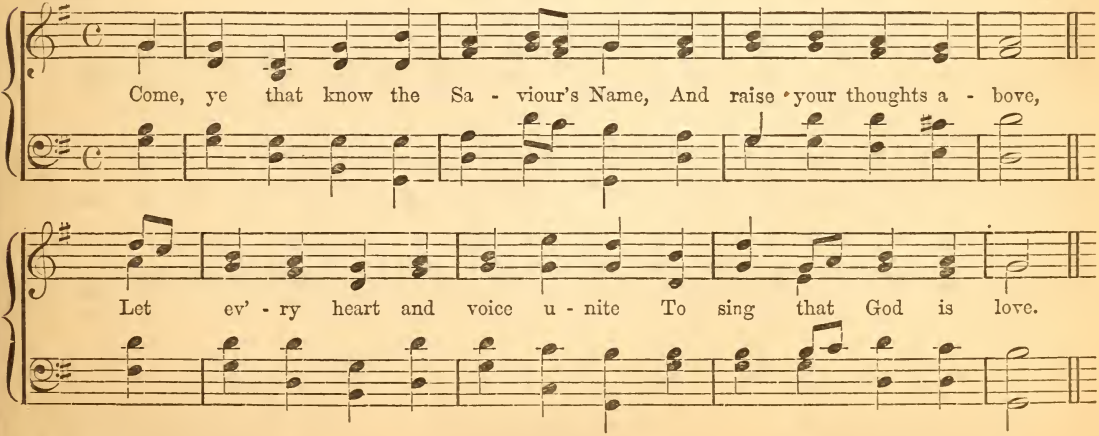


2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

STEELE.

GOD IS LOVE.



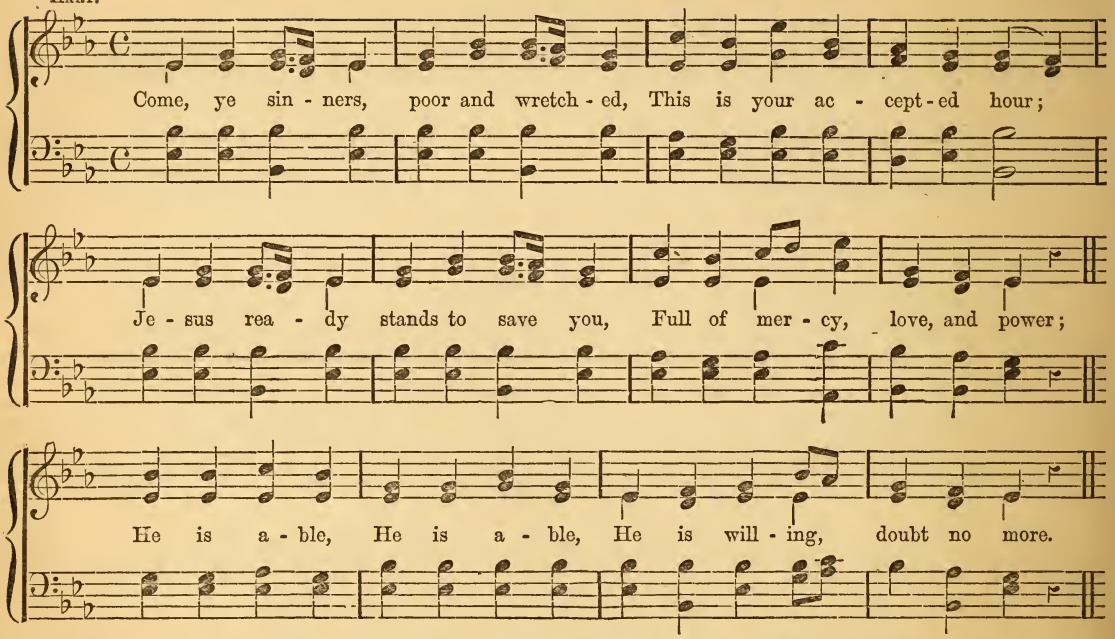
2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the Father's gift, appears
To show that God is love.

3 His patience, bearing much and long
With those who from Him rove;
His kindness when He leads them home,
Proclaim that God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that God is love.

COME, YE SINNERS.

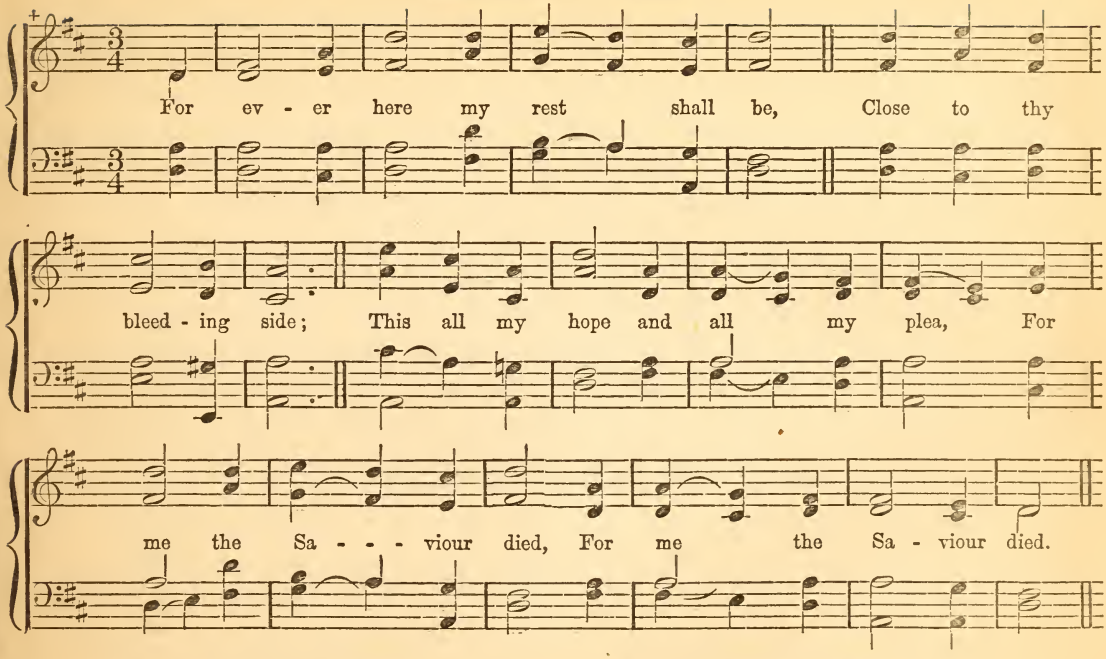
HART.


Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - ed, This is your ac - cept - ed hour;
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of mer - cy, love, and power;
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he shews you
By his Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

RESTING ON JESUS.

For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy
bleed - ing side; This all my hope and all my plea, For
me the Sa - - - viour died, For me the Sa - viour died.

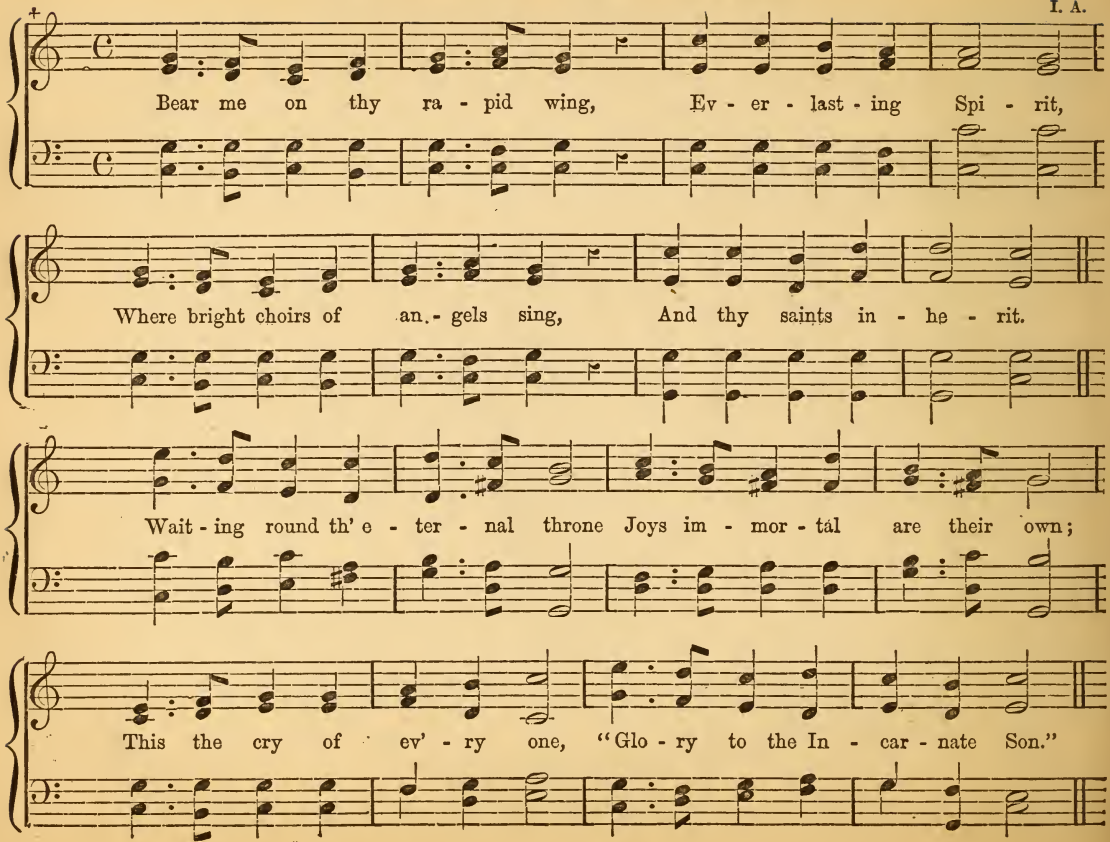
2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

BEAR ME ON THY RAPID WING.

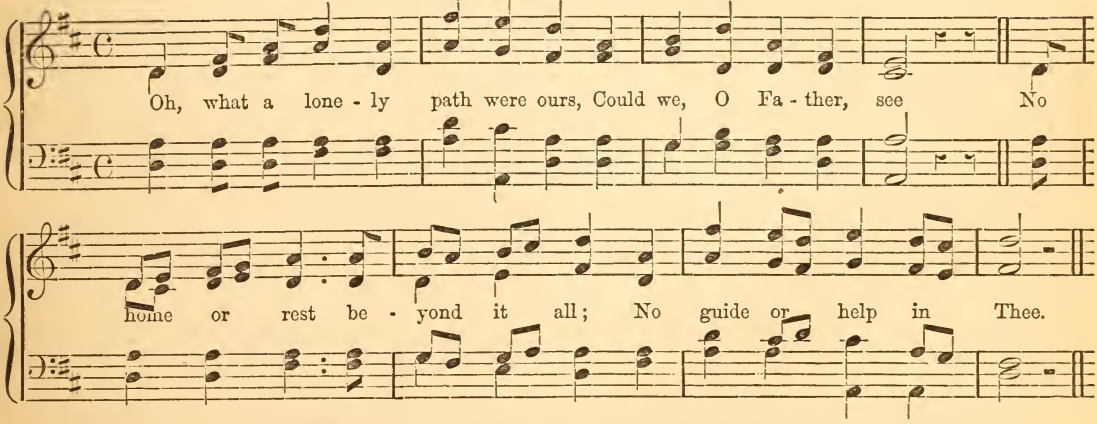
I. A.


Bear me on thy ra - pid wing, Ev - er - last - ing Spi - rit,
Where bright choirs of an - gels sing, And thy saints in - he - rit.
Wait - ing round th' e - ter - nal throne Joys im - mor - tal are their own;
This the cry of ev' - ry one, "Glo - ry to the In - car - nate Son."

2 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories—
Sing his great salvation:
Cast their crowns before the throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Holy, Holy, Holy, One,
Glory be to God alone.

3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem within to seize us;
Add we to their holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest note in angels' song,
Sweetest sound on mortal tongue,
Sweetest anthem ever known,
Jesus, Jesus reigns alone!

THOU ART OUR GUIDE.



2 But Thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us in the way
That leads along this vale of tears
To yon bright world of day.

3 There shall thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy Word was true.

4 There Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see;
While we the happy partners there
Of all his joy shall be.

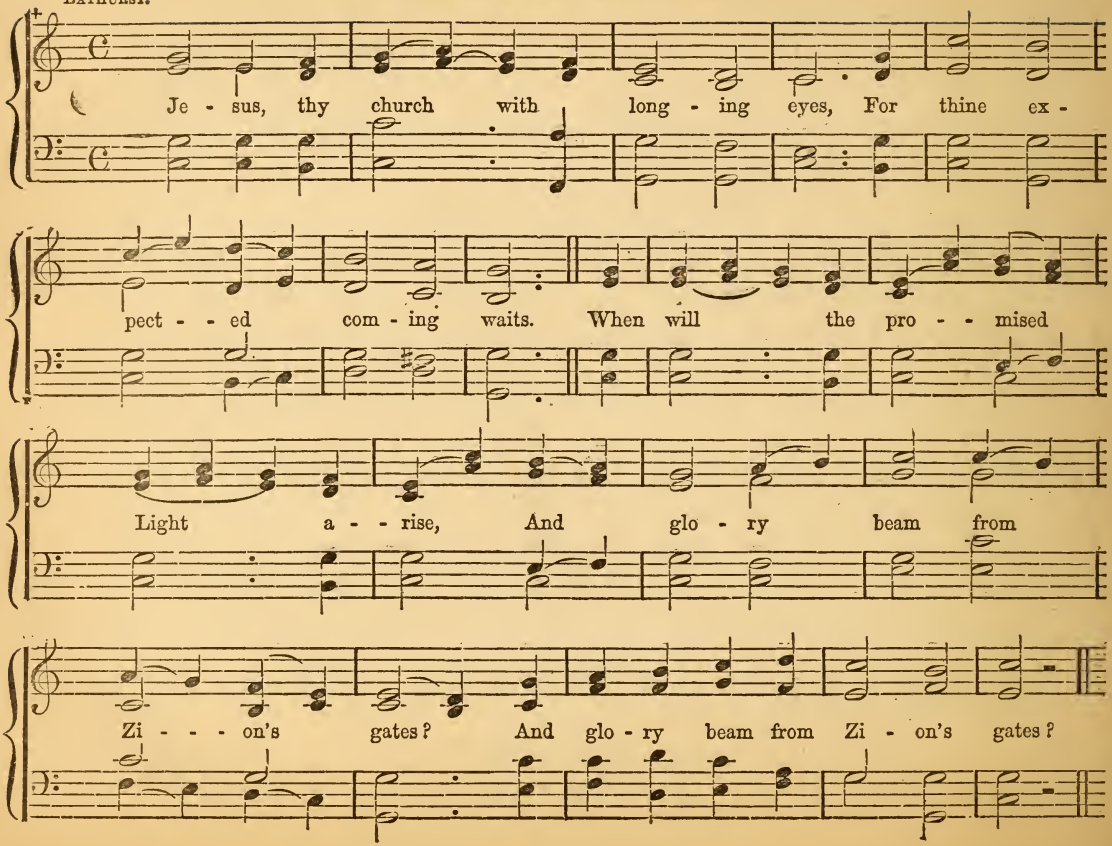
5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this,
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

6 Yet little do thy saints at best
Endure, O Lord, for Thee,
Whose suffering soul bore all our sins,
And sorrow on the tree;

7 Who faced our fierce, our ruthless foe
Unaided and alone,
To win us for thy crown of joy,
To raise us to thy throne.

THE COMING KINGDOM.

BATHURST.

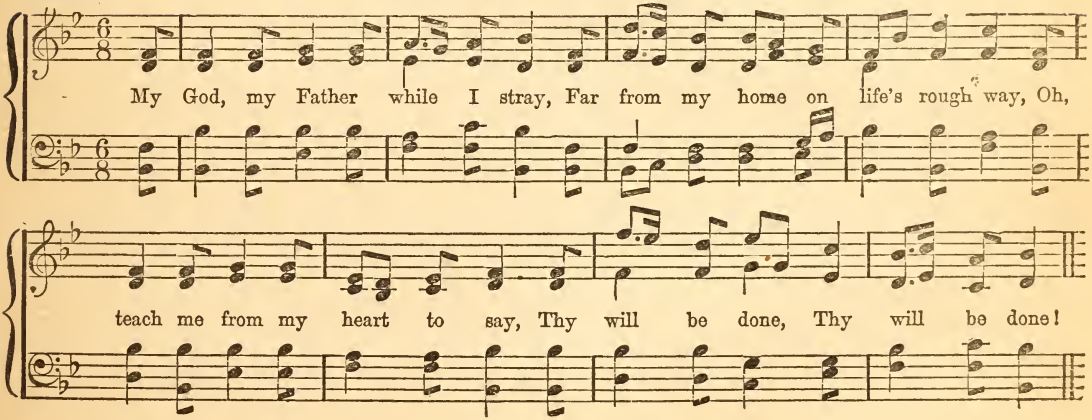

Je - sus, thy church with long - ing eyes, For thine ex -
pect - - ed com - ing waits. When will the pro - - mised
Light a - - rise, And glo - ry beam from
Zi - - - on's gates? And glo - ry beam from Zi - on's gates?

2 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

3 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for thine appointed hour,
And fit us by thy grace to share,
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

THY WILL BE DONE.

ELLIOTT.


My God, my Father while I stray, Far from my home on life's rough way, Oh,
teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done, Thy will be done!

2 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine—
"Thy will be done!"

3 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer thyself hast taught,—
"Thy will be done!"

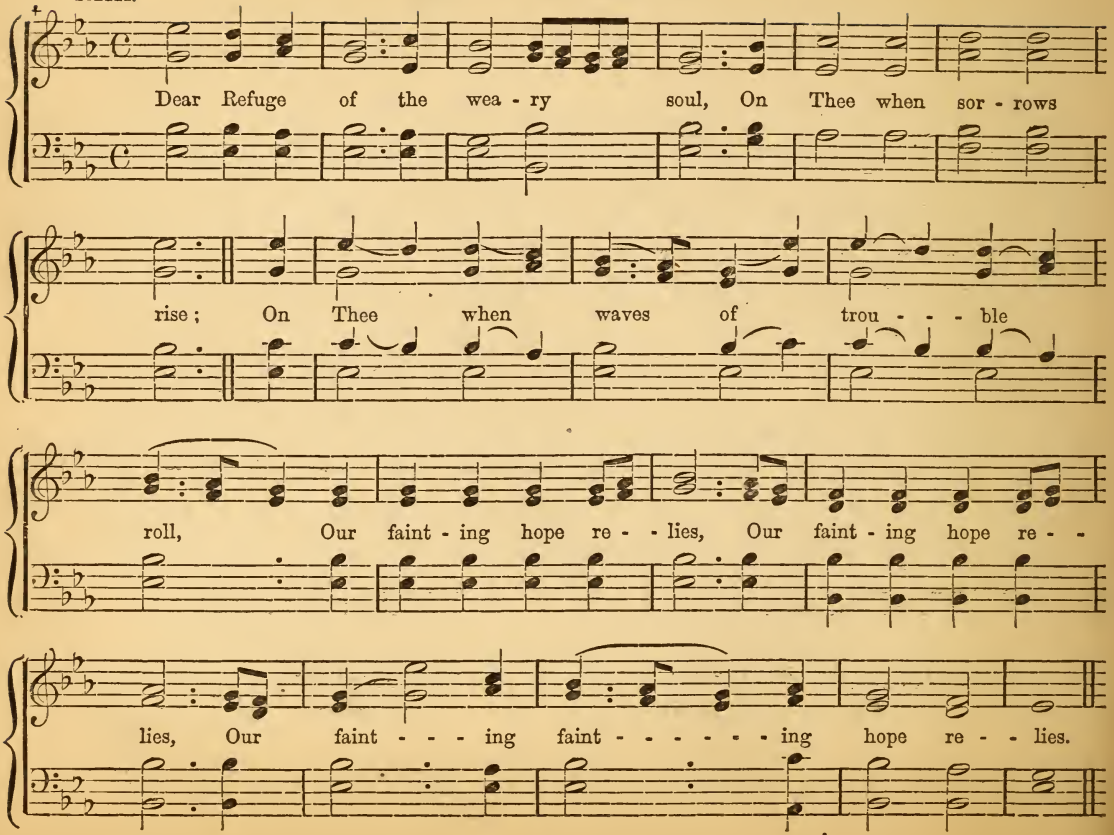
4 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still I would reply,—
"Thy will be done!"

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
"My Father," still I'll strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

JESUS OUR REFUGE.

STEELE.

Dear Refuge of the wea - ry soul, On Thee when sor - rows
rise; On Thee when waves of trou - - - ble
roll, Our faint - ing hope re - - lies, Our faint - ing hope re - -
lies, Our faint - - - ing faint - - - - - - ing hope re - - lies.

2 To Thee we tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word affords a sweet relief
For every pain we feel.

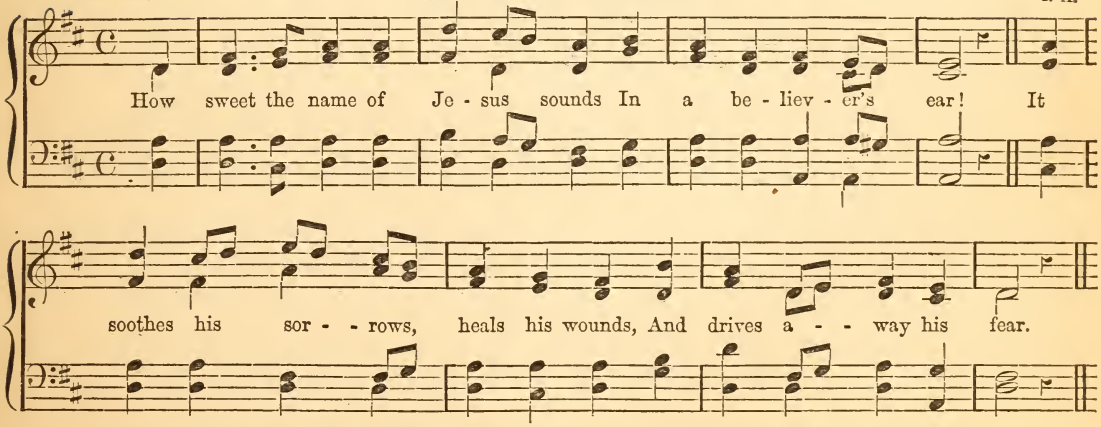
3 Hast Thou not bid us seek thy face?
And shall we seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when we complain.

4 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh! may we ever find access
To breathe our sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There let our souls retreat,
With humble trust attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

NEWTON. I. A.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

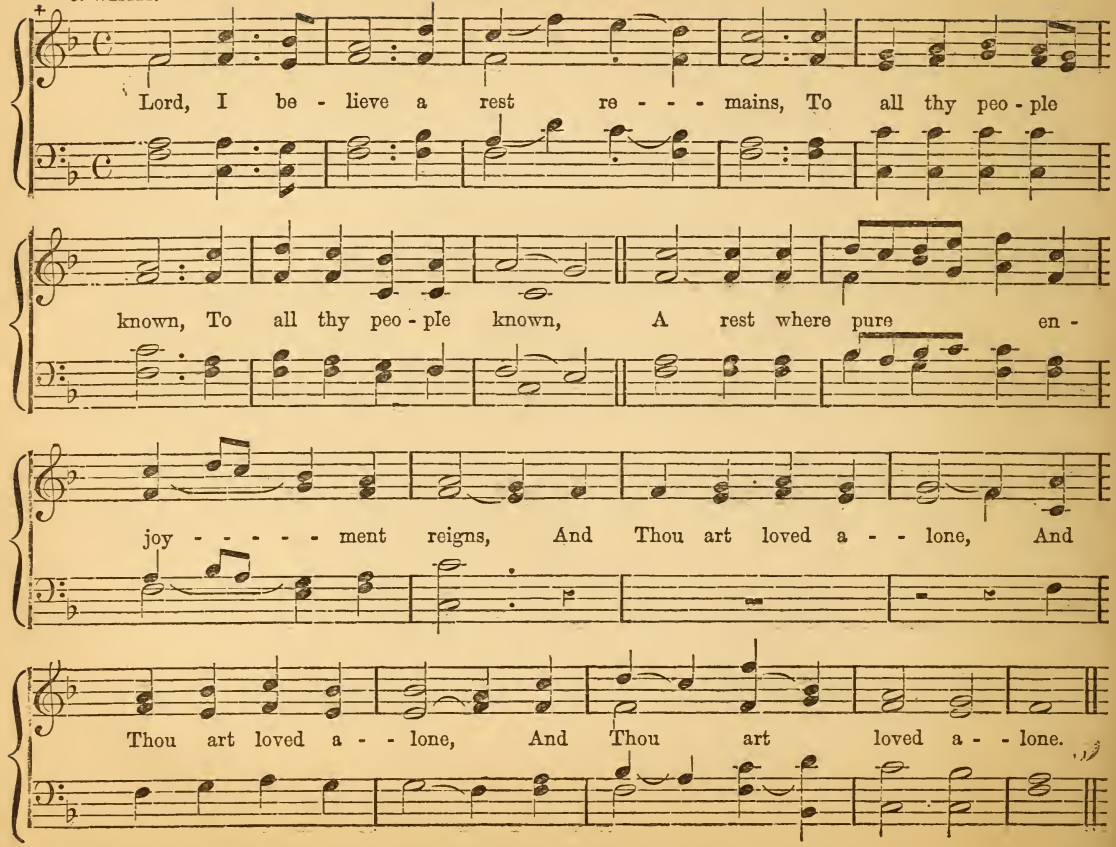
3 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

ETERNAL REST.

C. Wesley.

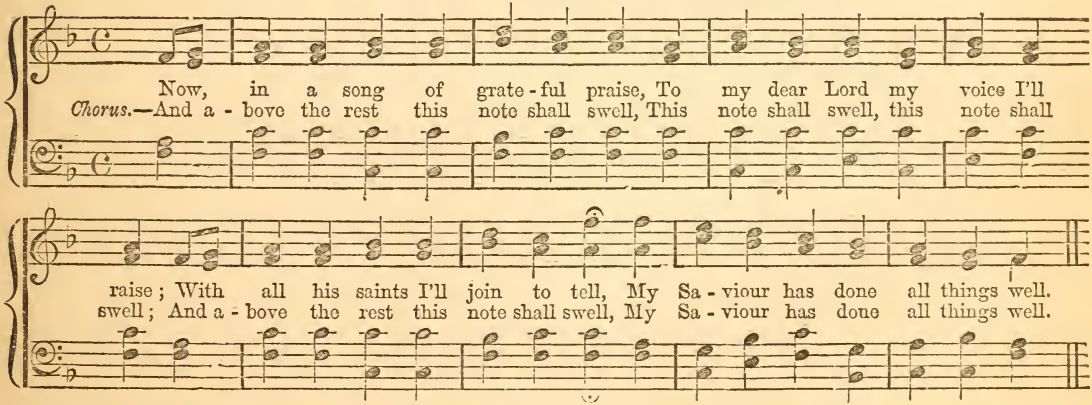

Lord, I be - lieve a rest re - - - mains, To all thy peo - ple
known, To all thy peo - ple known, A rest where pure en -
joy - - - - - ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - - lone, And
Thou art loved a - - lone, And Thou art loved a - - lone.

2 Celestial Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in;
Now, Saviour, now thy power bestow,
And wash me from my sin.

3 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

4 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend:
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

JESUS HAS DONE ALL THINGS WELL.


Now, in a song of grate-ful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll
Chorus.—And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall
raise; With all his saints I'll join to tell, My Sa-viour has done all things well.
swell; And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Sa-viour has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But oh! his love what tongue can tell?
My Saviour has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been his love to sinful me;
He plucked me from the jaws of hell;
My Saviour has done all things well.

4 I spurned his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet He undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel;
My Saviour has done all things well.

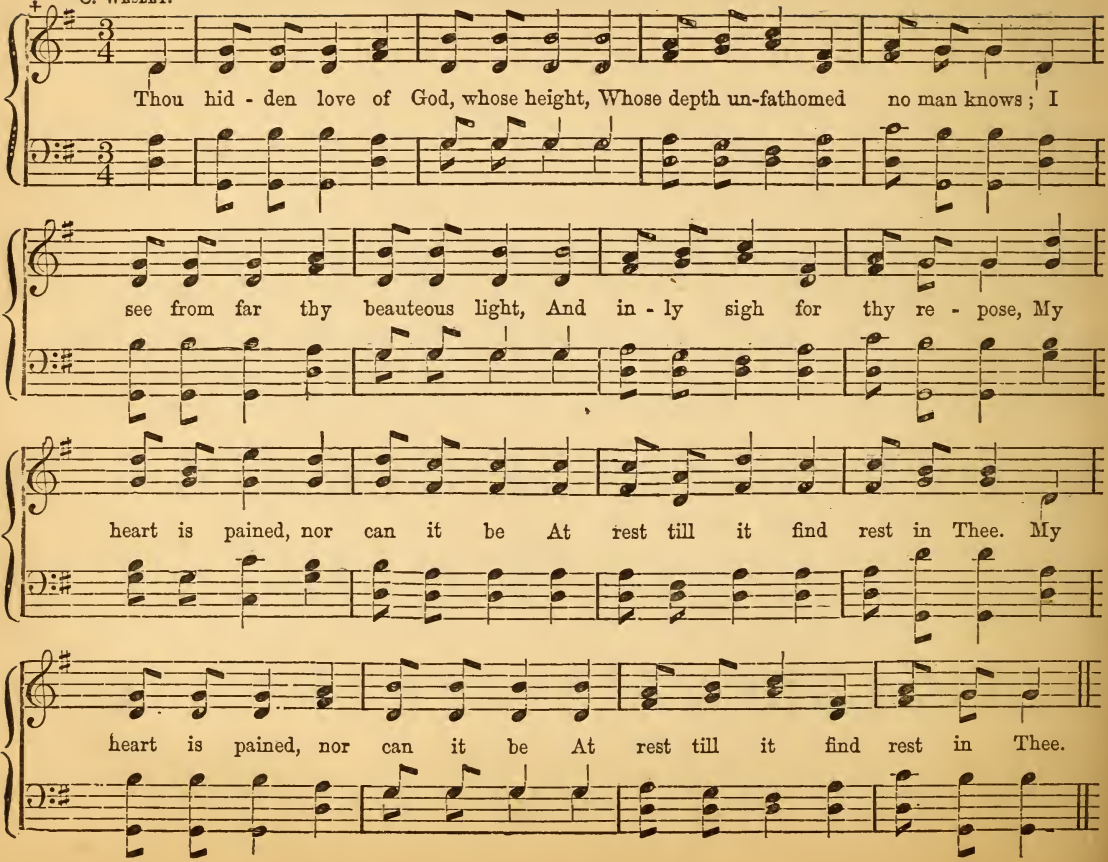
5 Though many a fiery flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart,
With this I all his rage repel,
My Saviour has done all things well.

6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Saviour has done all things well.

7 And when to that bright world I rise,
And claim my mansion in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Saviour has done all things well.

THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD.

C. WESLEY.

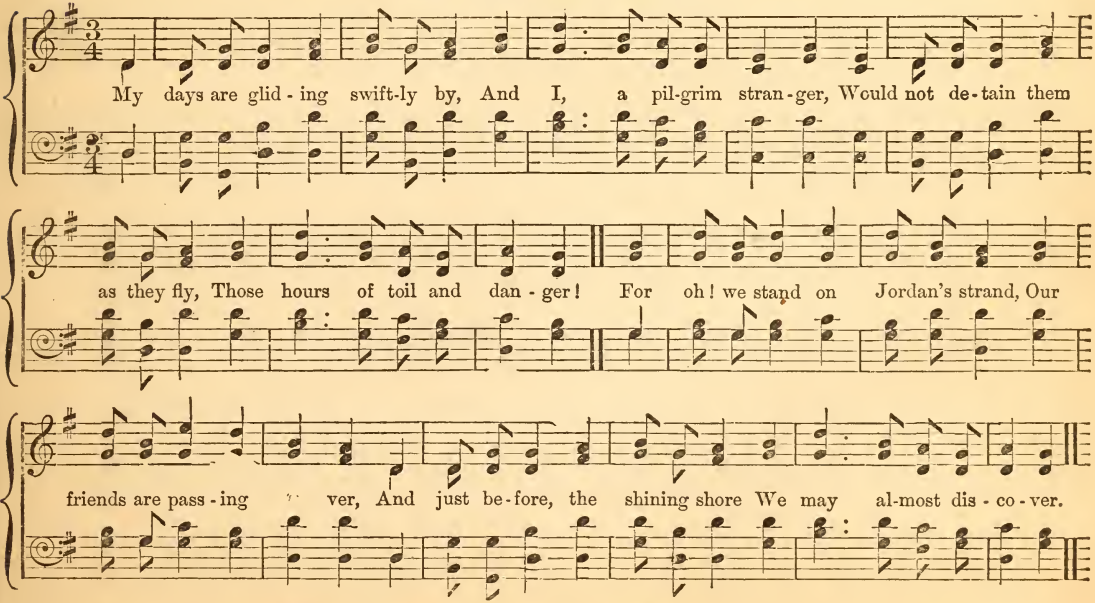

Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un-fathomed no man knows; I
see from far thy beauteous light, And in - ly sigh for thy re - pose, My
heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee. My
heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

3 Oh! hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive.
In all things nothing may I see
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

4 Each moment call from earth away
My heart, which lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy life, thy God, thy all."
To know thy power, to hear thy voice,
To feel thy love be all my choice.

THE SHINING SHORE.


My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them
as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger! For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our
friends are pass - ing ver, And just be - fore, the shining shore We may al-most dis - co - ver.

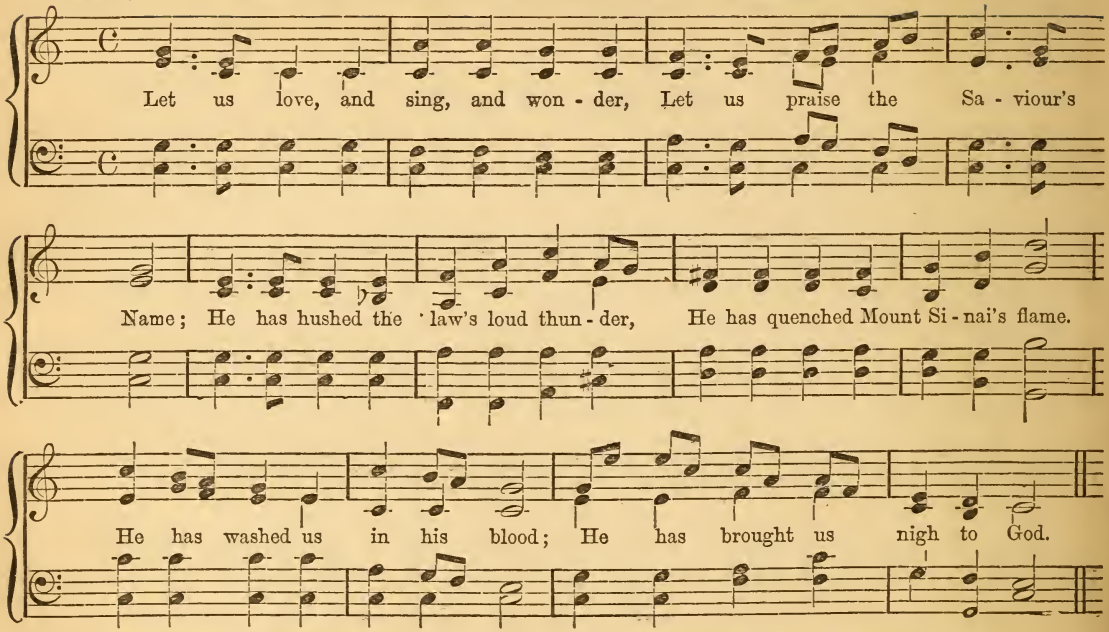
We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning,
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing,
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever and for ever.
For oh! we stand, &c.

LET US LOVE, AND SING, AND WONDER.

NEWTON.


Let us love, and sing, and won - der, Let us praise the Sa - viour's
Name; He has hushed the law's loud thun - der, He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame.
He has washed us in his blood; He has brought us nigh to God.

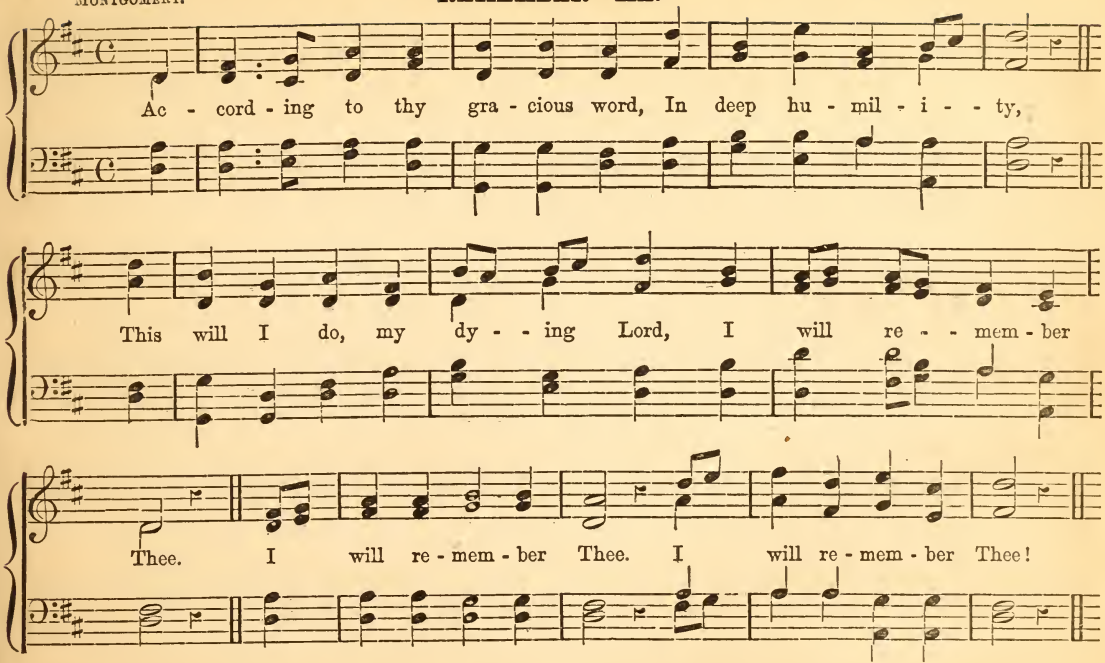
2 Let us love the God who bought us;
Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by his grace, and taught us;
Gave us ears and gave us eyes.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong Salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high:
Here they trusted Him before us;
Now their praises fill the sky.

MONTGOMERY.

REMEMBER ME.

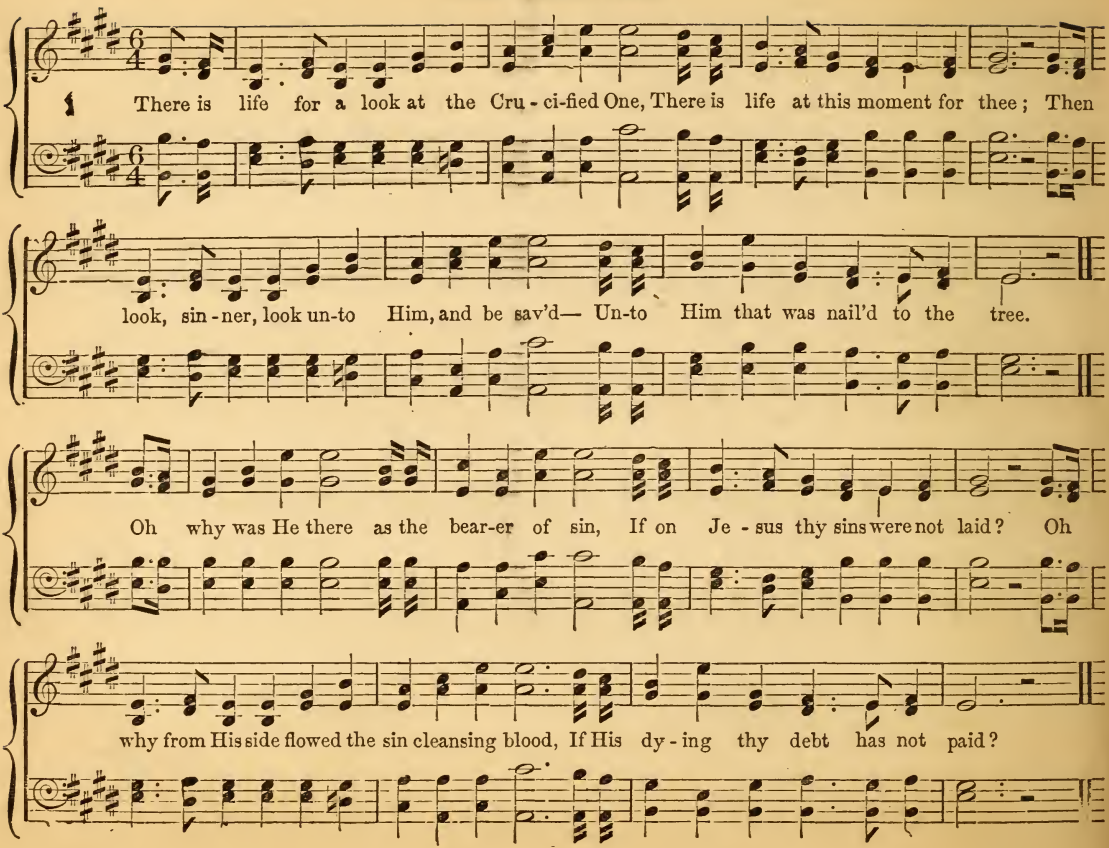

Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In deep hu - mil - i - - ty,
This will I do, my dy - - ing Lord, I will re - - mem - ber
Thee. I will re - mem - ber Thee. I will re - mem - ber Thee!

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be,
Thy testamental cup I'll take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember Thee.

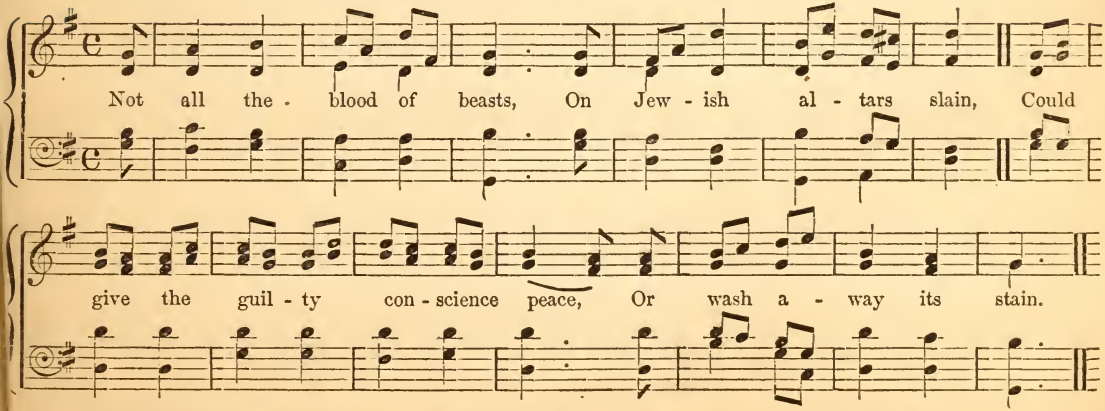
THE LIFE-LOOK.

1 There is life for a look at the Cru - ci-fied One, There is life at this moment for thee; Then
look, sin - ner, look un-to Him, and be sav'd— Un-to Him that was nail'd to the tree.
Oh why was He there as the bear-er of sin, If on Je - sus thy sins were not laid? Oh
why from His side flowed the sin cleansing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen—
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?

Thou art healed by His stripes; would'st thou add to the word?
And He is thy righteousness made;
The best robe of Heaven He bids thee put on,
Oh! would'st thou be better arrayed?
Then doubt not thy pardon, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done,
That once, in the end of the world, He appeared
And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives,
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.
There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.

THE HEAVENLY LAMB.

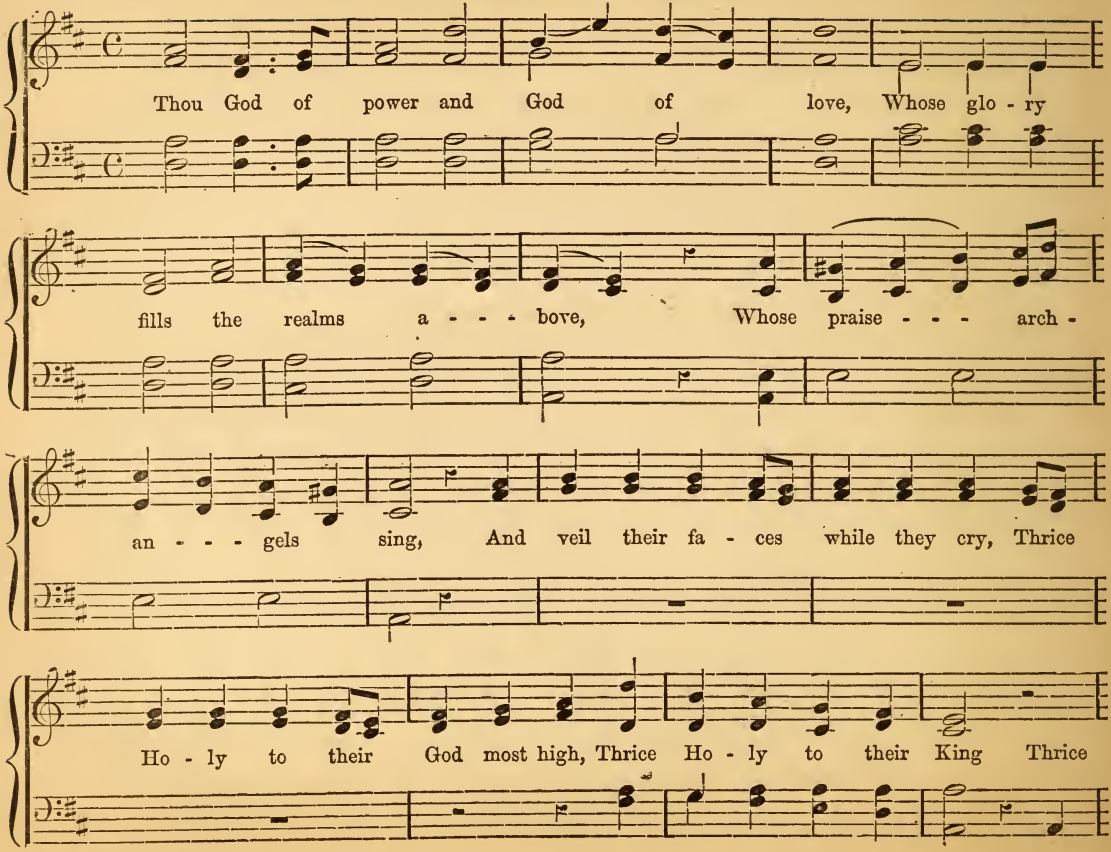
WATTS. [Harmonies from "THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," by Permission.]

But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

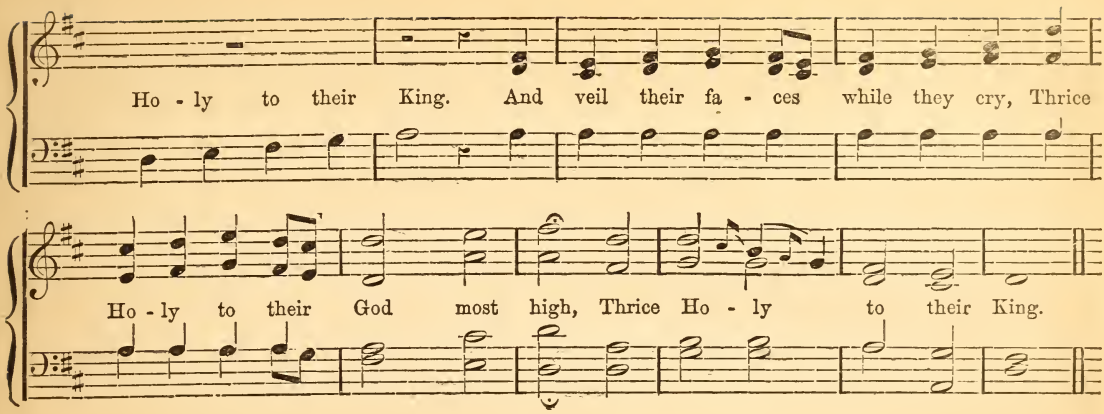
My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

J. WALKER.

THOU GOD OF POWER.


Thou God of power and God of love, Whose glo - ry
fills the realms a - - - bove, Whose praise - - - arch -
an - - - gels sing, And veil their fa - ces while they cry, Thrice
Ho - ly to their God most high, Thrice Ho - ly to their King Thrice

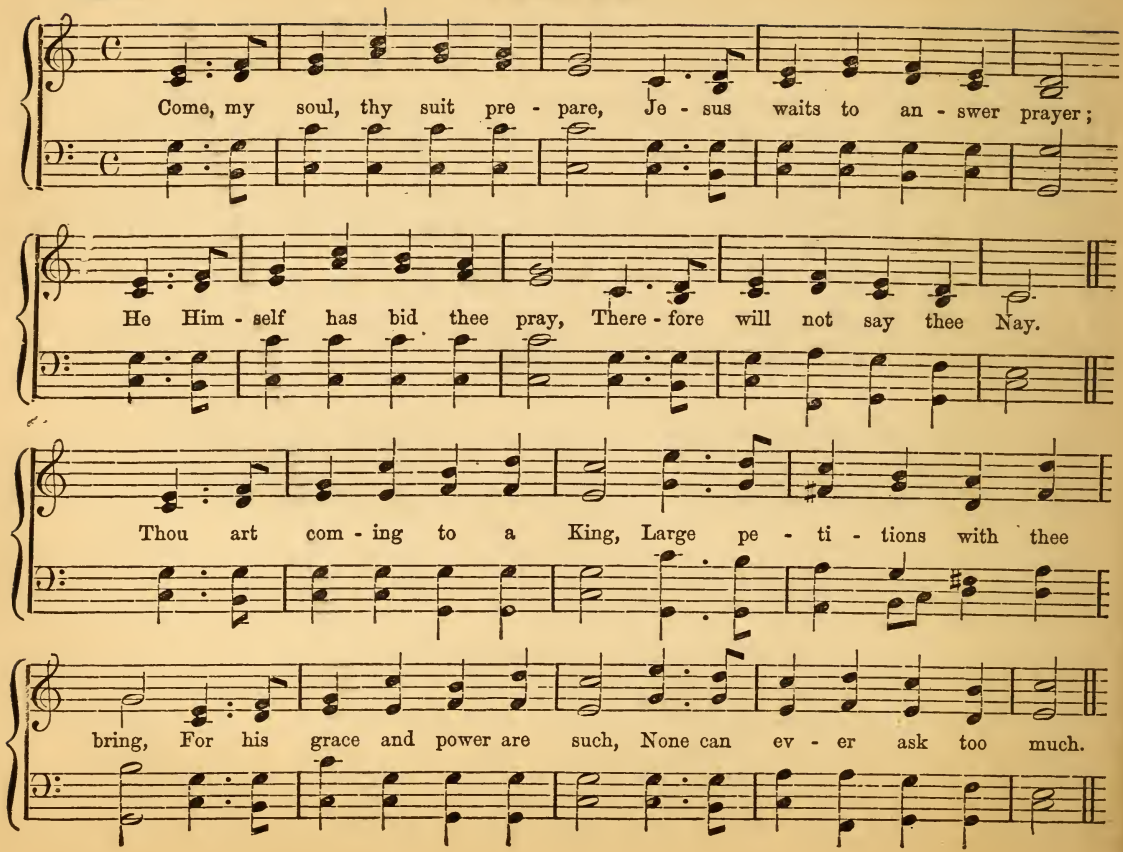


2 Thee as our God we too would claim;
And bless the precious Saviour's name
Through whom this grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend;
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to each heart thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel,
The presence of our God.

NEWTON.

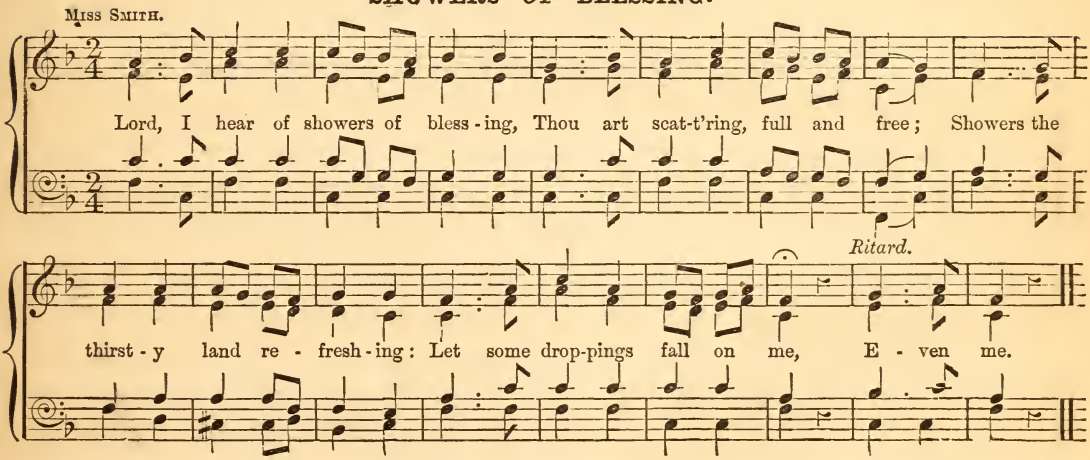
PRAYER.


Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus waits to an - swer prayer;
He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee Nay.
Thou art com - ing to a King, Large pe - ti - tions with thee
bring, For his grace and power are such, None can ev - er ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt;
Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here
Let thy love my spirit cheer:
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.


Miss Smith.
Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing, Thou art scat-t'ring, full and free; Showers the
Ritard.
thirst-y land re-fresh-ing: Let some drop-pings fall on me, E-ven me.

Pass me not, oh gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

Pass me not, oh gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh! call me—
Even me.

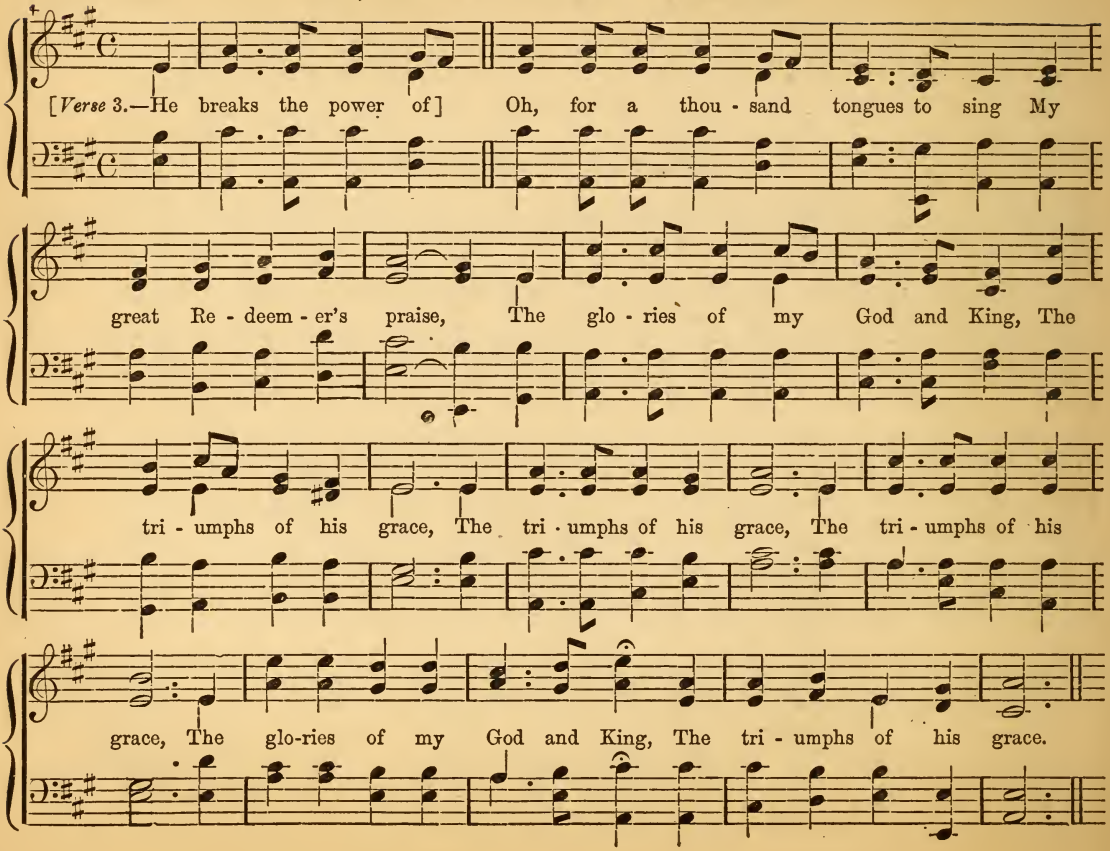
Pass me not, oh mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me!—
Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich and free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!—
Even me.

Pass me not—thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh! bless me—
Even me.

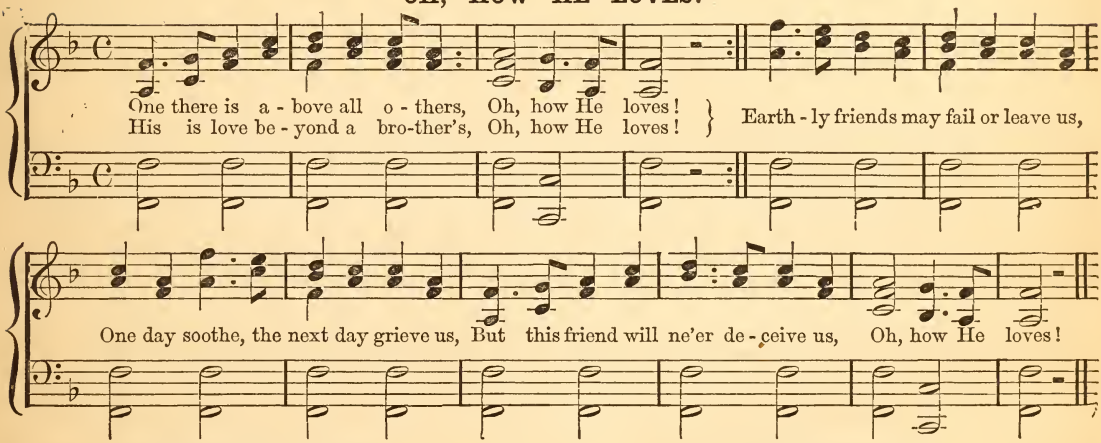
C. WESLEY.

OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

[Verse 3.—He breaks the power of] Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My
great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my God and King, The
tri - umphs of his grace, The tri - umphs of his grace, The tri - umphs of his
grace, The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,—
His blood availed for me.

OH, HOW HE LOVES!


One there is a - bove all o - thers, Oh, how He loves!
His is love be - yond a bro-ther's, Oh, how He loves!
Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us, But this friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!

'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves;
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves;
With his precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To his fold He safely brought us
Oh, how He loves.

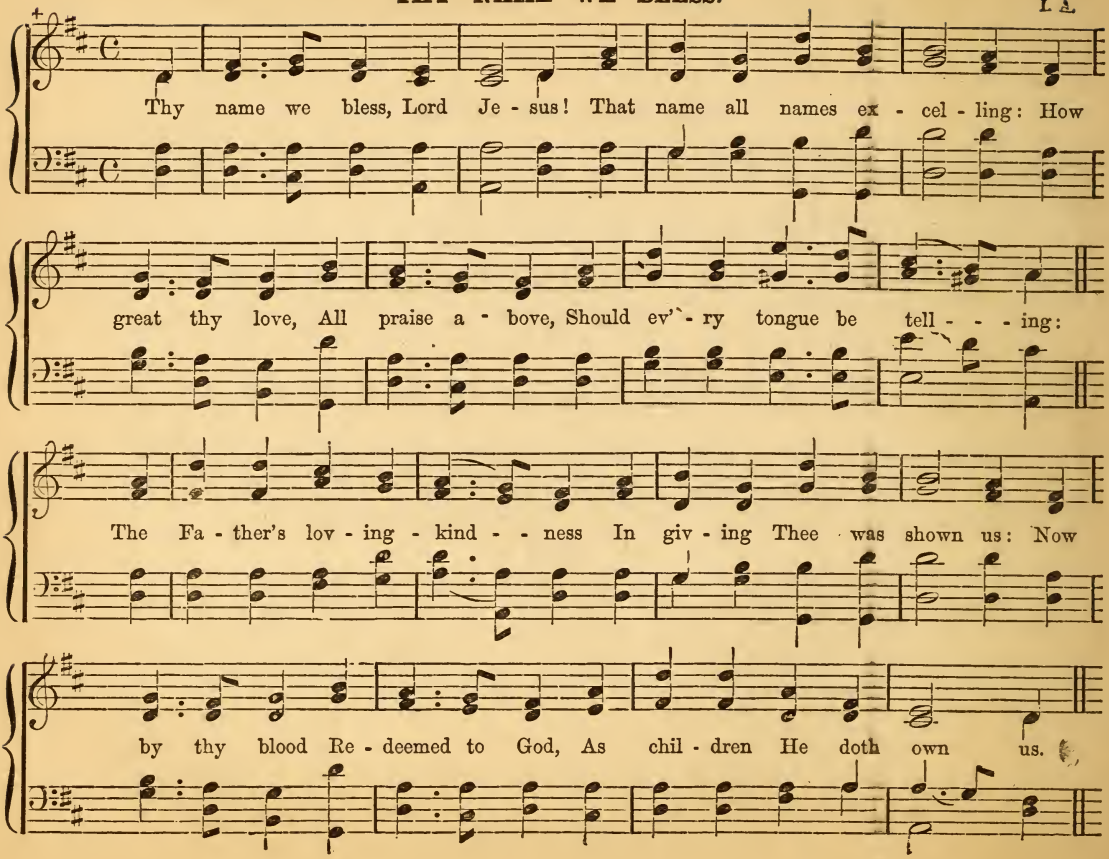
Blessed Jesus! would you know Him?
Oh, how He loves;
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves.
Think no more, then, of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves.

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves;
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves;
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves.

Then in heaven we'll adore Him,
Oh, how He loves;
Cast our glittering crowns before Him,
Oh, how He loves.
When the vict'ry is completed,
And around his throne we're seated,
Then we'll sing and still repeat it,
Oh, how He loves!

THY NAME WE BLESS.

L. A.

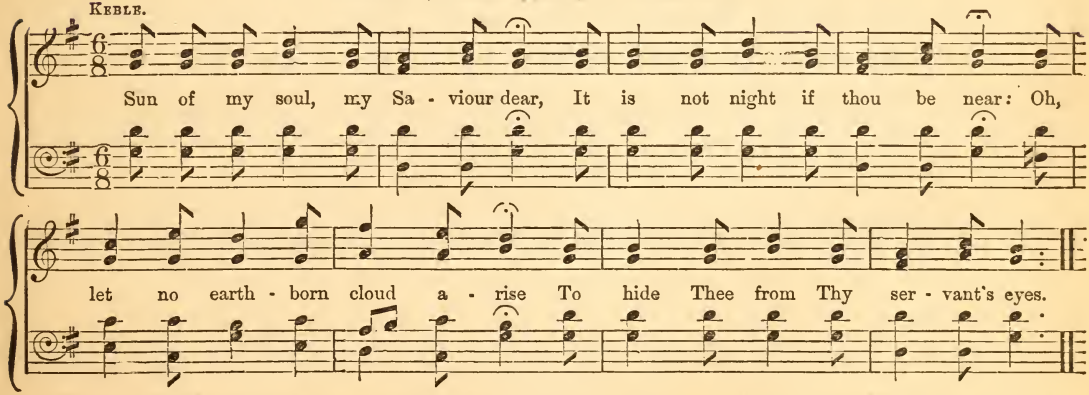

Thy name we bless, Lord Je - sus! That name all names ex - cel - ling: How
great thy love, All praise a - bove, Should ev'`- ry tongue be tell - - - ing:
The Fa - ther's lov - ing - kind - - ness In giv - ing Thee was shown us: Now
by thy blood Re - deemed to God, As chil - dren He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He gave his Son,
That He in one
His children all might gather:
Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath Thou hast endured:
It was for us
Thou sufferedst thus,
And hast our peace secured.

3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
The Church is free,
As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation!
On high Thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven;
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again:
To Thee all power is given.

4 Thou hast bestowed the earnest
Of that we shall inherit;
Till thou shalt come
To take us home,
We're sealed by God the Spirit:
We wait for thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully,
The grace divine
That made us thine,
Thou Lamb of God most holy!

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

KEBLE.

Sun of my soul, my Sa - viour dear, It is not night if thou be near: Oh,
let no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

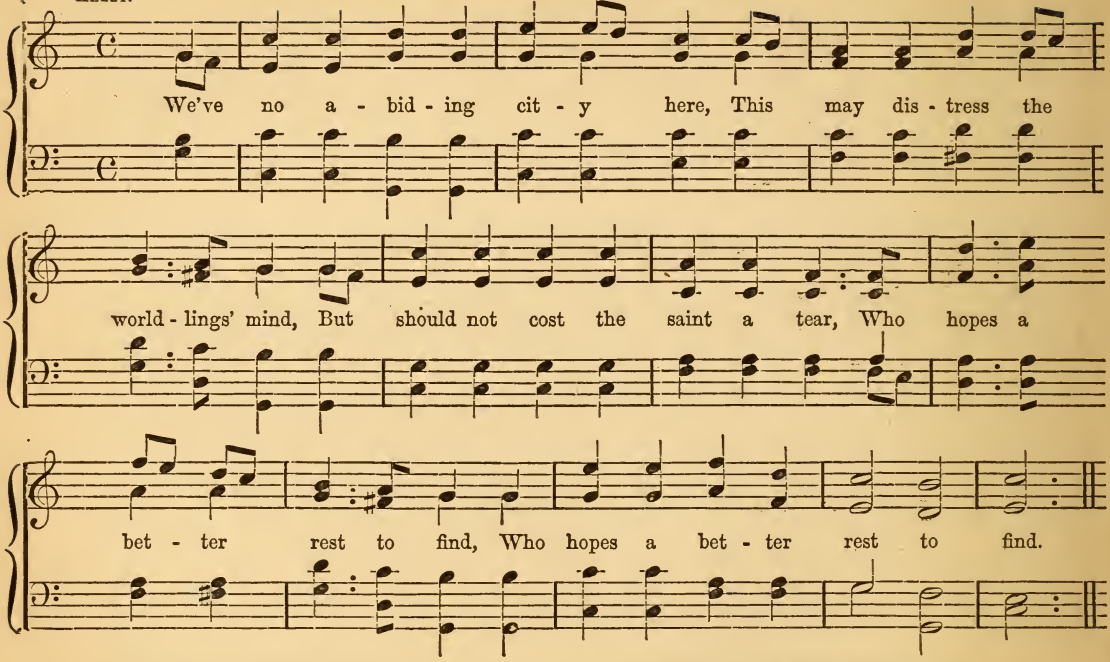
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Has spurned this day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5. Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store,
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We rest ourselves in Heaven above.

WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY.

KELLY.


We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, This may dis - tress the
world - lings' mind, But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a
bet - ter rest to find, Who hopes a bet - ter rest to find.

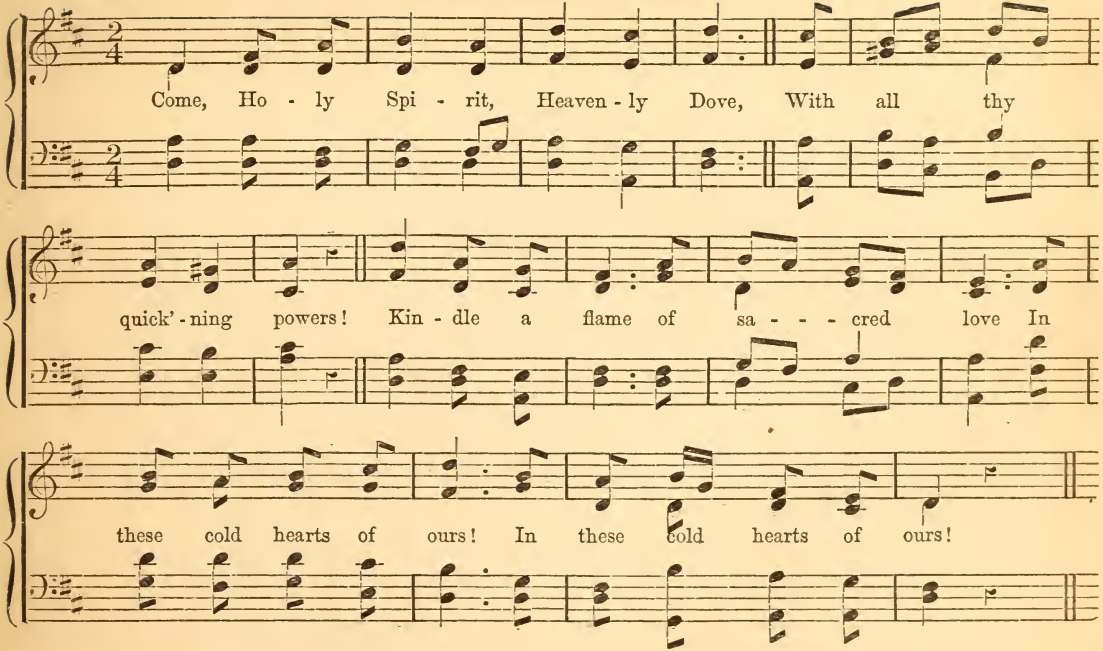
2 We've no abiding city here,
Sad truth were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

2 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not this world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

WATTS.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT!


Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Heaven - ly Dove, With all thy
quick'-ning powers! Kin - dle a flame of sa - - - cred love In
these cold hearts of ours! In these cold hearts of ours!

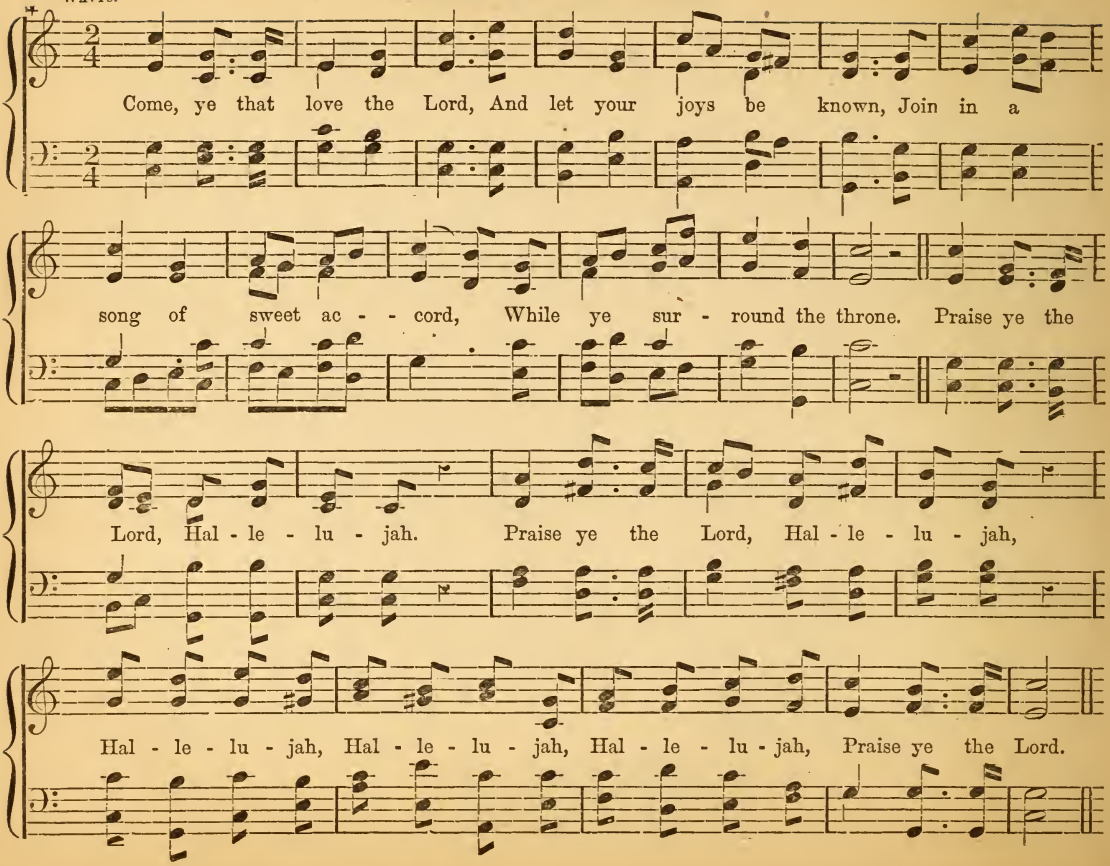
2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

PRAISE YE THE LORD!

Watts.


Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a
song of sweet ac - - cord, While ye sur - round the throne. Praise ye the
Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah. Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

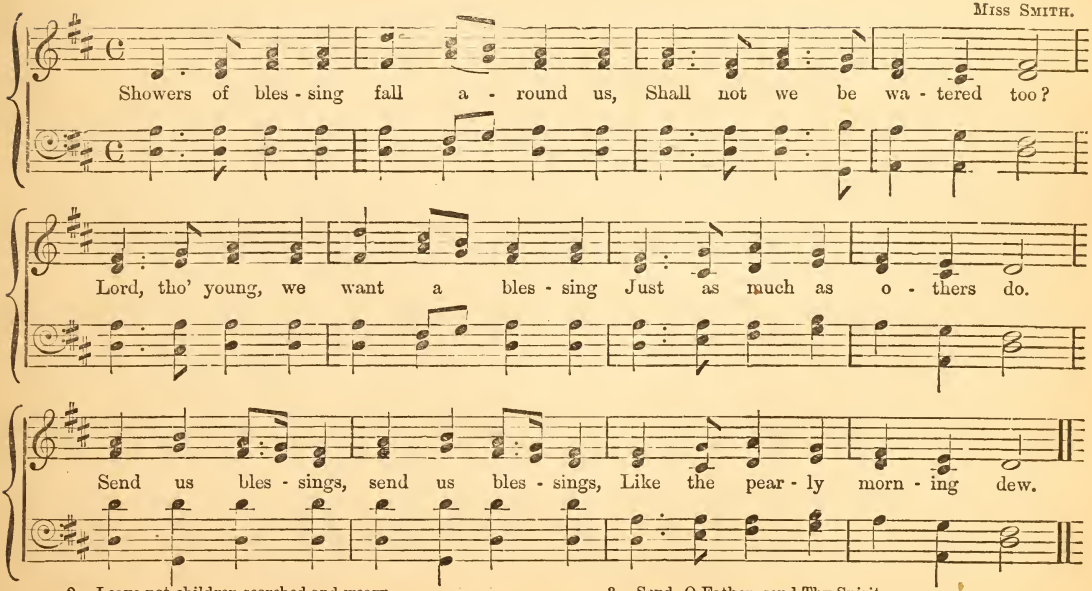
2 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

3 Then let our songs abound,
Let every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

4 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

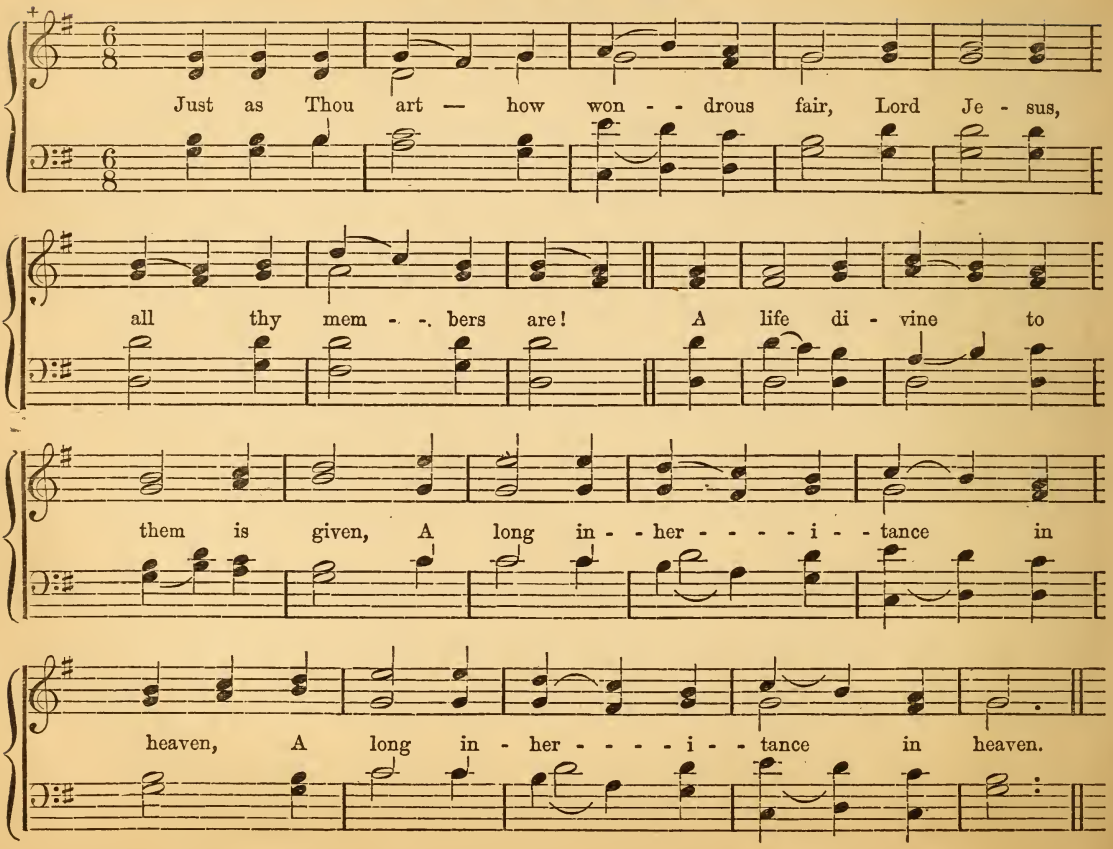
SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

MISS SMITH.


Showers of bles - sing fall a - round us, Shall not we be wa - tered too?
Lord, tho' young, we want a bles - sing Just as much as o - thers do.
Send us bles - sings, send us bles - sings, Like the pear - ly morn - ing dew.

2. Leave not children scorched and weary,
On earth's dreary desert wild:
Oh! remember, Lord, the children;
Jesus was a little child;
Make us like Him,
Gentle, loving, lowly, mild.

3. Send, O Father, send Thy Spirit,
Let the Holy Dove descend;
Then with saints in earth and heaven
Our young voices too will blend,
Singing praises
To the Lord, the childrens' Friend.

JUST AS THOU ART.

Just as Thou art — how won - - drous fair, Lord Je - sus,
all thy mem - -. bers are! A life di - vine to
them is given, A long in - - her - - - - i - - tance in
heaven, A long in - her - - - - i - - tance in heaven.

2 Just as I was I came to Thee,
An heir of wrath and misery;
Just as Thou art before the throne,
I stand in righteousness thine own.

3 Just as Thou art—how wondrous free:
Loosed by the sorrows of the tree:
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were thine,
To give thy saints this life divine.

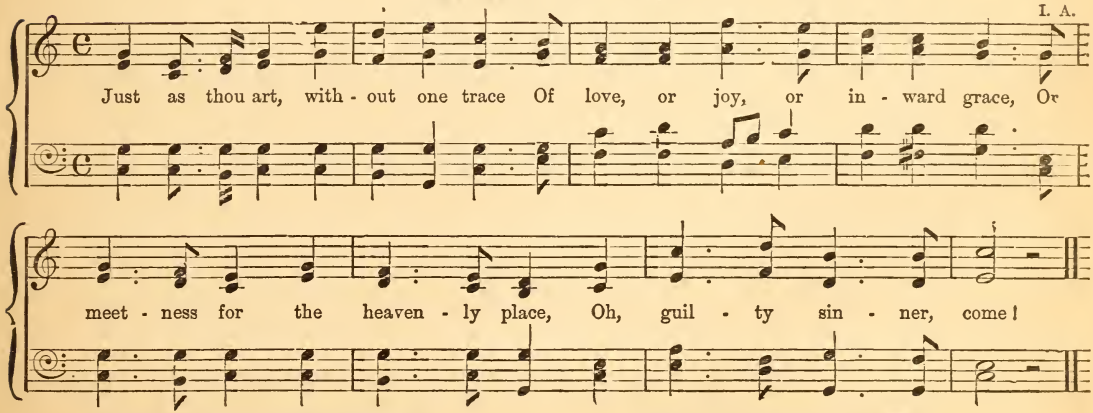
4 Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear,
Can with thy spotlessness appear;
O timeless love! as Thee, I'm seen
The "Righteousness of God in Him."

5 Just as Thou art—Thou Lamb divine!
Life, light, and holiness are thine:
Thyself their endless source I see,
And they, the life of God, in me.

6 Just as Thou art—O blissful ray
That turned my darkness into day!
That woke me from my death of sin,
To know my perfectness in Him.

7 O teach me, Lord, this grace to own,
That self and sin no more are known;
That love—thy love—in wondrous right,
Hath placed me in its spotless light.

8 Soon, soon 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
Till worlds on worlds adoring see
The part thy members have in Thee.

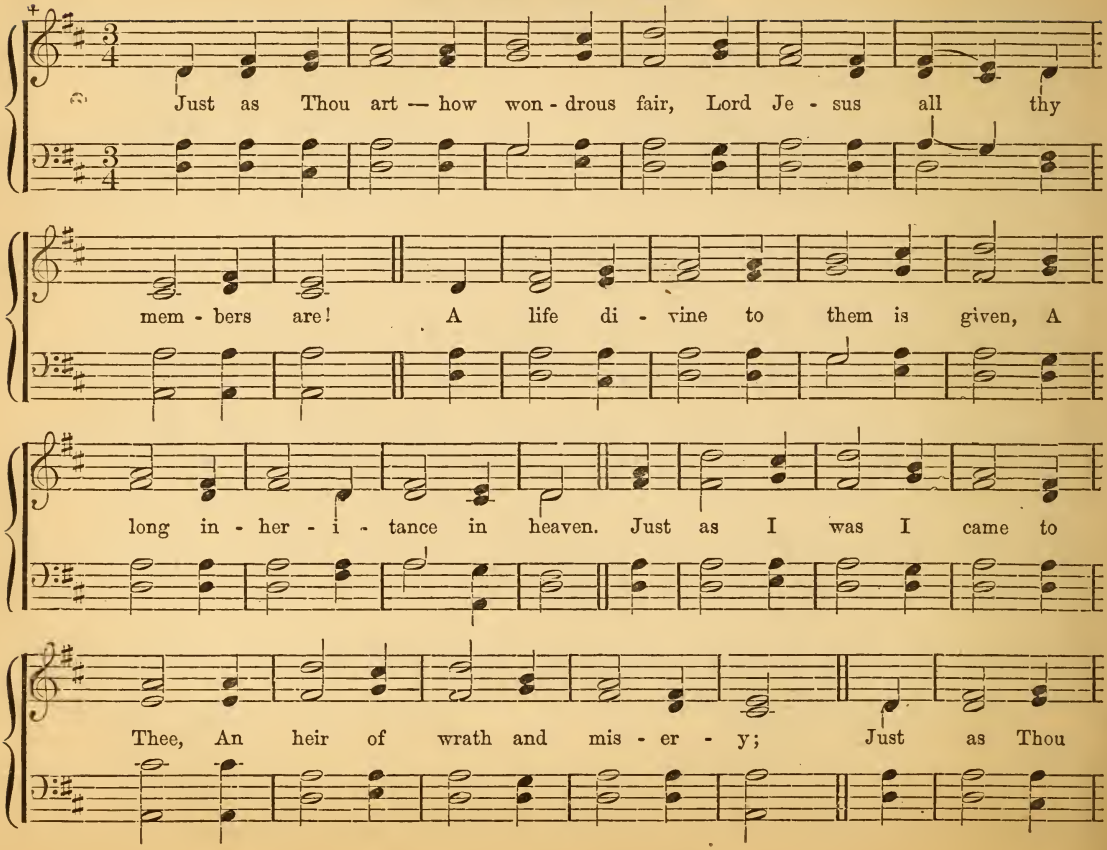
JUST AS THOU ART.

I. A.
Just as thou art, with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace, Or
meet - ness for the heaven - ly place, Oh, guil - ty sin - ner, come!

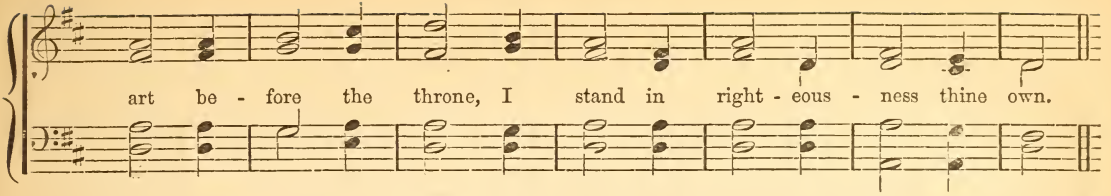
Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world—it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts opprest—
Oh, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
Oh, needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
Oh, trembling sinner, come!

The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come—
The Saviour bids thee come.

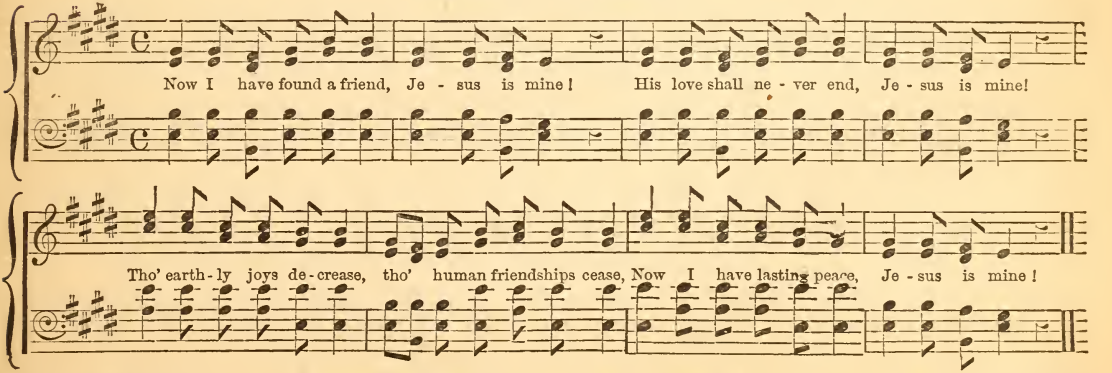
JUST AS THOU ART.

Just as Thou art — how won - drous fair, Lord Je - sus all thy
mem - bers are! A life di - vine to them is given, A
long in - her - i - tance in heaven. Just as I was I came to
Thee, An heir of wrath and mis - er - y; Just as Thou



2 Just as Thou art—how wondrous free!
Loosed by the sorrows of the tree.
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were thine,
To give thy saints this life divine.
Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear,
Can with thy spotlessness appear;
Oh, timeless love! as Thee I'm seen,
The "righteousness of God in Him."

3 Just as Thou art—Thou Lamb divine!
Life, light, and holiness are thine:
Thyself their endless source I see,
And them, the life of God in me.
Just as Thou art—oh, blissful ray,
That turned my darkness into day,
That woke me from my death of sin,
To know my perfectness in Him!

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, this grace to own,
That self and sin no more are known;
That love—thy love—in wondrous right,
Hath placed me in its spotless light!
Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
Till worlds on worlds adoring see
The part thy members have in Thee.

JESUS IS MINE!

Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine! His love shall ne - ver end, Je - sus is mine!
Tho' earth - ly joys de - crease, tho' human friendships cease, Now I have lasting peace, Je - sus is mine!

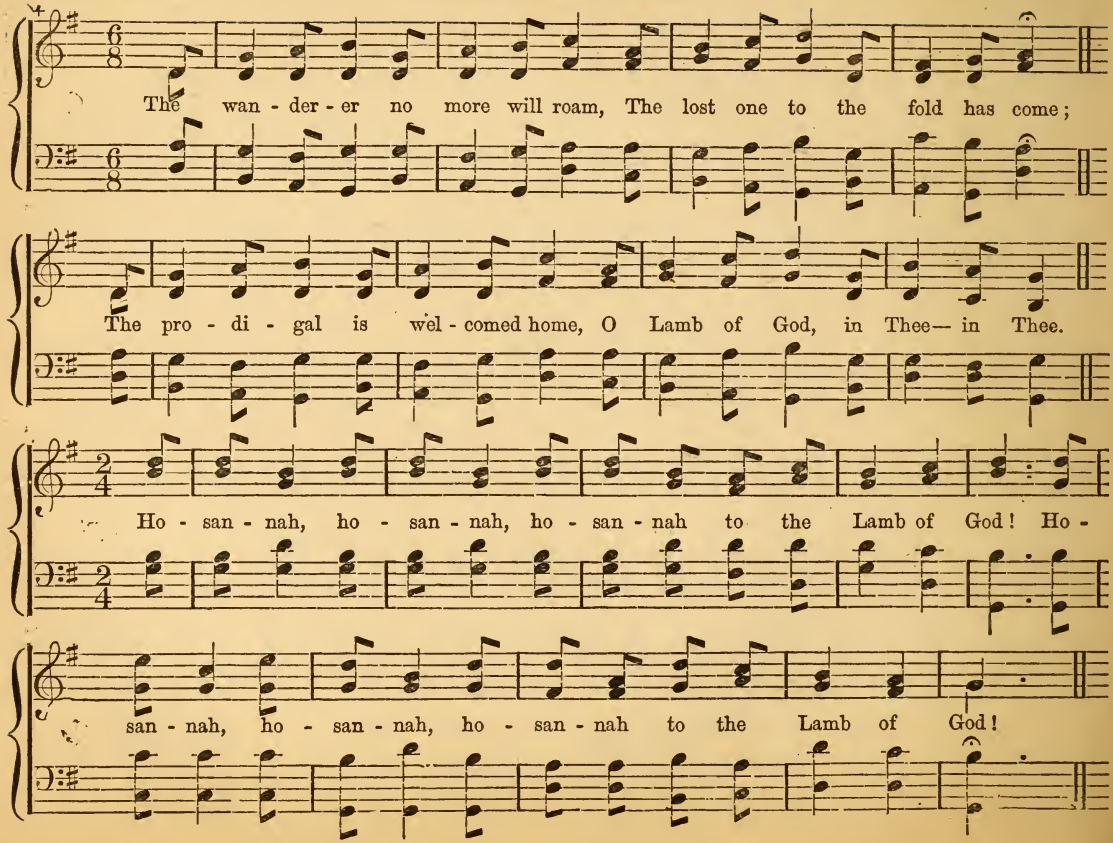
Tho' I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine!
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine!
He shall my want supply,
His precious blood is nigh;
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine!
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine!
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine!

Father! Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine!
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine!
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus is mine!

Mrs. E. Walker.

THE LOST FOUND.

The wan - der - er no more will roam, The lost one to the fold has come;
The pro - di - gal is wel - comed home, O Lamb of God, in Thee— in Thee.
Ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God! Ho -
san - nah, ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God!

2 Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced his child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

3 It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love provides for me a dress—
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

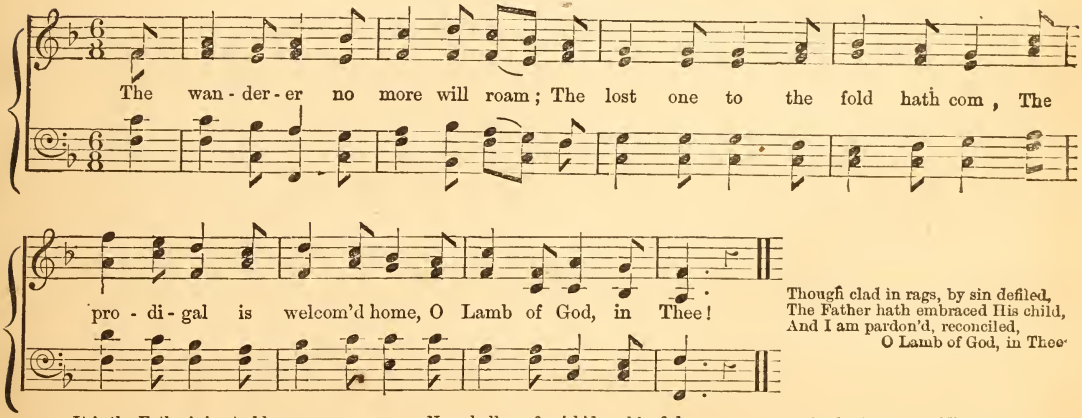
5 Yea, in the fulness of his grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

6 I cannot half his love express;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

7 It is thy precious name I bear,
It is thy spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

8 And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

THE LOST FOUND.



Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

I cannot half His love express,
Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
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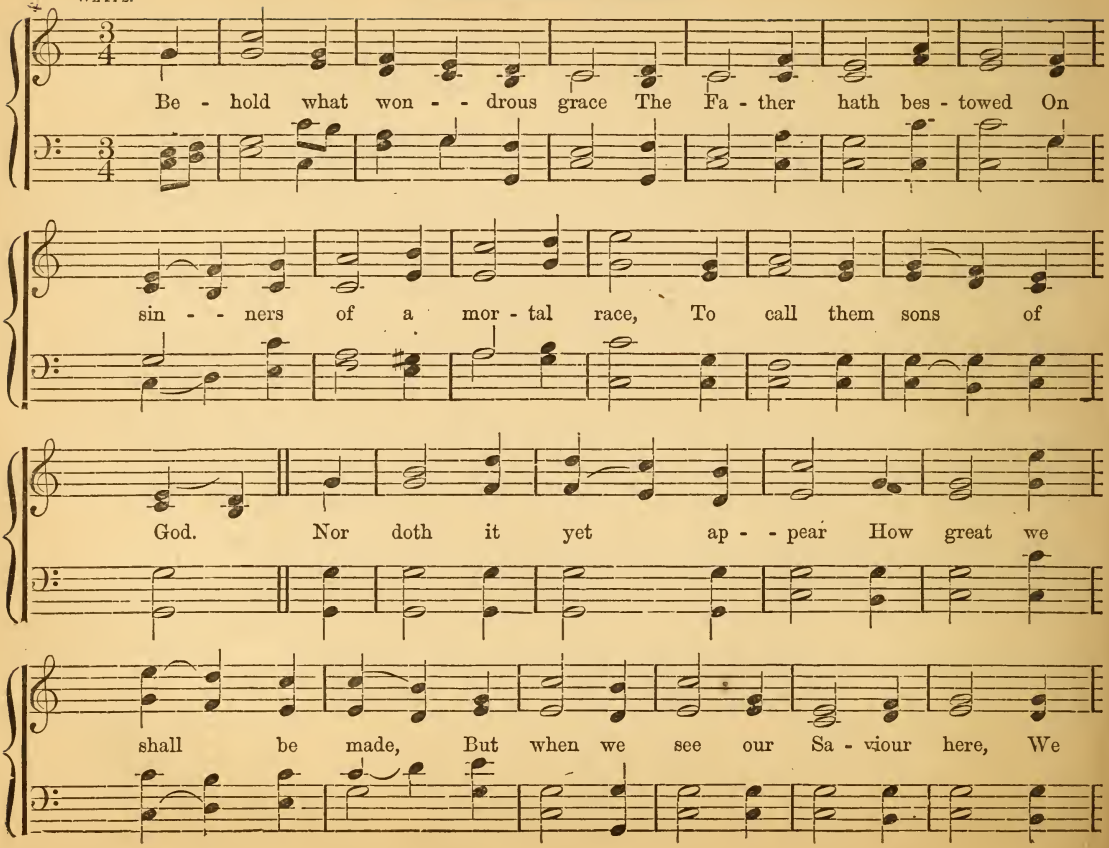
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

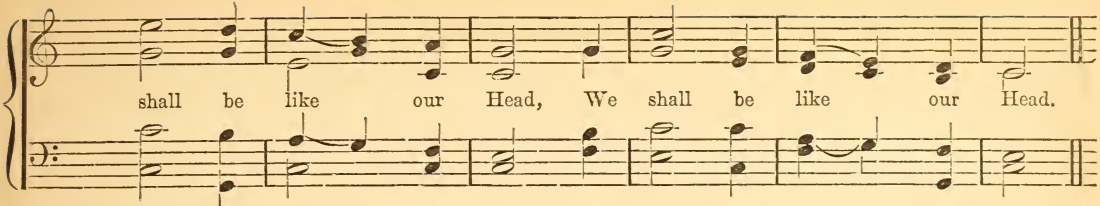
It is *Thy* precious Name I bear,
It is *Thy* spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine!
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee

WONDROUS GRACE.

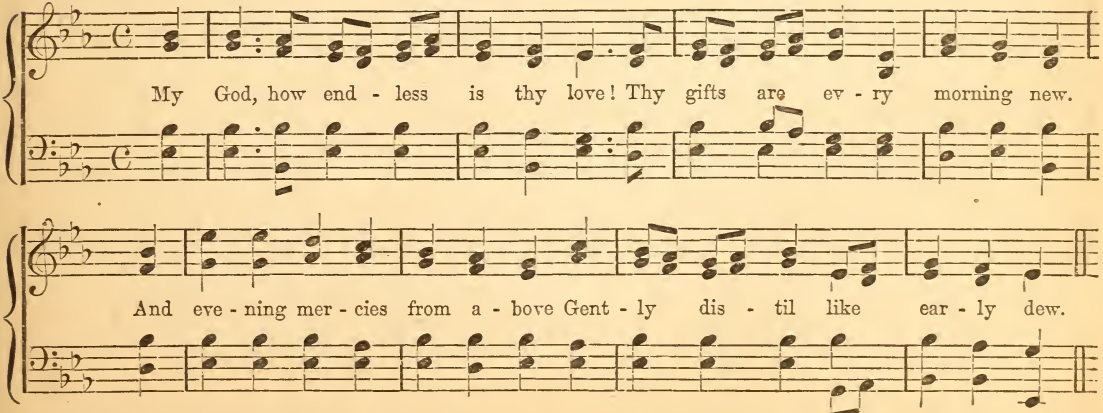
WATTS.

Be - hold what won - - drous grace The Fa - ther hath bes - towed On
sin - - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of
God. Nor doth it yet ap - - pear How great we
shall be made, But when we see our Sa - viour here, We



2 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit from above
To rest upon each heart.

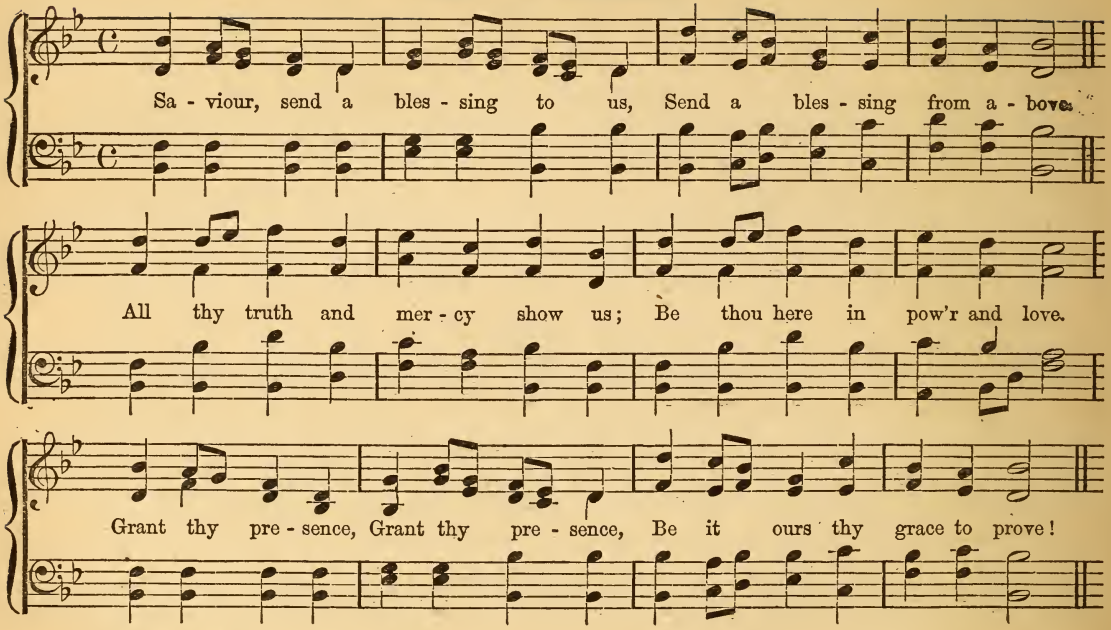
We would not always be
Like slaves before the throne,
Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou thy children own.

DAILY MERCIES.

WATTS.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command:
To Thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

SEND A BLESSING.

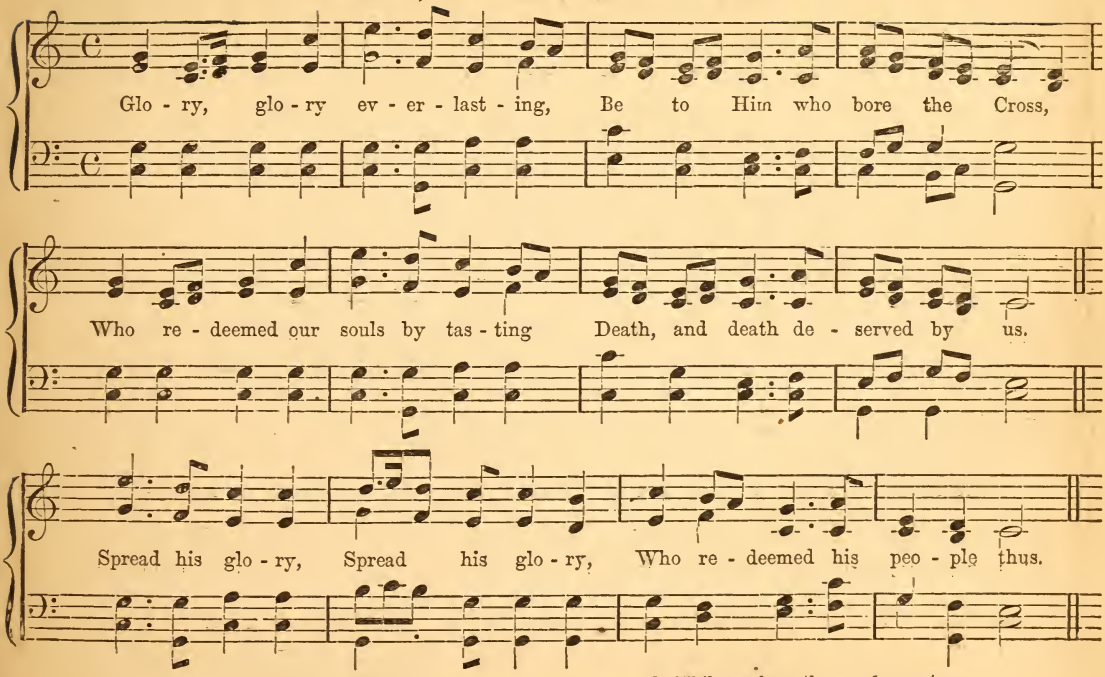

Sa - viour, send a bles - sing to us, Send a bles - sing from a - bove.
All thy truth and mer - cy show us; Be thou here in pow'r and love.
Grant thy pre - sence, Grant thy pre - sence, Be it ours thy grace to prove!

2 Art thou here, then have we blessing;
Art thou not, we nothing have.
All our good in thee possessing,
For thou only, Lord, canst save.
Be thou present,
This is what thy people crave.

3 Nothing have we, Lord, without thee,
But thy promise is our stay,
And thy people must not doubt thee;
Saviour, now thy pow'r display,
And let gladness
Fill thy people's hearts to-day.

4 Gladness, Saviour, such as they have,
They whose treasure is above;
This is what thy people may have,
Trust is theirs, and faith, and love;
Theirs a treasure
Which the world knows nothing of.

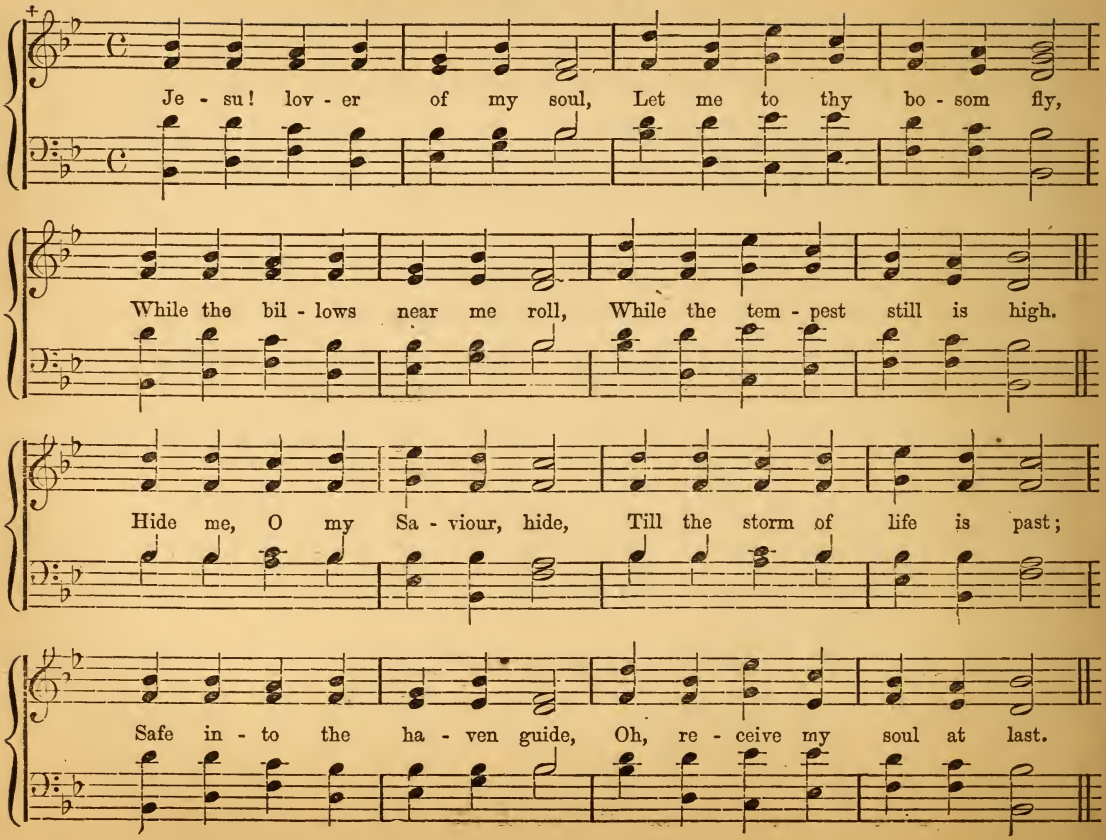
GLORY, GLORY EVERLASTING!


Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, Be to Him who bore the Cross,
Who re - deemed our souls by tas - ting Death, and death de - served by us.
Spread his glo - ry, Spread his glo - ry, Who re - deemed his peo - ple thus.

2 His is love! 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end:
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame;
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his Name.

C. WESLEY.

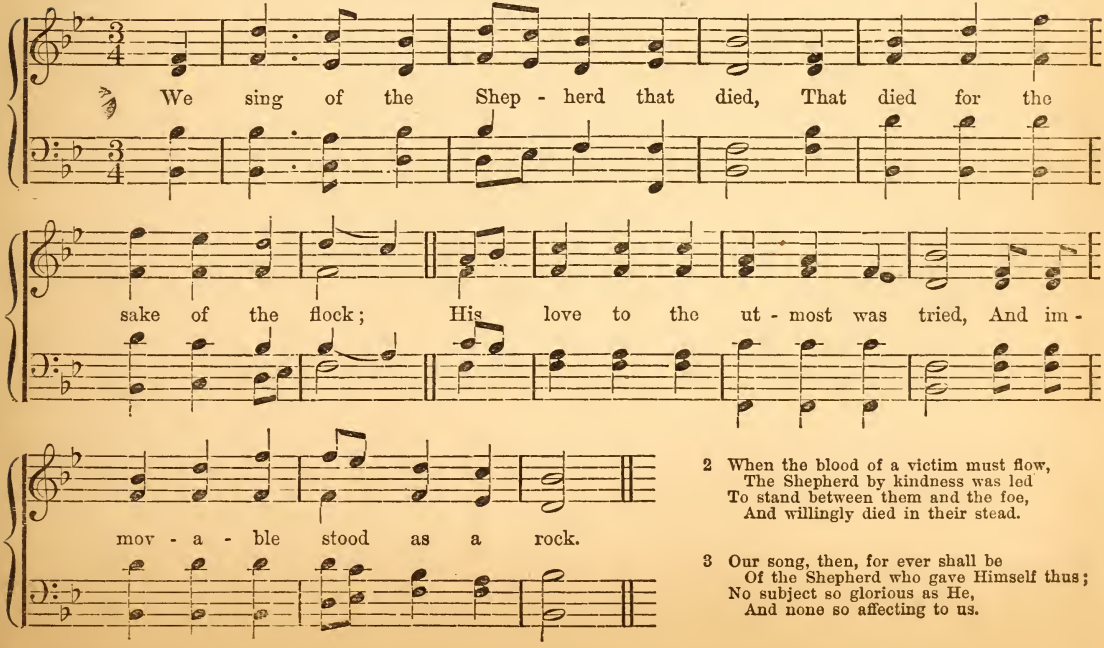
JESU! LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Je - su! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

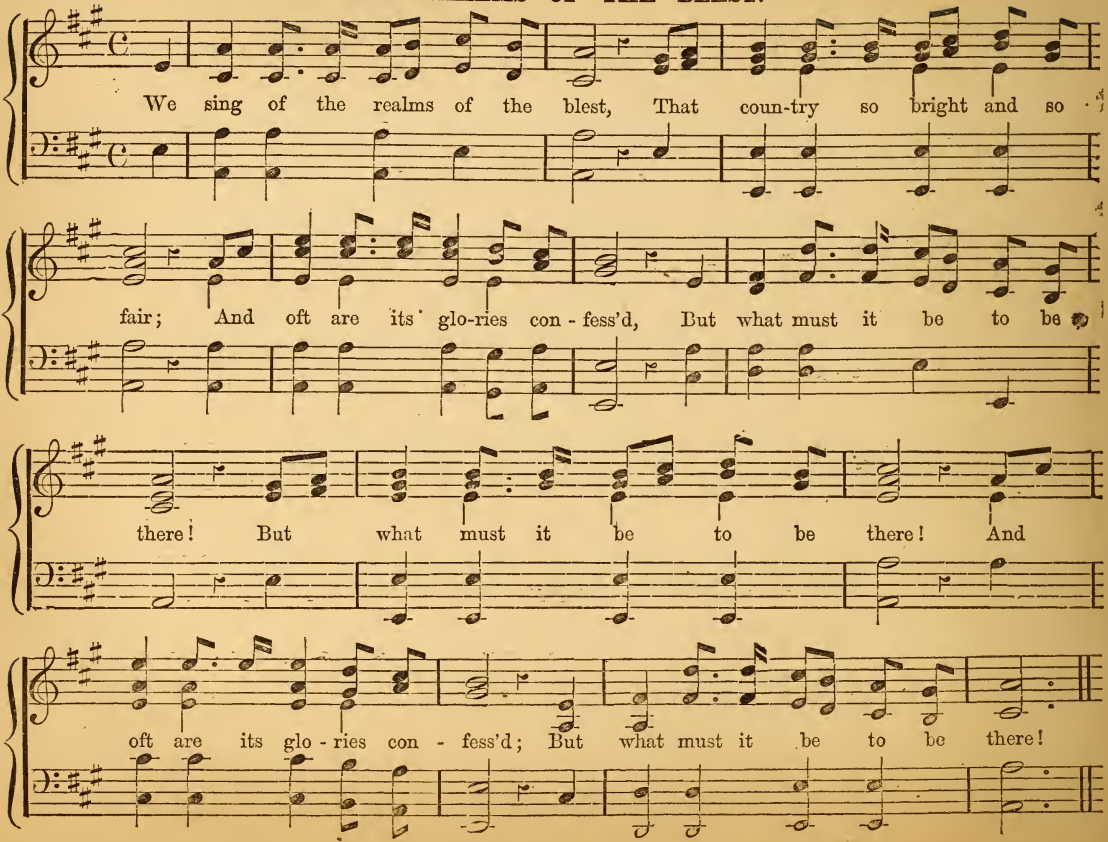
KELLY.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.


We sing of the Shep - herd that died, That died for the
sake of the flock; His love to the ut - most was tried, And im -
mov - a - ble stood as a rock.

2 When the blood of a victim must flow,
The Shepherd by kindness was led
To stand between them and the foe,
And willingly died in their stead.

3 Our song, then, for ever shall be
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;
No subject so glorious as He,
And none so affecting to us.

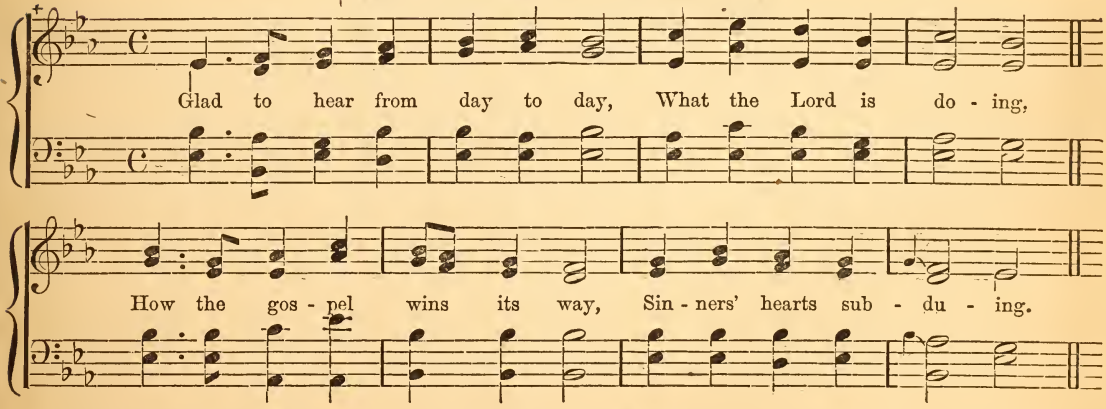
THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

We sing of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so
fair; And oft are its glo-ries con - fess'd, But what must it be to be
there! But what must it be to be there! And
oft are its glo - ries con - fess'd; But what must it be to be there!

We tell of its service of love;
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

We tell of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

Do, Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

THE MESSAGE OF SALVATION.



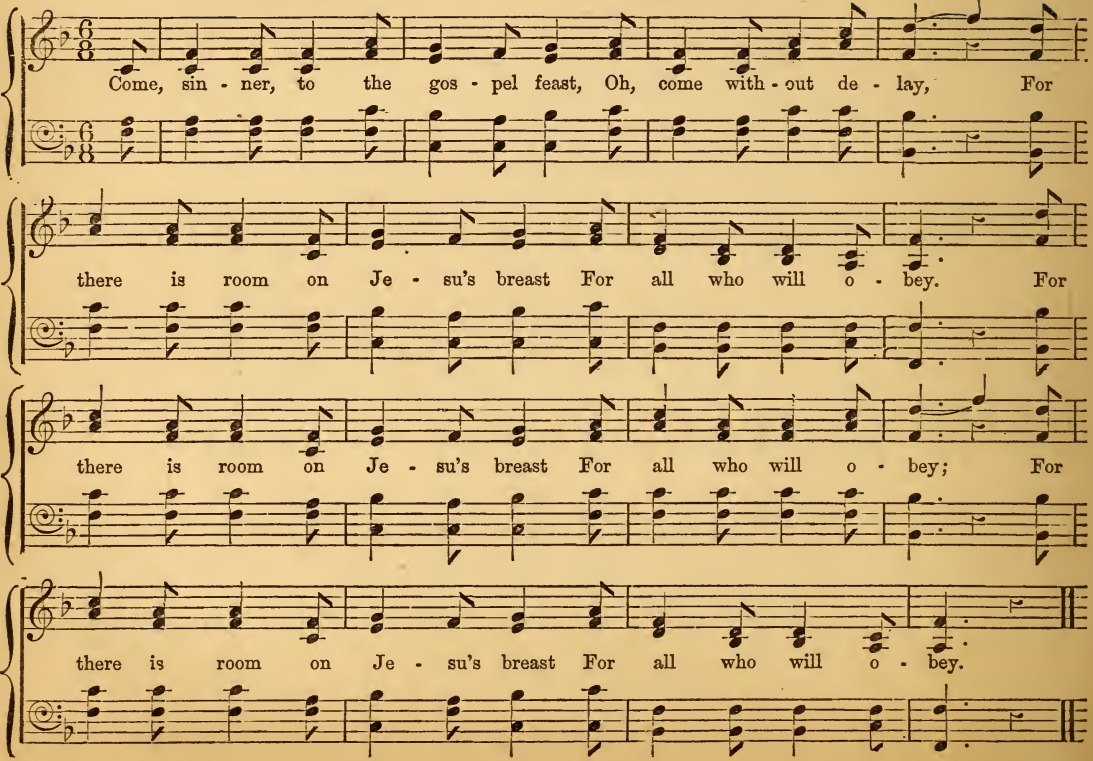
2 What a glorious work is his!
Work, for everlasting:
Every other work but this
Fading is and wasting.

3 While the judgments of the Lord
Heaven and earth are shaking,
Roused from slumber by his word,
Thousands are awaking.

4 Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heavenly truth declaring;
To a guilty world around
Words of pardon bearing.

5 Saviour, let the message run—
Message of salvation!
Take the circuit like the sun,
Visit every nation.

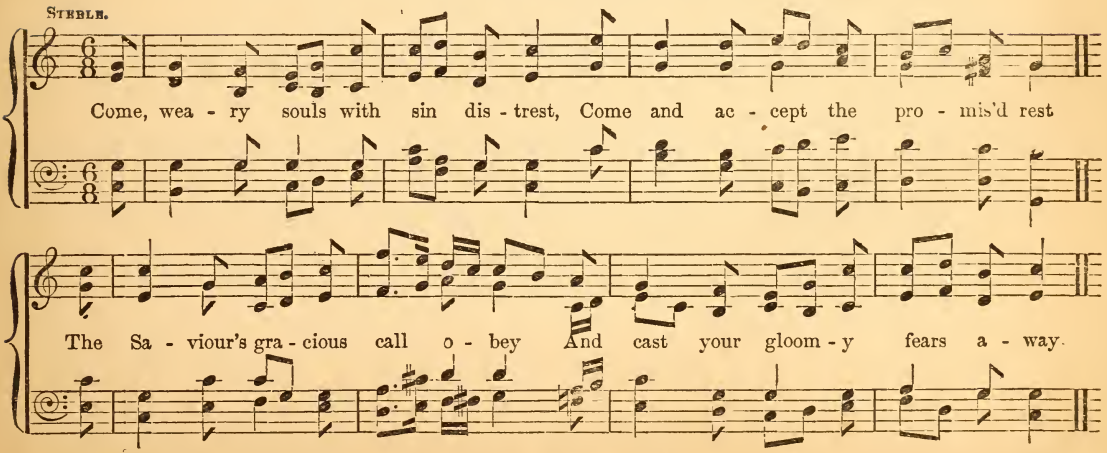
6 Earth has long been overspread—
Overspread with sadness:
Let the day-spring come with speed—
Bringing light and gladness.

COME, SINNER, TO THE GOSPEL FEAST.

Come, sin - ner, to the gos - pel feast, Oh, come with - out de - lay, For
there is room on Je - su's breast For all who will o - bey. For
there is room on Je - su's breast For all who will o - bey; For
there is room on Je - su's breast For all who will o - bey.

There 's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.
Come, sinner, &c.
There 's room within the church redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room 'midst the white-robed throng convened
For that dear soul of thine.
Come, sinner. &c.

There 's room in heaven, among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
Come, sinner, &c.
There 's room around the Father's board
For thee and thousands more;
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,
Yea, come this very hour.
Come, sinner, &c.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

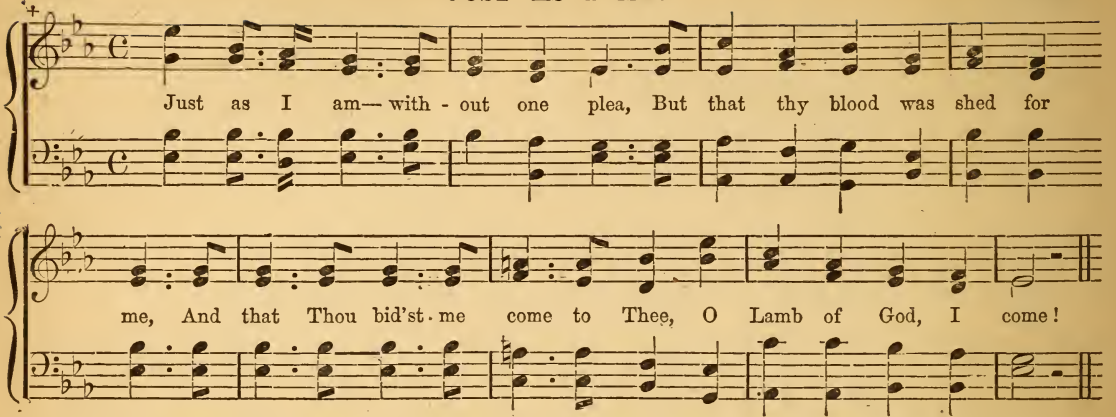
[Harmonies from "THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," by Permission.]

TREBLE.
Come, wea - ry souls with sin dis - trest, Come and ac - cept the pro - mis'd rest
The Sa - viour's gra - cious call o - bey And cast your gloom - y fears a - way.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad,
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon and life and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with grateful hearts
The hope Thy gracious word imparts,
We come with trembling, yet rejoice
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

ELLIOTT. **JUST AS I AM.** E. STUBBS.



2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

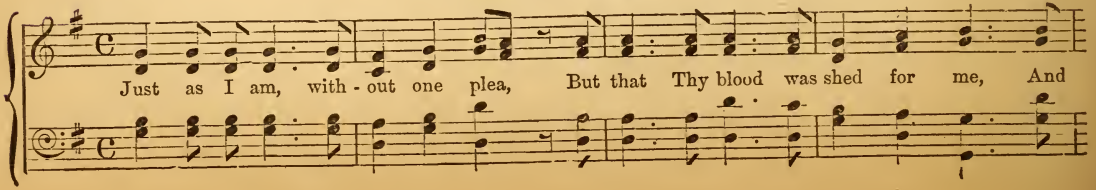
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

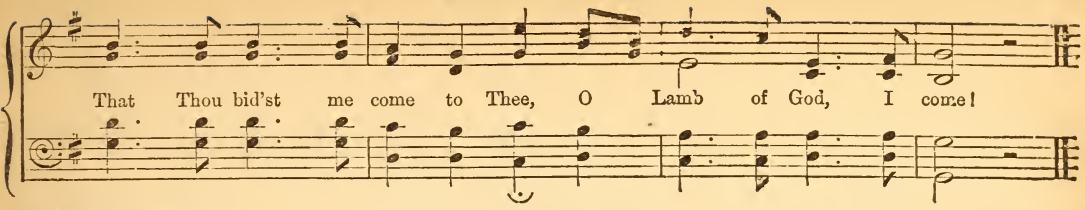
5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

JUST AS I AM.





Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

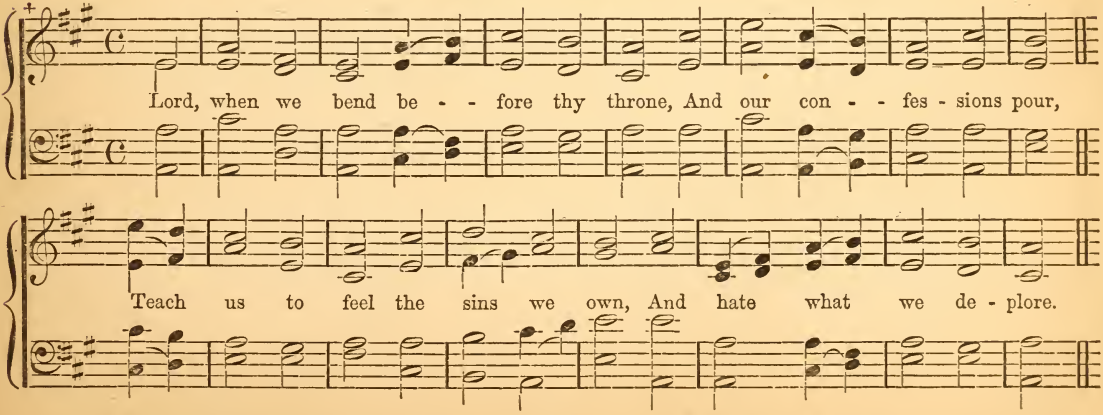
Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CARLYLE.

HUMILITY.

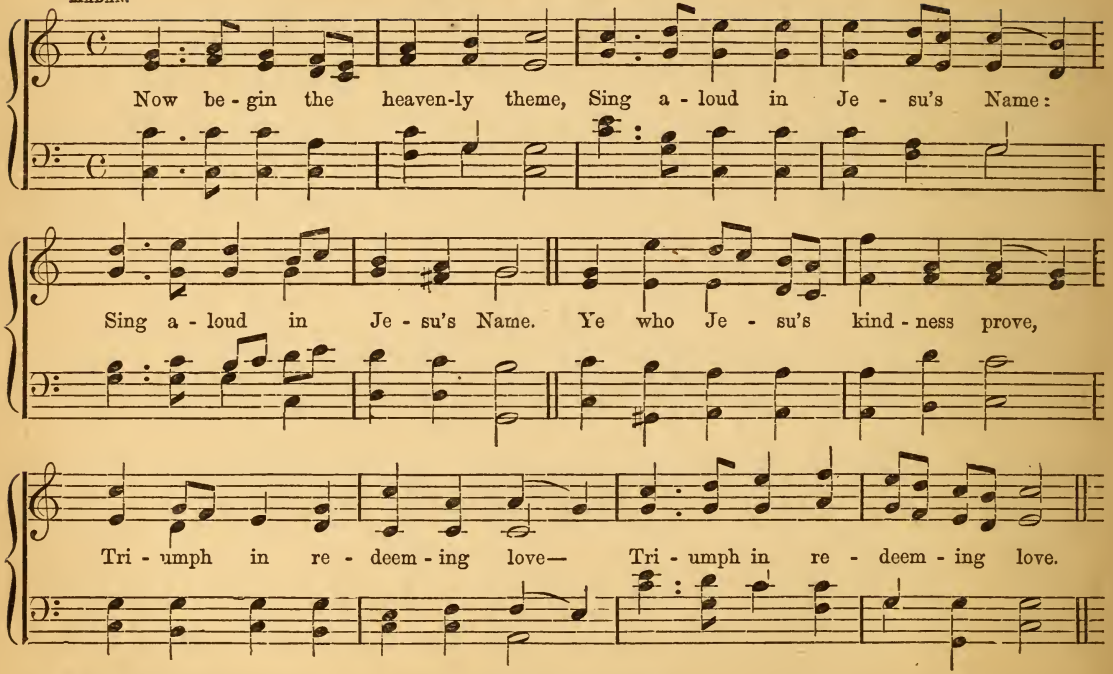


2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly thine.

3 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

REDEEMING LOVE.

MADAN.


Now be - gin the heaven-ly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - su's Name:
Sing a - loud in Je - su's Name. Ye who Je - su's kind - ness prove,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love— Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

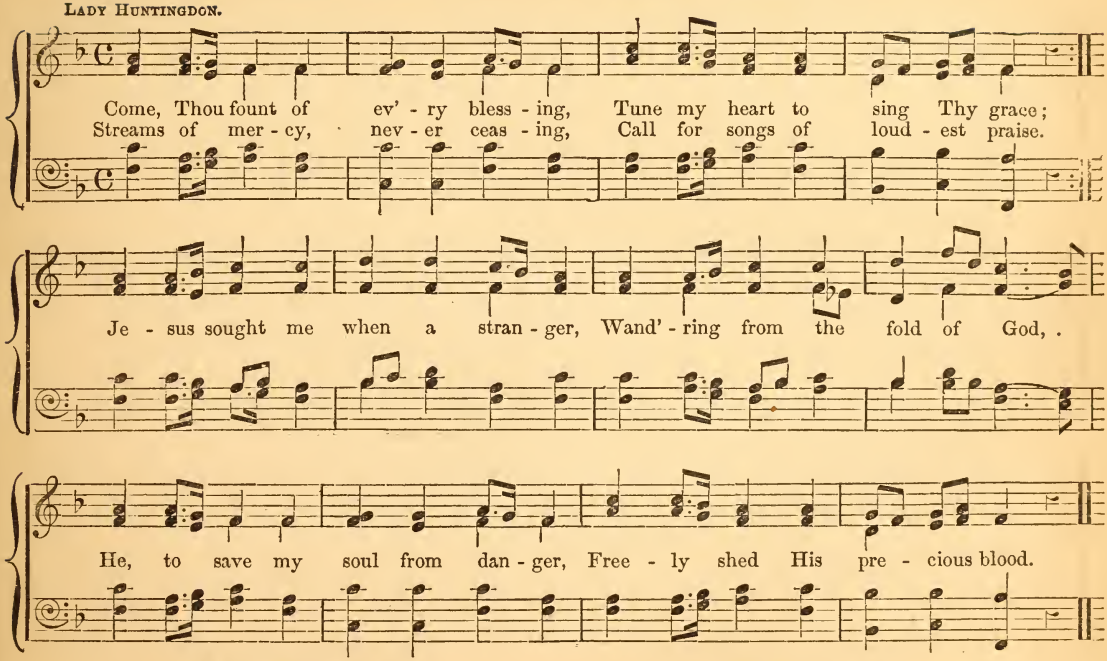
2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

3 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

4 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

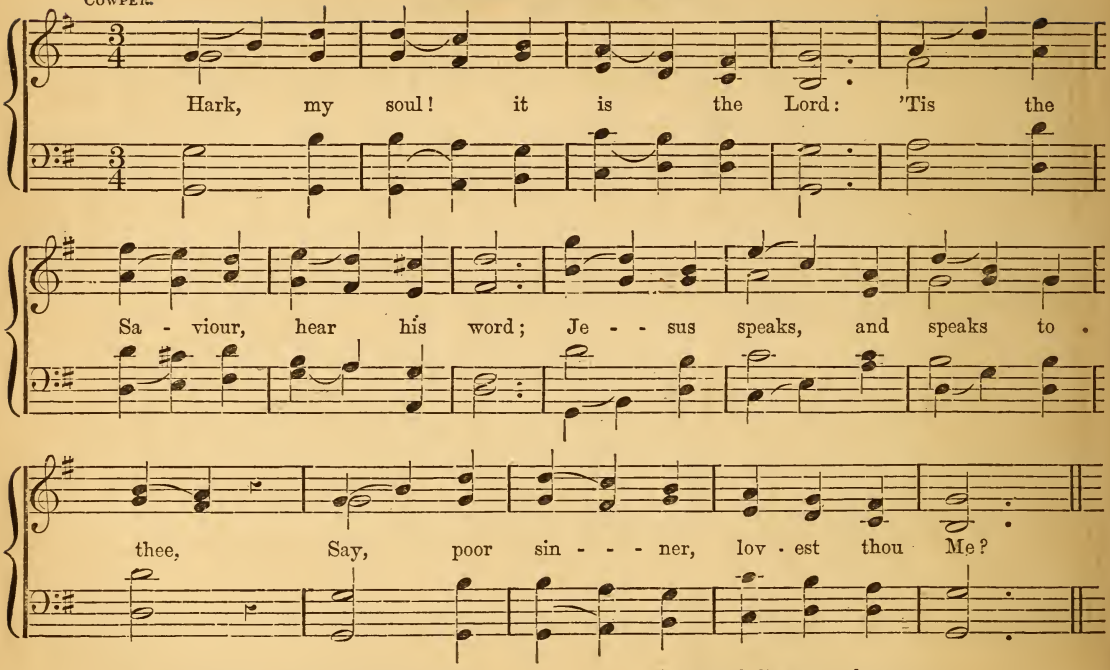
LADY HUNTINGDON.


Come, Thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand' - ring from the fold of God, .
He, to save my soul from dan - ger, Free - ly shed His pre - cious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

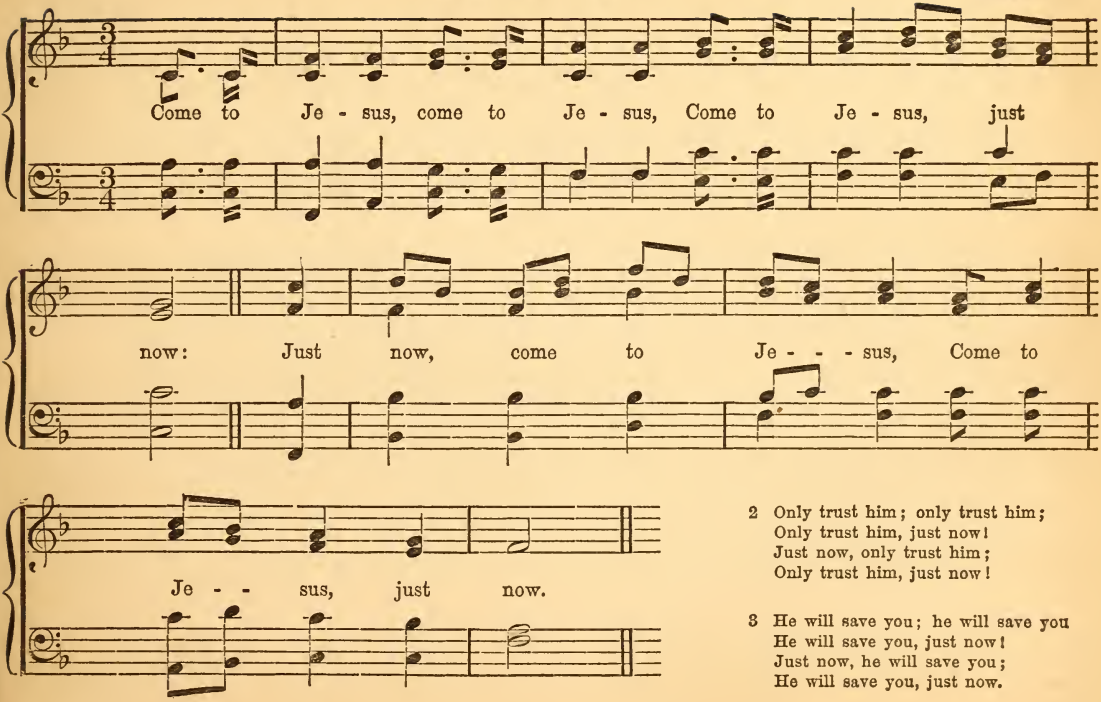
COWPER.

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

COME TO JESUS!

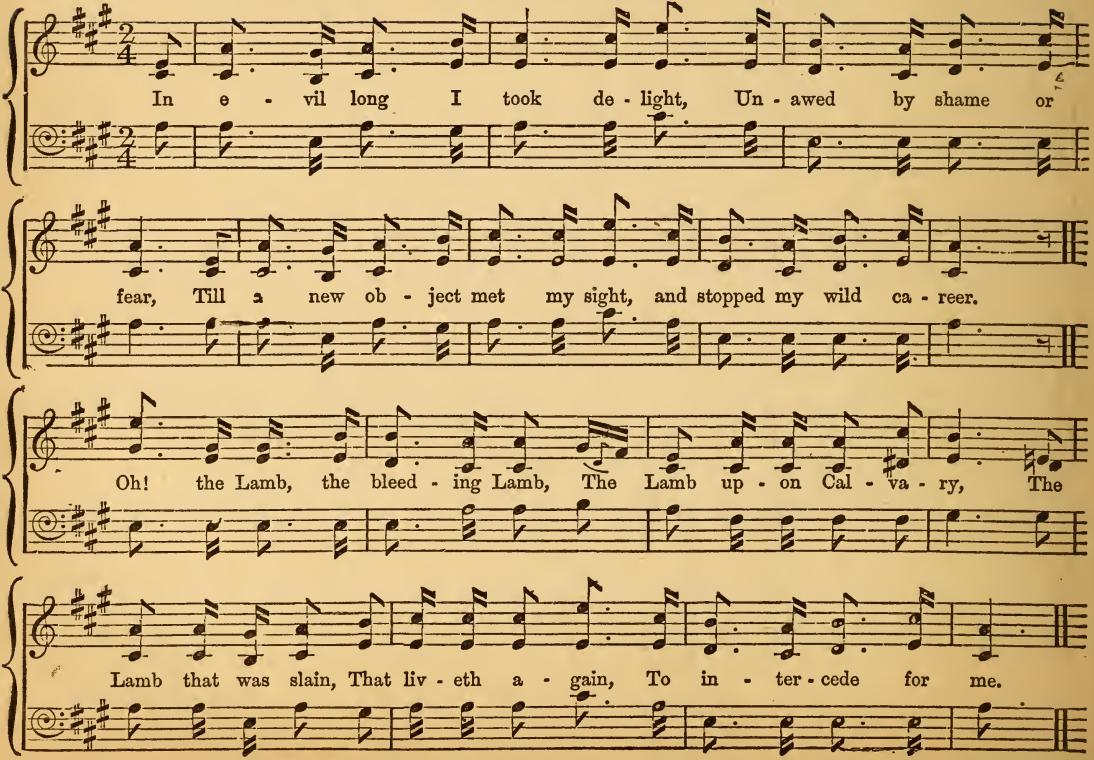
GERMAN AIR.

2 Only trust him; only trust him;
Only trust him, just now!
Just now, only trust him;
Only trust him, just now!

3 He will save you; he will save you
He will save you, just now!
Just now, he will save you;
He will save you, just now.

4 I believe it; I believe it;
I believe it, just now!
Just now, I believe it—
I believe it, just now.

5 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah, amen!
Amen; hallelujah!
Hallelujah, amen!

THE SLAIN LAMB.

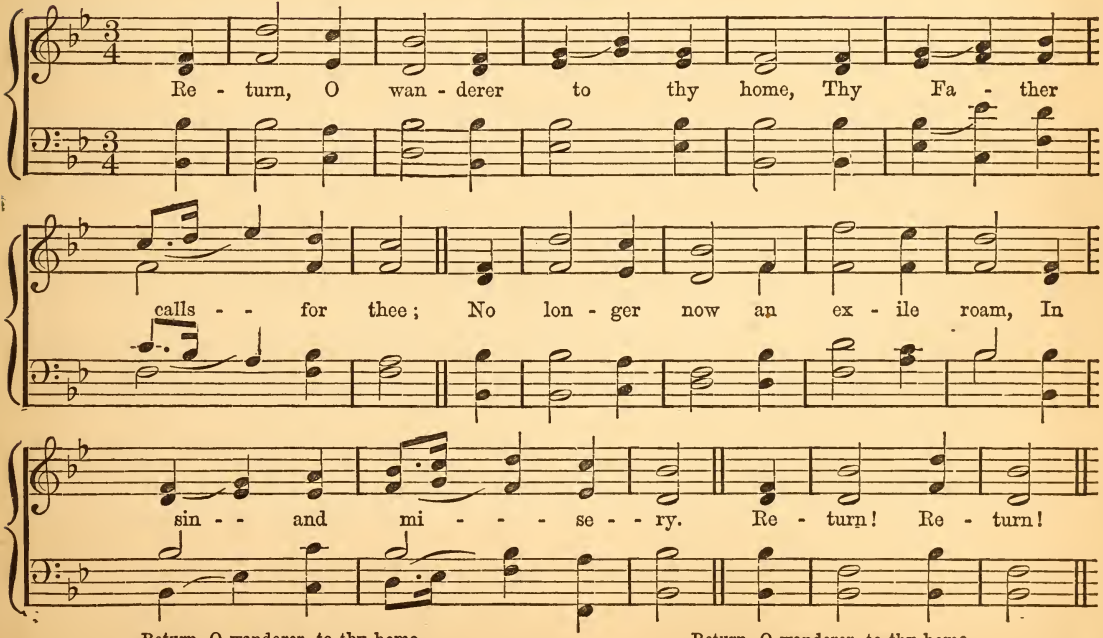
NEWTON.

In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or
fear, Till a new ob - ject met my sight, and stopped my wild ca - reer.
Oh! the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb, The Lamb up - on Cal - va - ry, The
Lamb that was slain, That liv - eth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look; [death,
It seem'd to charge me with his
Though not a word he spoke.

My conscience felt and own'd my guilt,
And plung'd me in despair,
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

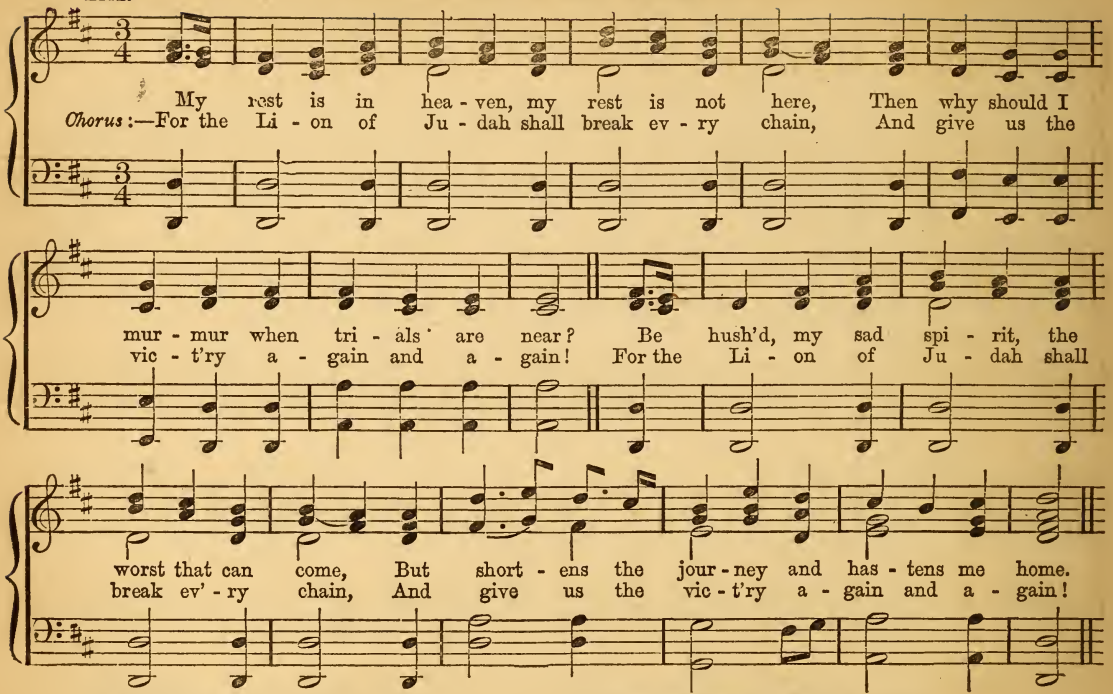
A second look he gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

RETURN!

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for Thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say come,
O then, for refuge flee.
Return! Return!

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return! Return!

THE LION OF JUDAH.

LYTE.


My rest is in hea - ven, my rest is not here, Then why should I
Chorus:—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev - ry chain, And give us the
mur - mur when tri - als are near? Be hush'd, my sad spi - rit, the
vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain! For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall
worst that can come, But short - ens the jour - ney and has - tens me home.
break ev' - ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain!

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

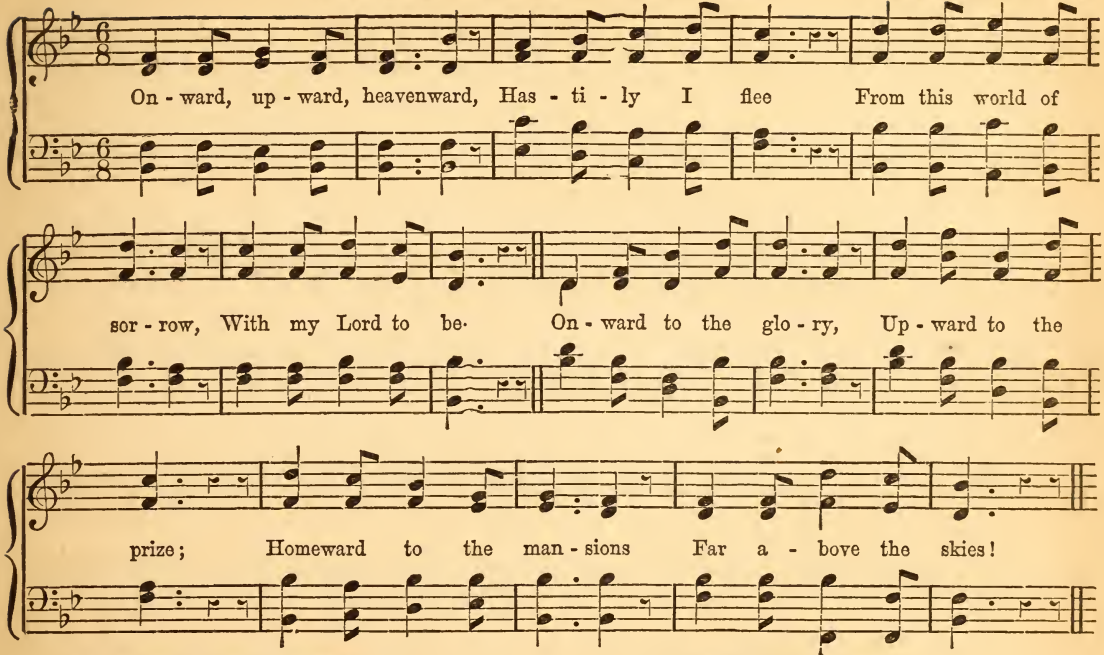
The winds of affliction around me may blow,
And dash my lone bark as I'm sailing below;
I smile at the storm as I lean on his breast,
And soon I shall land in the haven of rest.

Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They'll only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.

With Christ in my heart, and his Word in my hand,
I travel in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I march along singing the conqueror's song.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD.

MUSIC BY REV. I. ASHE.


On - ward, up - ward, heavenward, Has - ti - ly I flee From this world of
sor - row, With my Lord to be. On - ward to the glo - ry, Up - ward to the
prize; Homeward to the man - sions Far a - bove the skies!

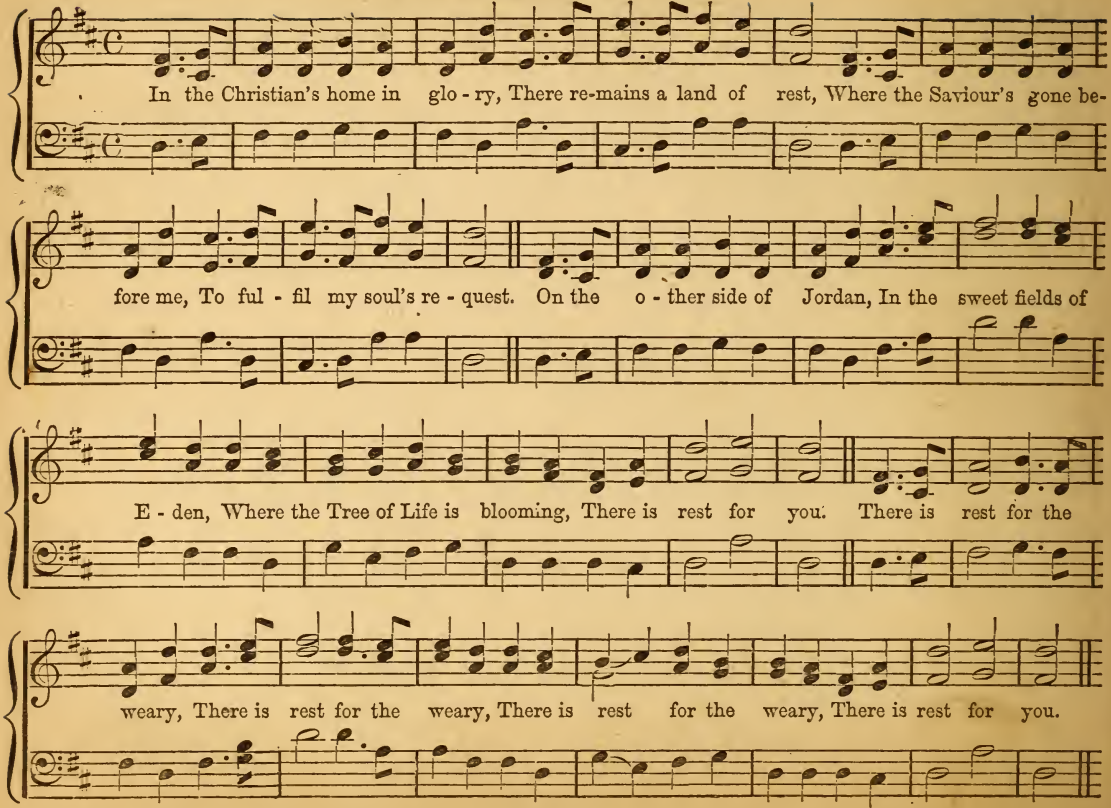
2 "Onward, upward, homeward,"
Here I find no rest;
Treading o'er the desert
Which my Saviour press'd.
Onward to the glory, upward to the prize;
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

3 "Onward, upward, homeward,"
I shall soon be there;
Soon its joys and pleasures
I, through grace, shall share.
Onward to the glory, upward to the prize;
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

4 "Onward, upward, homeward,"
Come along with me;
Ye who love the Saviour
Bear me company.
Onward to the glory, upward to the prize;
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

5 "Onward, upward, homeward,"
Press with vigour on;
Yet "a little while,"
And the race is won!
Onward to the glory, upward to the prize;
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

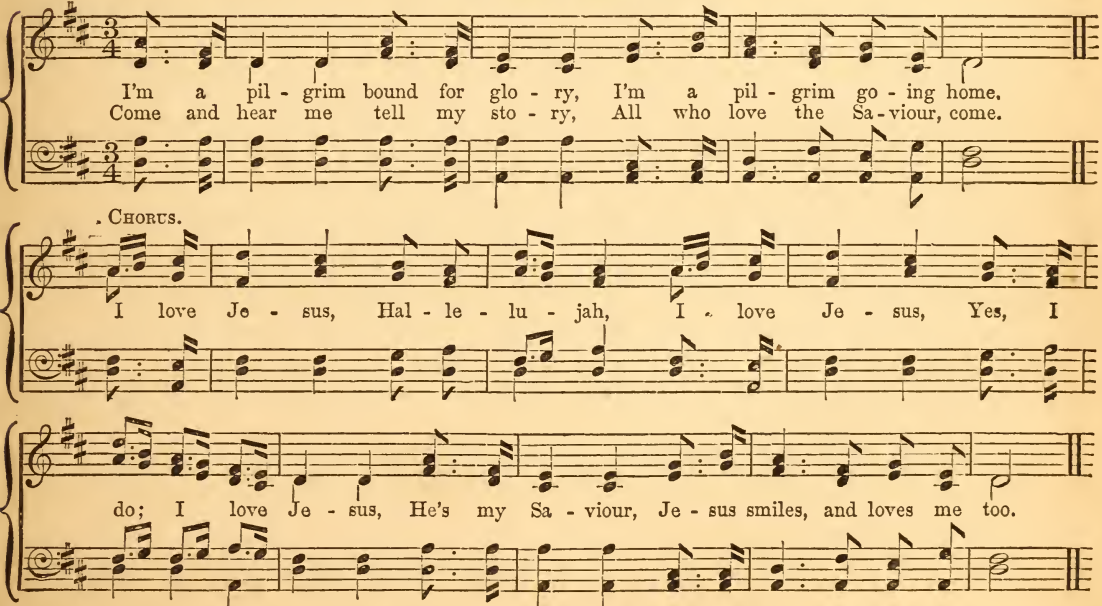

In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest, Where the Saviour's gone be-
fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. On the o - ther side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of
E - den, Where the Tree of Life is blooming, There is rest for you. There is rest for the
weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
My stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
On the other side. &c.

Pain nor sickness e'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
On the other side, &c.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn,
Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the happy morn.
On the other side, &c.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go!
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.
On the other side. &c.

I LOVE JESUS!

I'm a pil - grim bound for glo - ry, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.
Come and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who love the Sa - viour, come.
CHORUS.
I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah, I love Je - sus, Yes, I
do; I love Je - sus, He's my Sa - viour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

2 First His Holy Spirit sought me,
In the dark and cloudy day;
Soon His grace and mercy taught me
In His Word to seek the way.

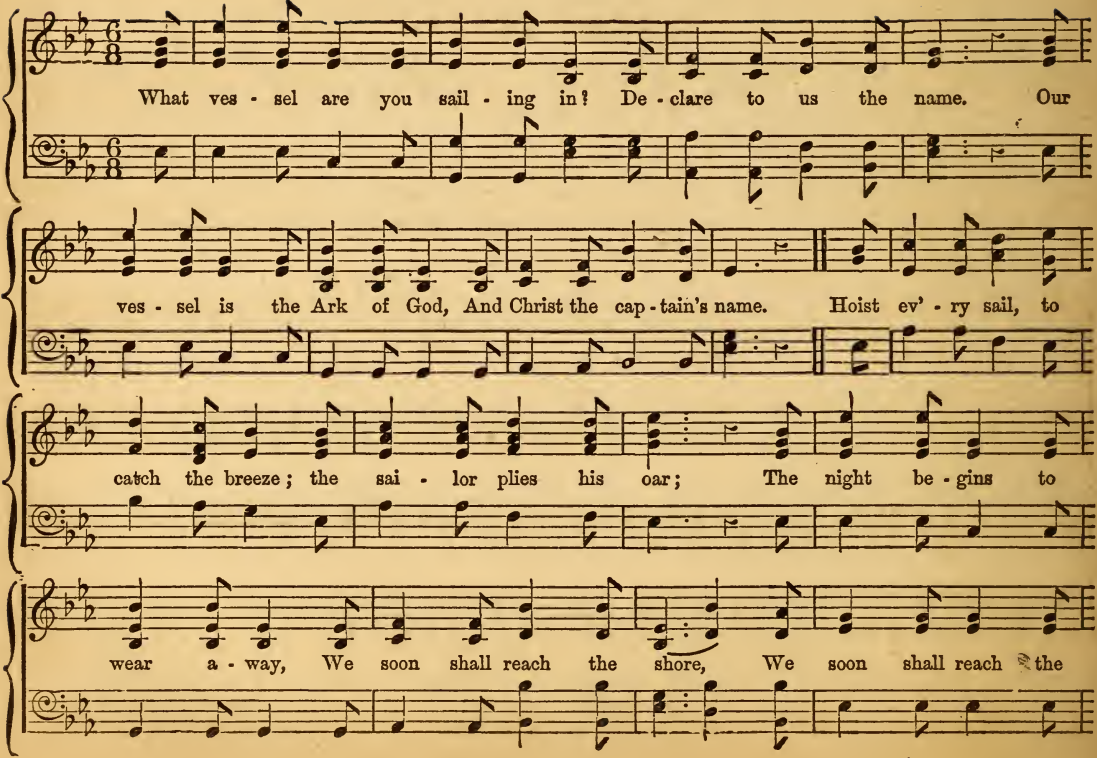
Faint and weary then He brought me
To the fountain of His love,
Shewed me how His blood had bought me,
Sealed my pardon from above.

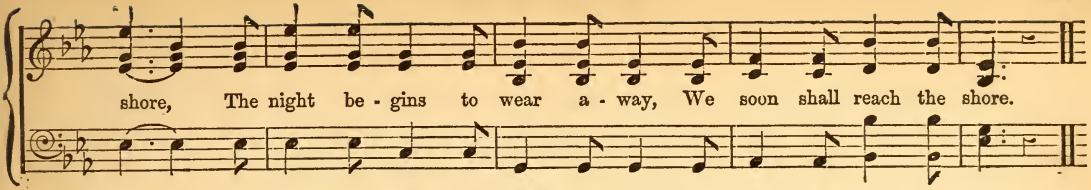
4 Sight He gave me in my blindness
For the better land to start;
And His tender loving kindness
Overcame and won my heart.

5 Through the wilderness He led me,
Strength in weariness He bestowed,
With the bread of life He fed me,
Streams of living water flowed.

6 Is the journey still before me,—
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly streams shall still restore me,
Fresh from God's unfailing tides.

7 Soon to Jordan's swelling river
Like a pilgrim I shall come,
Then, to be with Christ for ever,
I'll go, singing Glory, home.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

What ves - sel are you sail - ing in? De - clare to us the name. Our
ves - sel is the Ark of God, And Christ the cap - tain's name. Hoist ev' - ry sail, to
catch the breeze; the sai - lor plies his oar; The night be - gins to
wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore, We soon shall reach the



2. And what's the port to which you'rebound,
Declare to us the way;
The heaven of heavens is our port,
The realms of endless day.
Hoist every sail, &c.

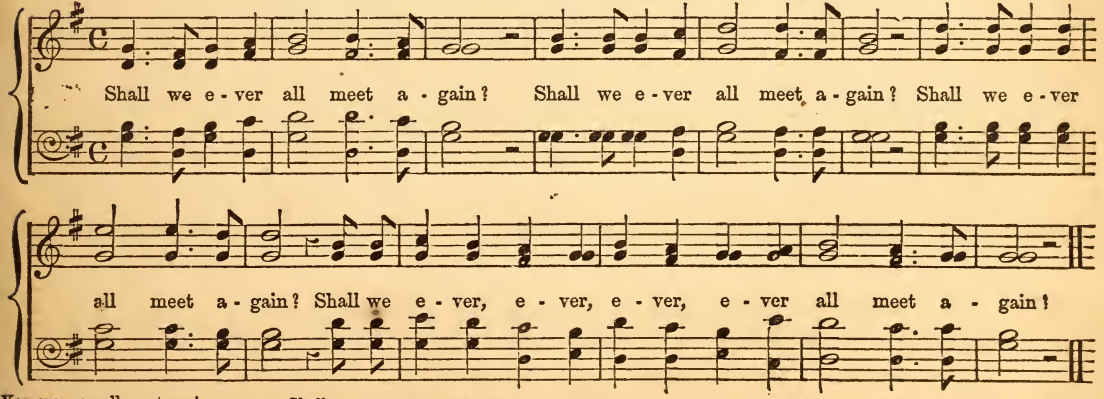
How many have you now on board
The royal ship divine?
We've many, many thousand souls,
Who feast on milk and wine.
Hoist every sail, &c.

4. But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We cannot fear—the Lord is here;
Our Father's at the helm.
Hoist every ail, &c.

5. Heave out your boat; I'll go along,
If you can find me room;
There's room for you and all that will—
Make no delay, but come.
Hoist every sail, &c.

6. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.
Hoist every sail, &c,

7. And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be—"The wo thy Lamb,
That was for sinners slain."
Hoist every sail, &c.

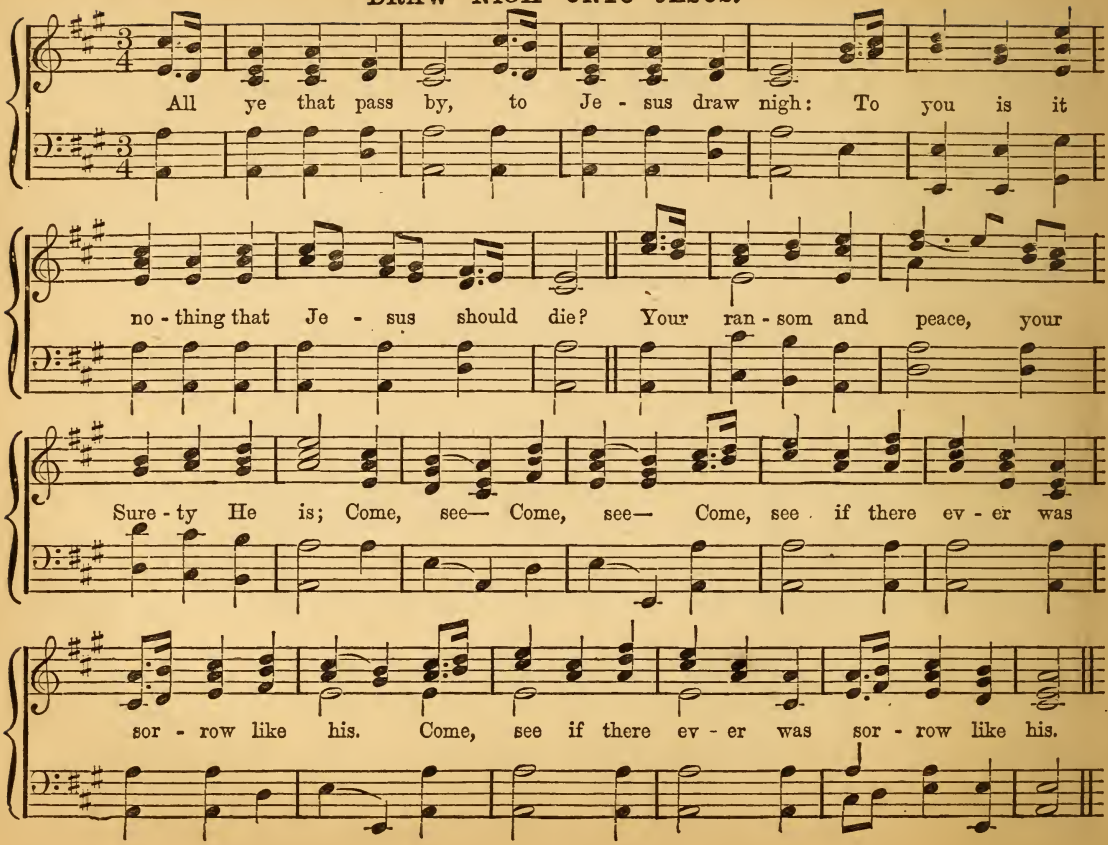
SHALL WE EVER ALL MEET AGAIN?

Shall we e - ver all meet a - gain? Shall we e - ver all meet a - gain? Shall we e - ver
all meet a - gain? Shall we e - ver, e - ver, e - ver, e - ver all meet a - gain?

Yes, we may all meet again;
Yes, we may all meet again;
Yes, we may all meet again;
If not on earth, in heaven we
may all meet again.

Shall we ever all wear a crown?
Shall we ever all wear a crown?
Shall we ever all wear a crown?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever
all wear a crown?
Yes, we may all wear a crown, &c.

Shall we ever all bear a palm?
Shall we ever all bear a palm?
Shall we ever all bear a palm?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever
all bear a palm?
Yes, we may all bear a palm, &c.

Tears shall be all wiped away:
Tears shall be all wiped away
Tears shall be all wiped away,
If not on earth, in heaven, tears
shall be all wiped away.

DRAW NIGH UNTO JESUS.

All ye that pass by, to Je - sus draw nigh: To you is it
no - thing that Je - sus should die? Your ran - som and peace, your
Sure - ty He is; Come, see— Come, see— Come, see if there ev - er was
sor - row like his. Come, see if there ev - er was sor - row like his.

For what you have done, his blood must atone:
In grace God hath punished for you his dear Son;
The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

He answered for all; O come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall;
But lift up your eyes at Jesus' cries:
Impassive, He suffers; immortal, He dies.

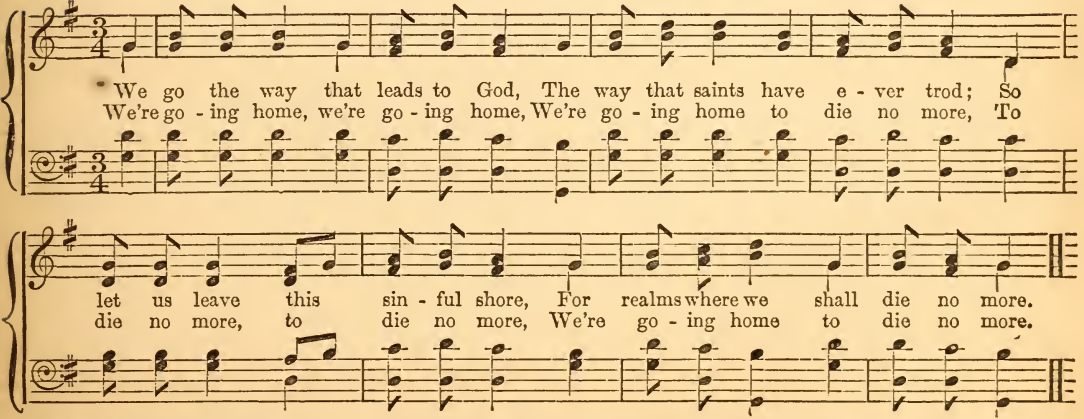
He died to atone for sins not his own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done.
Ye all may receive the peace He did leave,
Who made intercession,—"My Father, forgive."

For you and for me He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

My pardon I claim; for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesu's blest name.
He purchased the grace, which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou knowest He died in my place.

His death is my plea; my Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me;
Acquitted I was when He bled on the cross,
And by losing his life He hath carried my cause.

WE'RE GOING HOME.


We go the way that leads to God, The way that saints have e - ver trod; So
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, We're go - ing home to die no more, To
let us leave this sin - ful shore, For realms where we shall die no more.
die no more, to die no more, We're go - ing home to die no more.

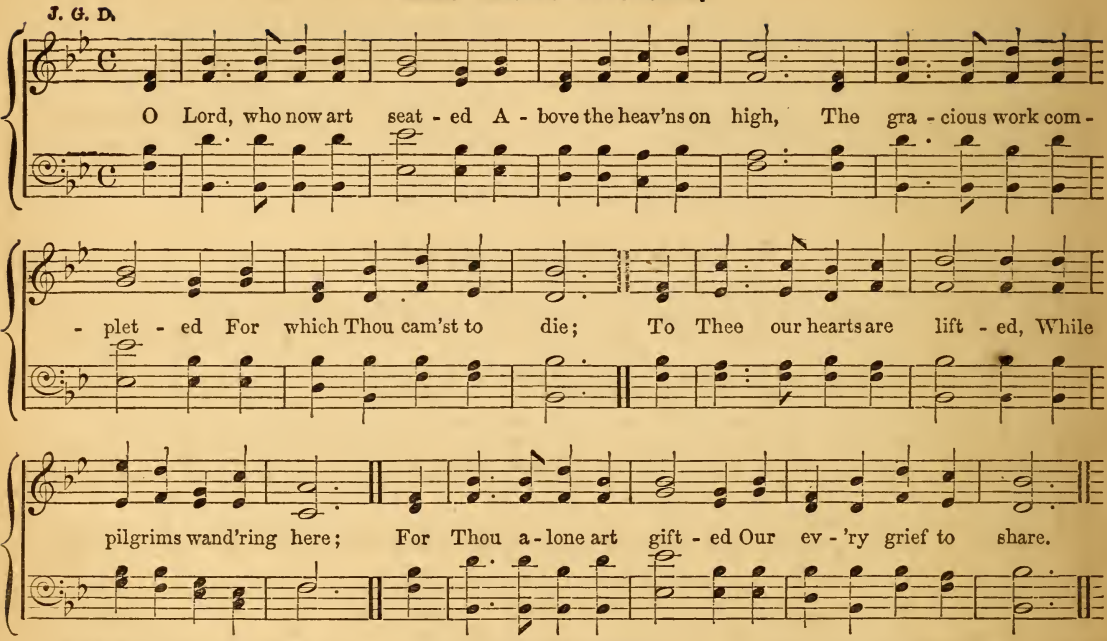
The ways of God are ways of peace,
And all His paths are pleasantness;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home to die no more.
We're going home, &c.

There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never sigh,
Then earth and time no more deplore,
But sing of where we'll die no more.
We're going home, &c.

Come, sinners, come, oh, come along!
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home to die no more.
We're going home, &c.

THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

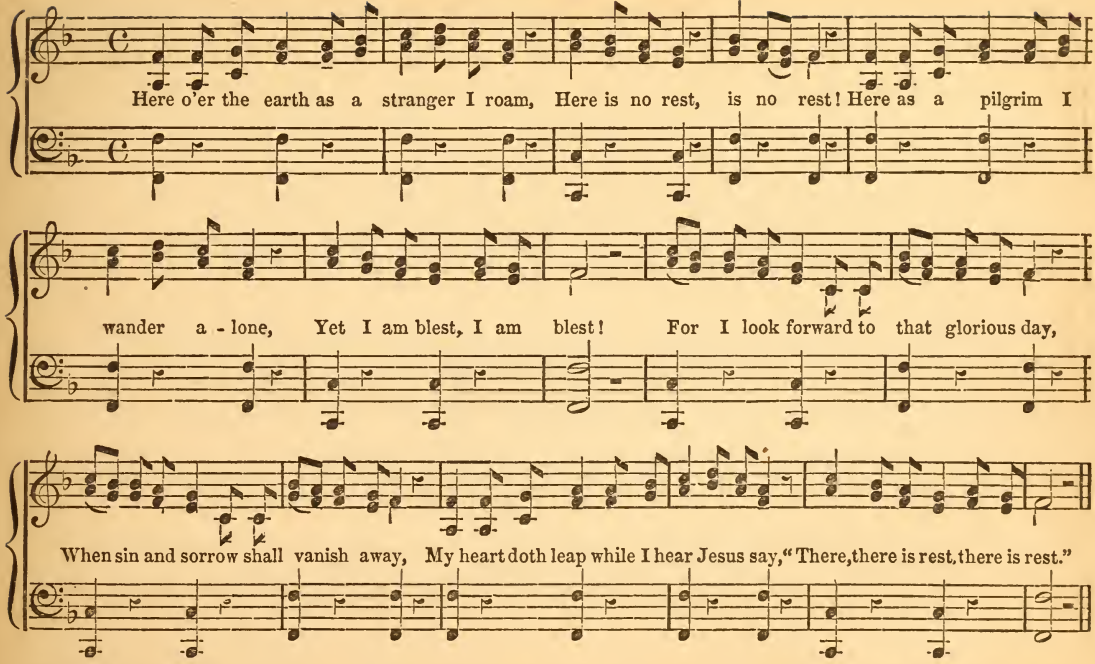
J. G. D.


O Lord, who now art seat - ed A - bove the heav'ns on high, The gra - cious work com -
- plet - ed For which Thou cam'st to die; To Thee our hearts are lift - ed, While
pilgrims wand'ring here; For Thou a - lone art gift - ed Our ev - 'ry grief to share.

We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us
As kings and priests to God.
We know that soon the morning
Long looked for hasteth near,
When we at Thy returning
In glory shall appear.

O Lord! Thy love's unbounded,
So full, so sweet, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on Thee.
For us Thou camest from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

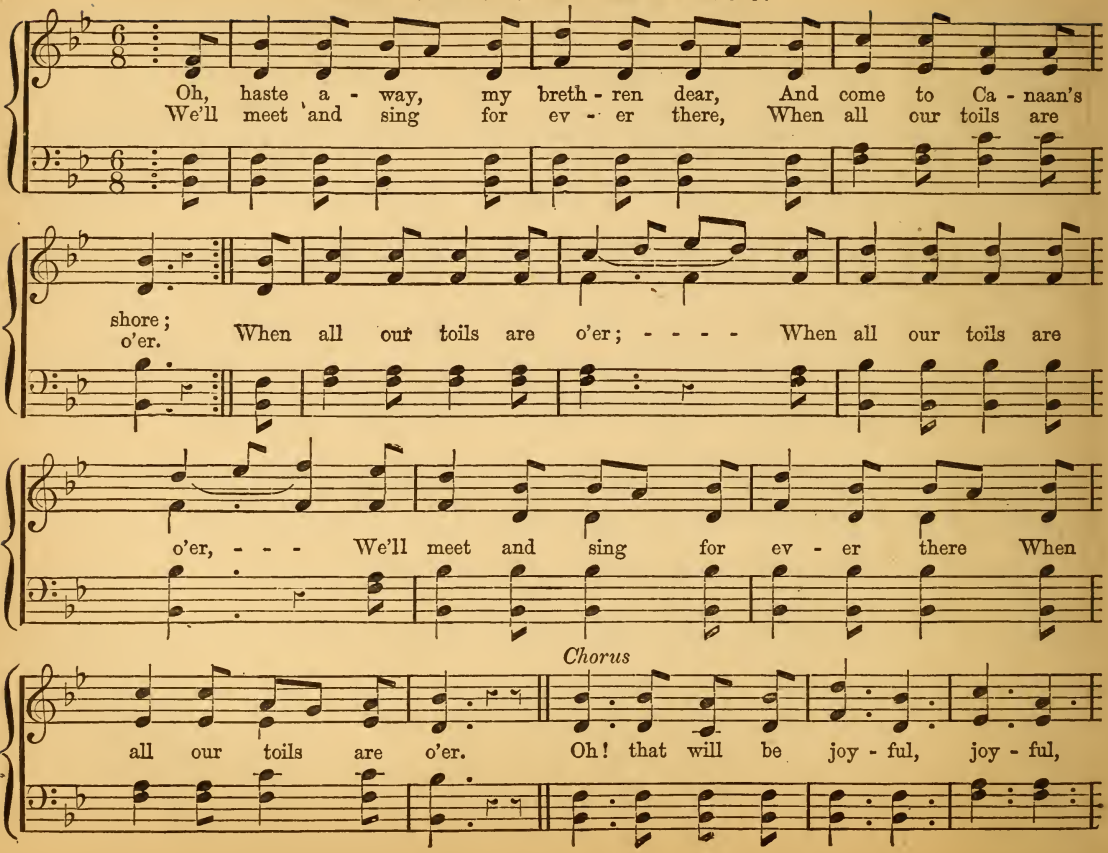
Oh! let this love constrain us
To join our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee,
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify thy Name.

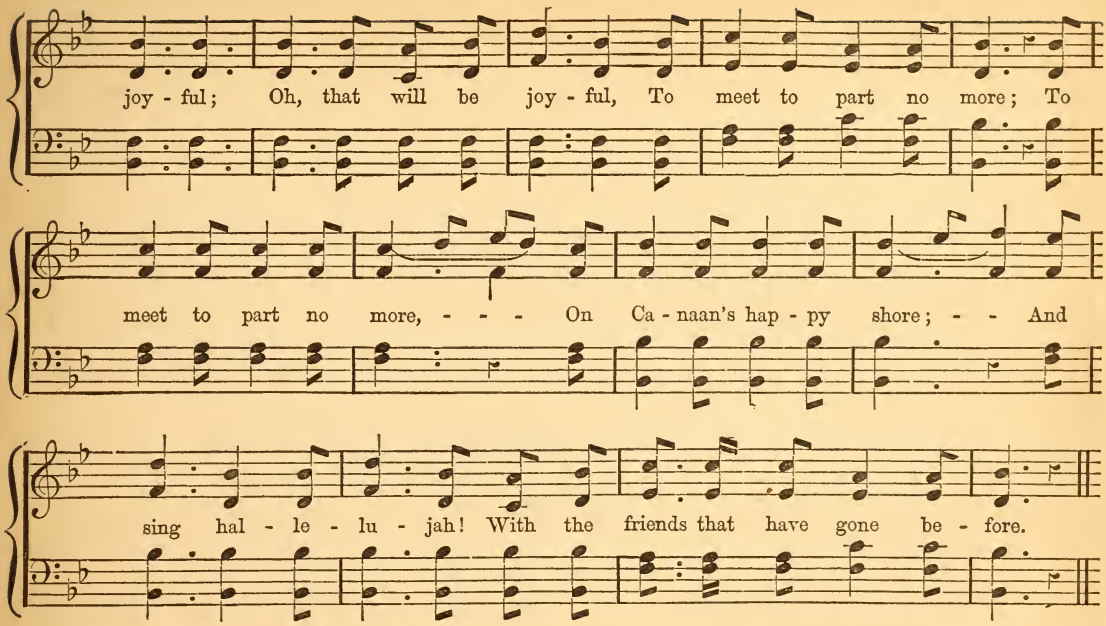
THERE, THERE IS REST.

Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, is no rest! Here as a pilgrim I
wander a - lone, Yet I am blest, I am blest! For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away, My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, "There, there is rest, there is rest."

Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest—is no rest!
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavour to shame;
I will go forward, for Christ is my theme;
There, there is rest—there is rest!

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!
Sweet is the promise I read in Thy Word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest—there is rest!

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
But I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast,
There, there is rest—there is rest!

OH! THAT WILL BE JOYFUL!

Oh, haste a - way, my breth - ren dear, And come to Ca - naan's
We'll meet and sing for ev - er there, When all our toils are
shore;
o'er.
When all our toils are o'er; - - - - When all our toils are
o'er, - - - We'll meet and sing for ev - er there When
Chorus
all our toils are o'er.
Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful,

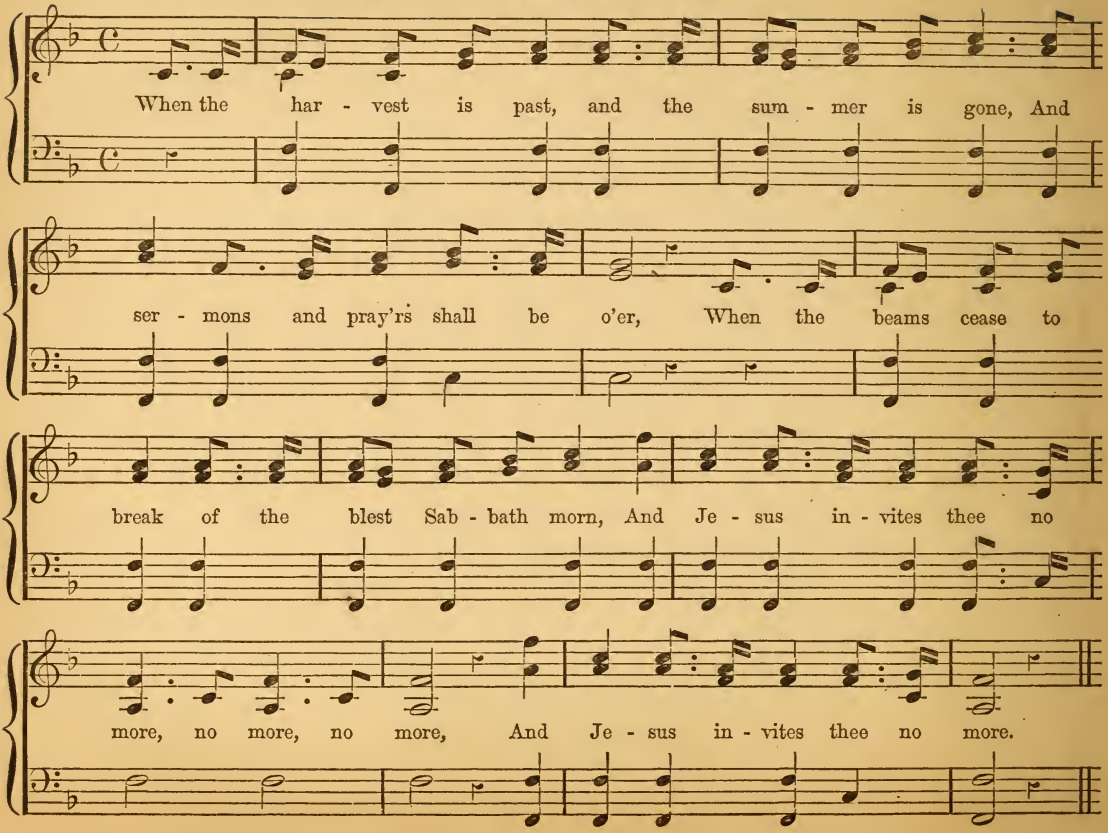

joy - ful; Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more; To
meet to part no more, - - - On Ca - naan's hap - py shore; - - And
sing hal - le - lu - jah! With the friends that have gone be - fore.

How sweet to hear the hallowed theme
That saints shall ever sing!
To hear their voices all proclaim
"Salvation to the King."
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Around his throne, all clothed in white,
Will all his saints appear;
And, shining in his glory bright,
Will see their Saviour there.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Through one eternal day we'll sing,
And bless the sacred name,
With "Hallelujah to the King!"
And "Worthy is the Lamb!"
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST.

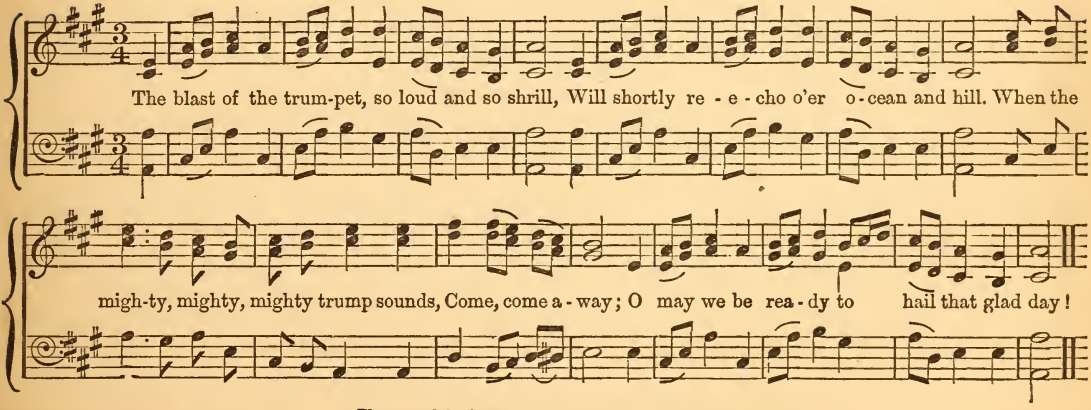

When the har - vest is past, and the sum - mer is gone, And
ser - mons and pray'rs shall be o'er, When the beams cease to
break of the blest Sab - bath morn, And Je - sus in - vites thee no
more, no more, no more, And Je - sus in - vites thee no more.

When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare,
How can'st *thou*, sinner, bear the deep wailing of woe?
How suffer the night of despair?

When the holy have gone to the region of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love.

Say, sinner, that livest at ease and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the wailings of sorrow endure?
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

THE MIGHTY TRUMPET.


The blast of the trum-pet, so loud and so shrill, Will shortly re - e - cho o'er o - cean and hill. When the
migh-ty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, Come, come a - way; O may we be rea - dy to hail that glad day!

The earth and the waters will yield up the dead,
The righteous with joy will awake from their bed,
When the mighty, mighty, mighty, trump
Come, come away; [sounds,
O may we be ready to hail that glad day!

The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they
When the mighty, &c. [rise.

The cry of the lost ones—the yell of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air,
When the mighty, &c.

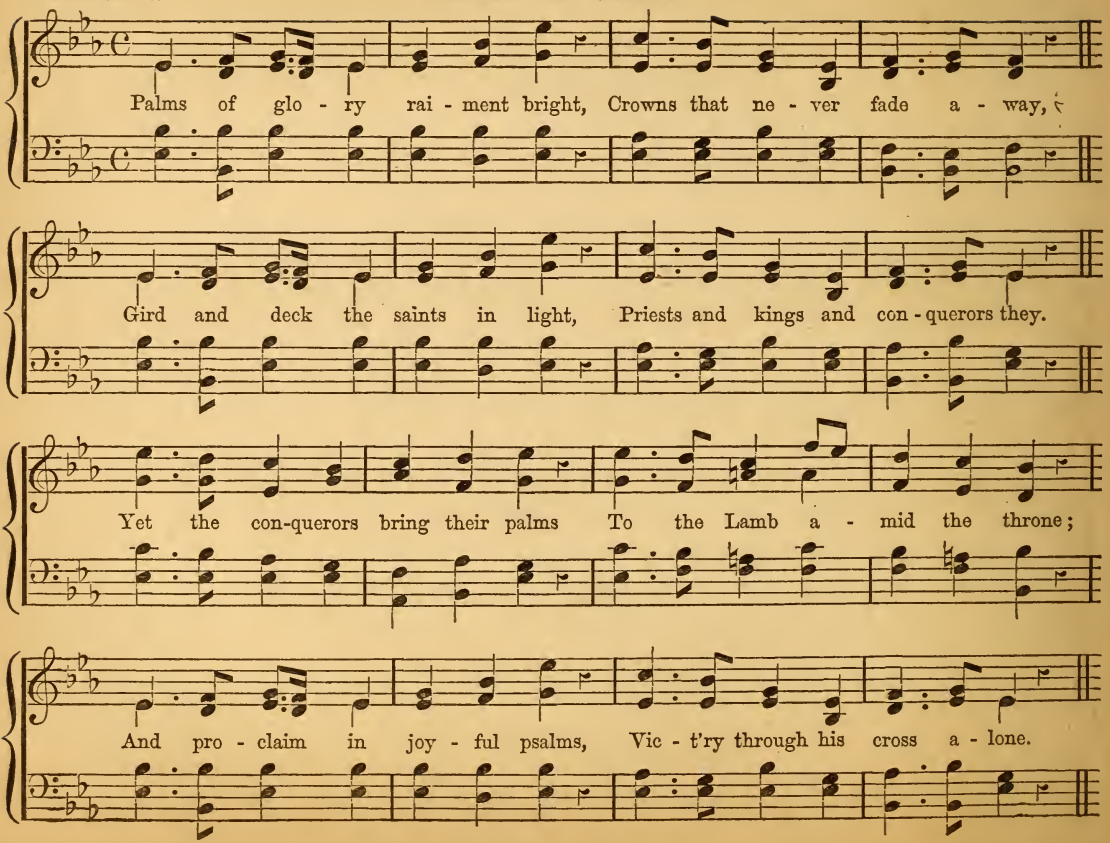
The throne of Messiah in clouds will descend,
And voices like thunder the heavens will rend,
When the mighty, &c.

The cry of the Bridegroom will echo around,
And the Bride in her beauty go forth at the
When the mighty, &c. [sound.

Acknowledged by Jesus—confessed as His own—
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne;
When the mighty, &c.

O land of the holy, the happy, the free,
In Jesus thy portals are open to me,
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Come, come away; [sounds,
O may we be ready to hail that glad day!

MONTGOMERY.

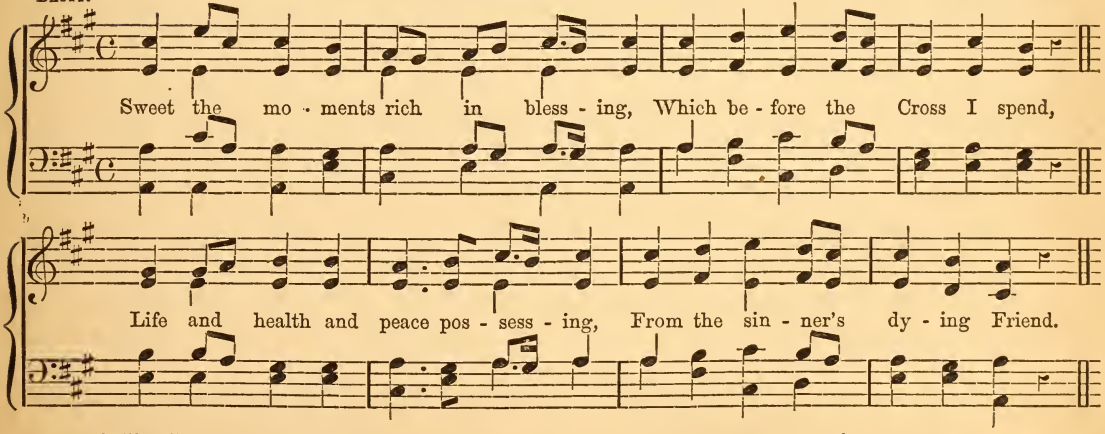
PALMS OF GLORY.

Palms of glo - ry rai - ment bright, Crowns that ne - ver fade a - way,
Gird and deck the saints in light, Priests and kings and con - querors they.
Yet the con-querors bring their palms To the Lamb a - mid the throne;
And pro - claim in joy - ful psalms, Vic - t'ry through his cross a - lone.

Kings their earthly crowns resign,
Singing, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

Who are these? On earth they dwelt:
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us;
O when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

CONTEMPLATION.

BATTY. M. E. STANLEY.

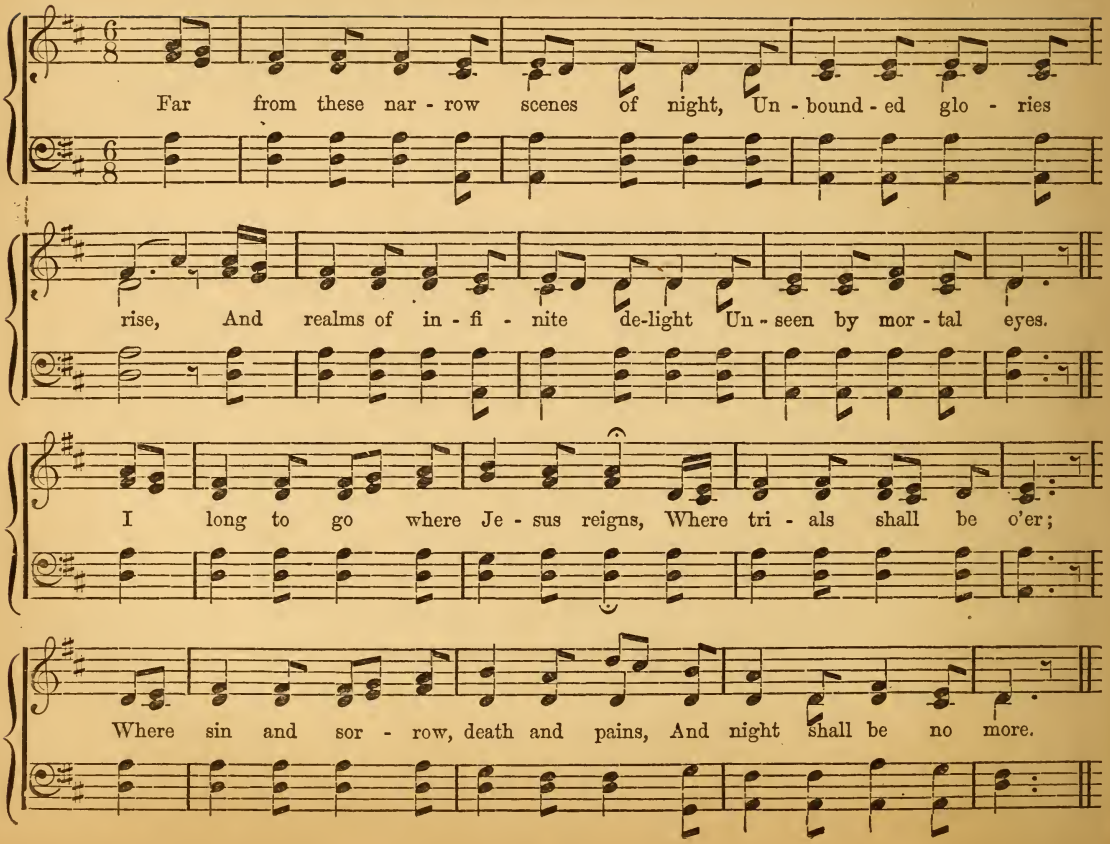

Sweet the mo - ments rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the Cross I spend,
Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

2 Here I sit, in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze,
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

I LONG TO GO!

Far from these nar - row scenes of night, Un - bound - ed glo - ries
rise, And realms of in - fi - nite de-light Un - seen by mor - tal eyes.
I long to go where Je - sus reigns, Where tri - als shall be o'er;
Where sin and sor - row, death and pains, And night shall be no more.

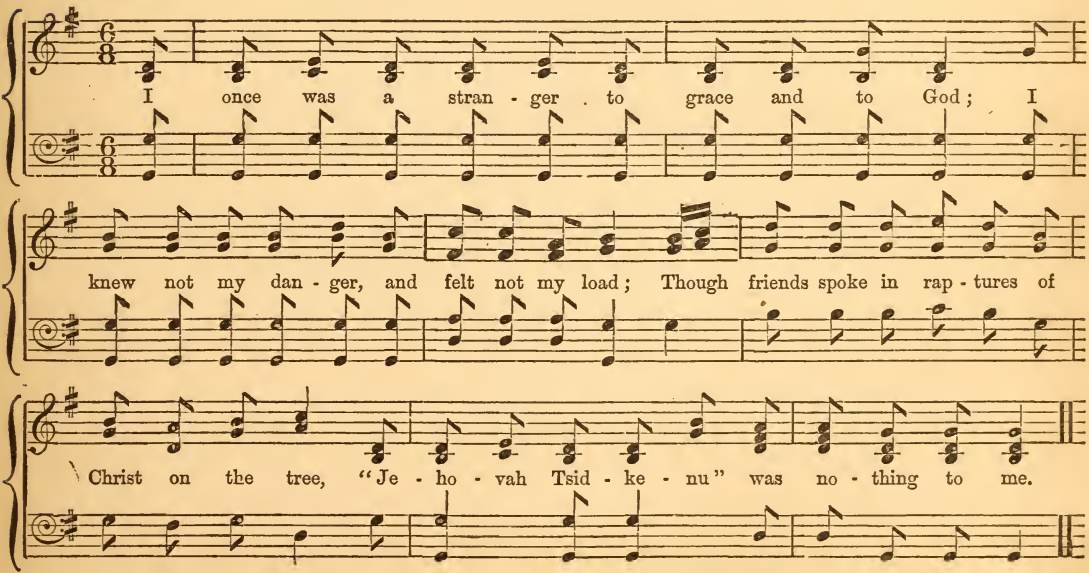
2 No cloud these happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 Fair distant land! could now our eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

4 Oh! may the heavenly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU."

McCheyne.

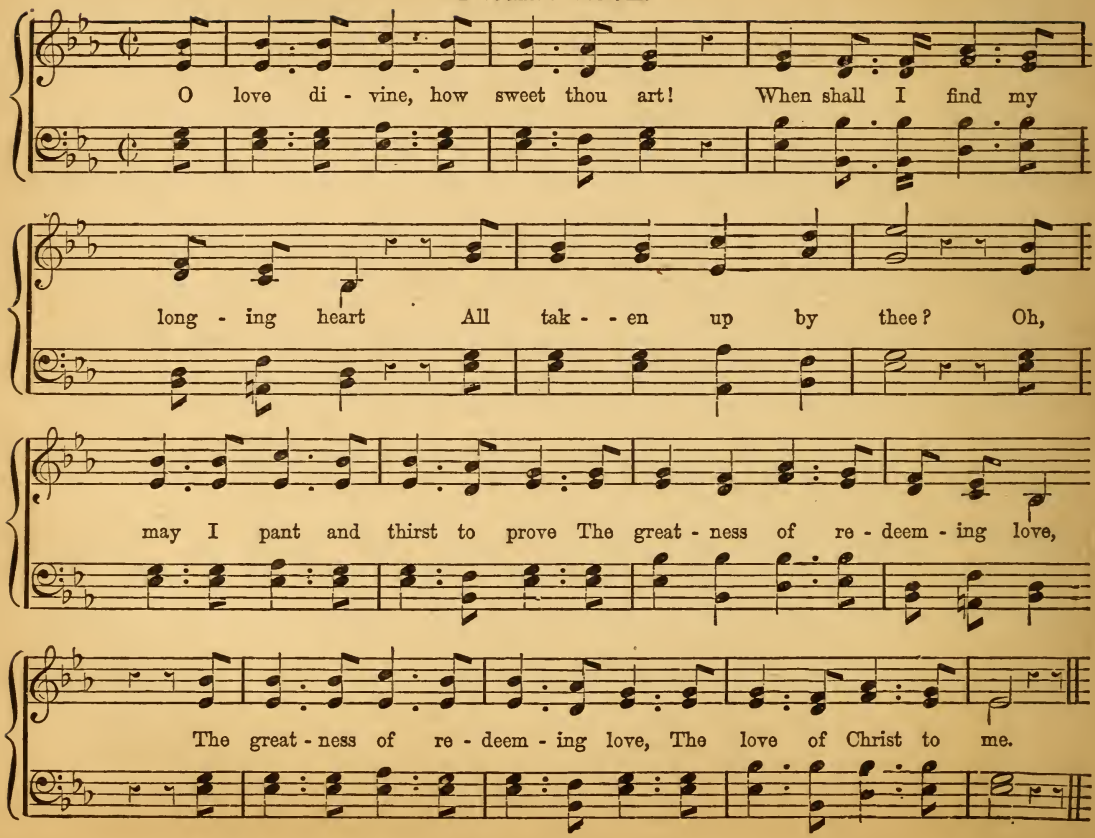

I once was a stran - ger to grace and to God; I
knew not my dan - ger, and felt not my load; Though friends spoke in rap - tures of
Christ on the tree, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" was no - thing to me.

2. Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul,
Yet thought not that MY sins had nailed to the tree
"Jehovah Tsidkenu;" 'twas nothing to me.

3. When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
When legal fears shook me, I trembled to die,
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be

4. My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.

5. E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song shall be.

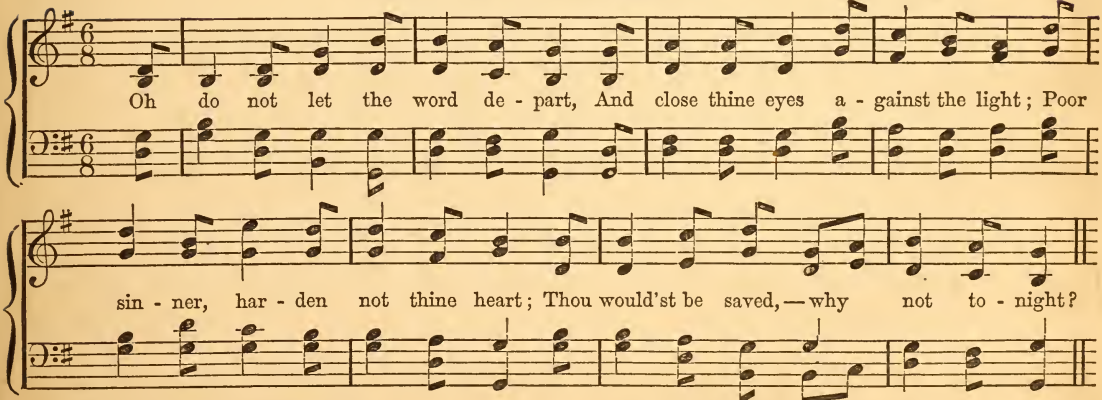
DIVINE LOVE.

O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my
long - ing heart All tak - - en up by thee? Oh,
may I pant and thirst to prove The great - ness of re - deem - ing love,
The great - ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it were more shed abroad
In this poor longing heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine the better part.

3 Oh, that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet—
Be this my happy choice.
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Oh, that I may, like favoured John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?


Oh do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light; Poor
sin - ner, har - den not thine heart; Thou would'st be saved,—why not to - night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time. Oh, then be wise;
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?

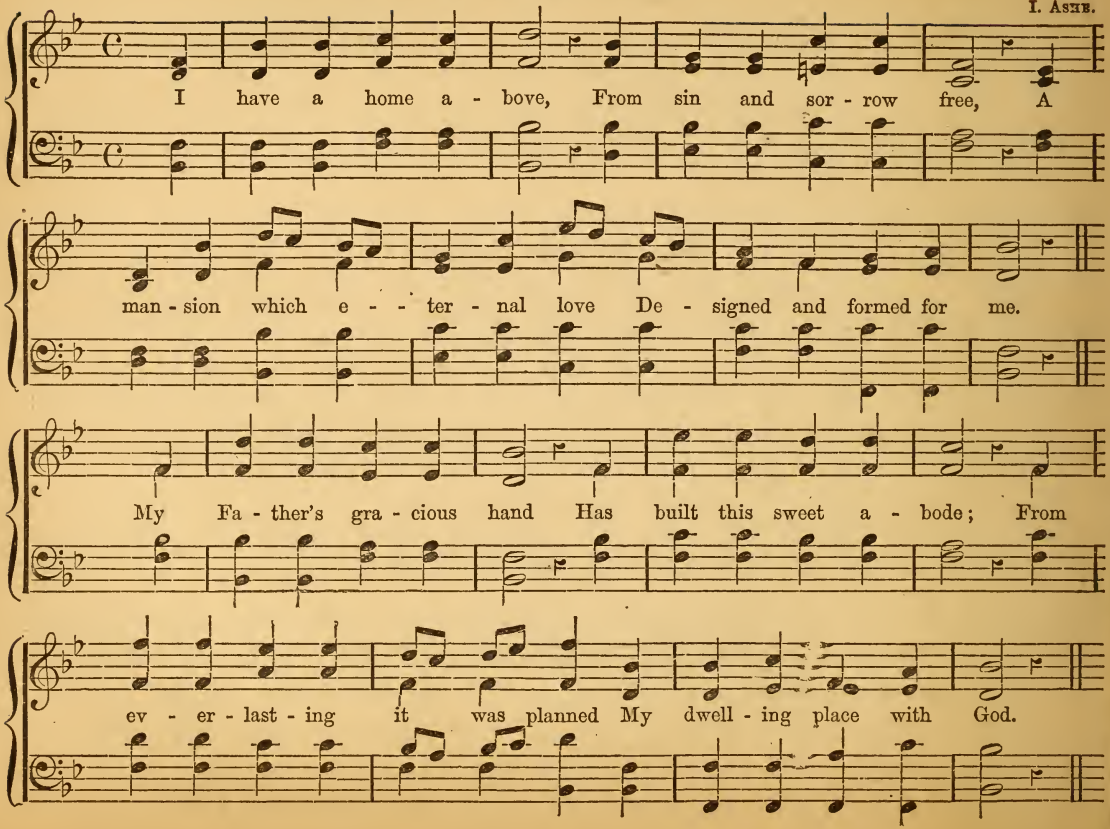
3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?

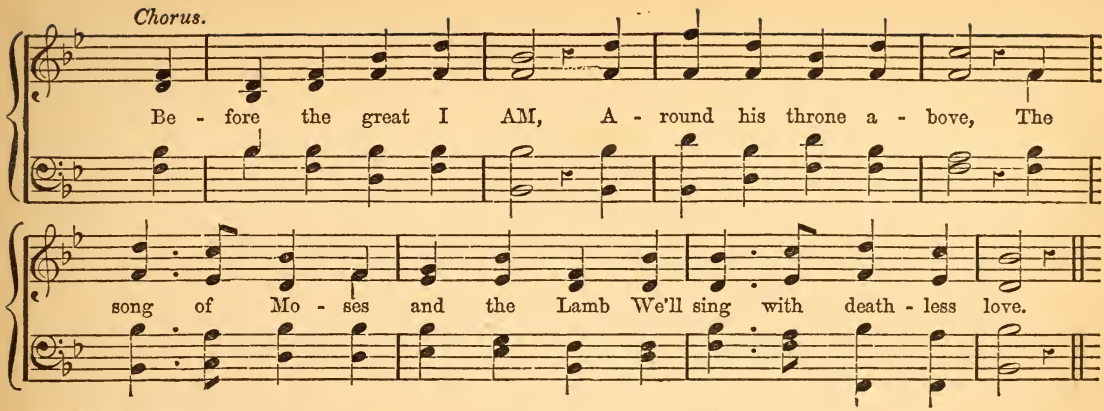
4 The world has nothing left to give;
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh! try the life which Christians live,
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite:
Believe on him, the work is done;
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?

MY HOME ABOVE.

I. Ashe.


I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free, A
man - sion which e - - ter - nal love De - signed and formed for me.
My Fa - ther's gra - cious hand Has built this sweet a - bode; From
ev - er - last - ing it was planned My dwell - ing place with God.



2 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.
The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
Before the great I AM, &c.

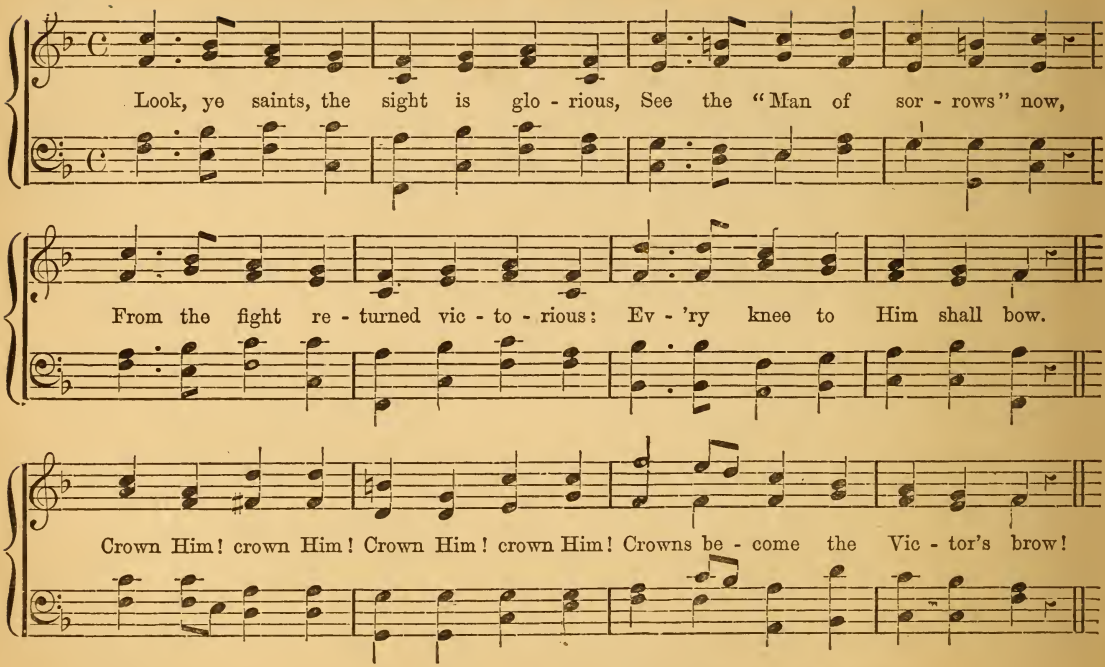
3 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.
Before the great I AM, &c.

4 But more than all, I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.
That bright, yet tender smile,
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for him here.
Before the great I AM, &c.

5 Thy love, thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to thee.
And then, through endless days,
Where all thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me thine.
Before the great I AM, &c.

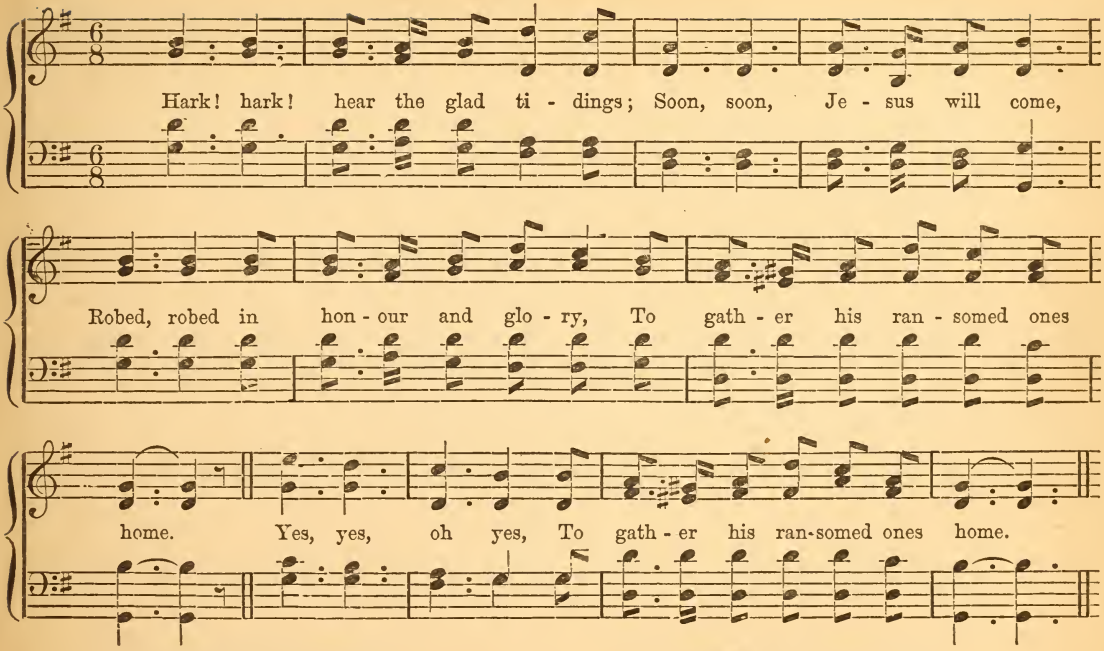
KELLY.

CROWN THE SAVIOUR!


Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the "Man of sor - rows" now,
From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious: Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him! crown Him! Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow!

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Hark those bursts of acclamation!
Hark those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station—
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

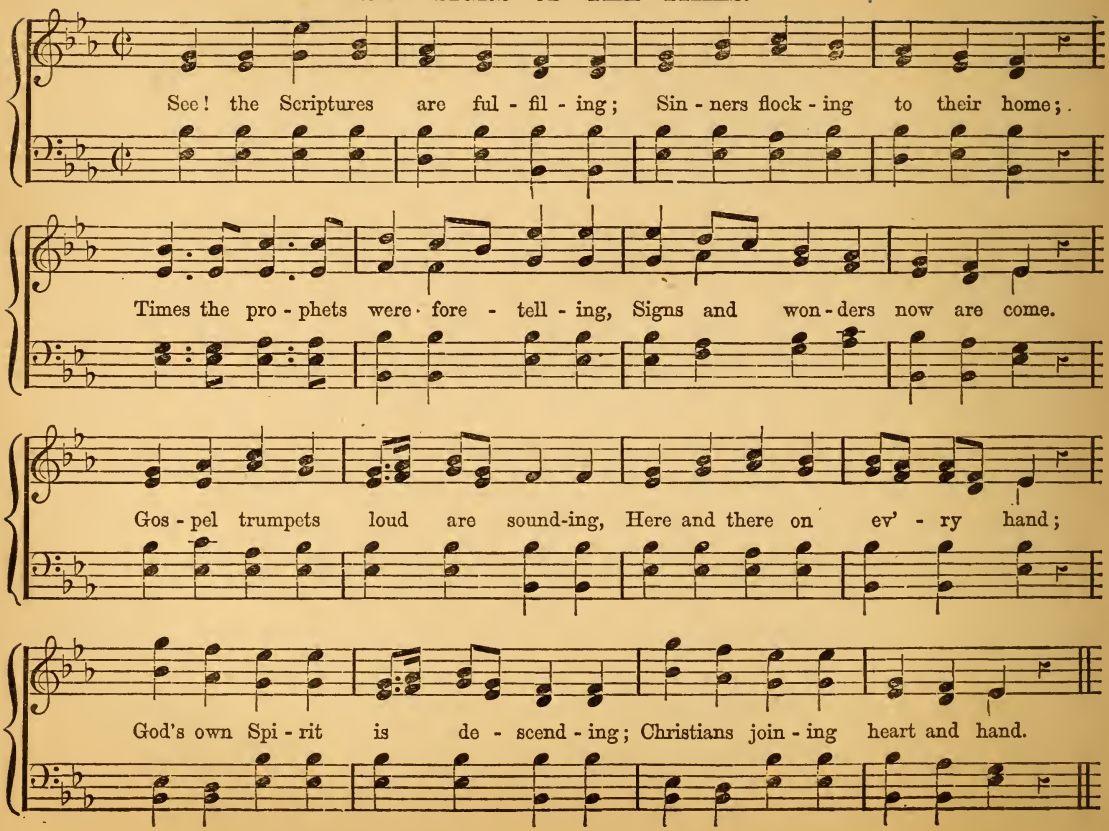
THE ADVENT.

Hark! hark! hear the glad ti - dings; Soon, soon, Je - sus will come,
Robed, robed in hon - our and glo - ry, To gath - er his ran - somed ones
home. Yes, yes, oh yes, To gath - er his ran-somed ones home.

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
Sing, sing, glory to God,
Soon, soon Jesus is coming;
Publish the tidings abroad.
Yes, yes, oh yes, Publish the tidings abroad.

3 Bright, bright seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts filling the air,
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.
Yes, yes, oh yes, Jesus our Lord will appear.

4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine visions to come.
Soon, soon we shall behold Him,
Cloudless and bright in our home.
Yes, yes, oh yes, Cloudless and bright in our home.

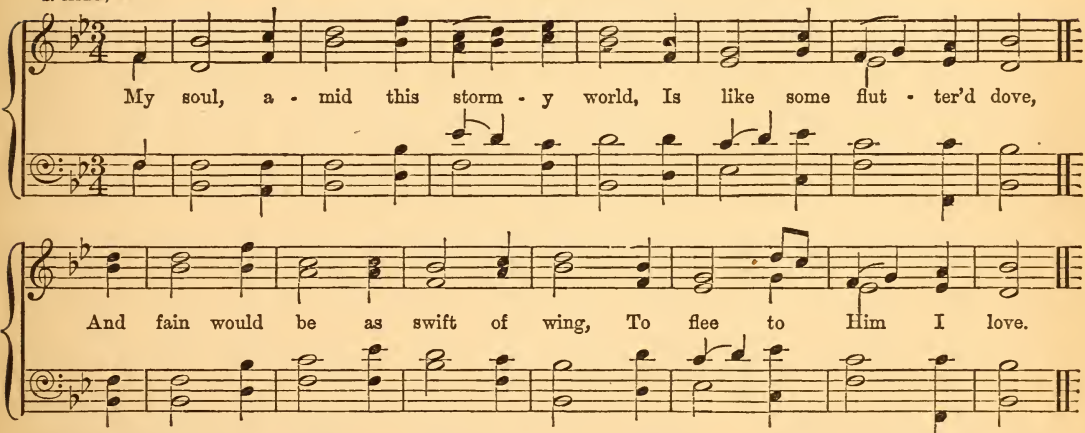
5 Still, still rest on the promise,
Cling, cling fast to his Word,
Wait, wait; if He should tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, oh yes, We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

See! the Scriptures are ful - fil - ing; Sin - ners flock - ing to their home;
Times the pro - phets were fore - tell - ing, Signs and won - ders now are come.
Gos - pel trumpets loud are sound-ing, Here and there on ev' - ry hand;
God's own Spi - rit is de - scend - ing; Christians join - ing heart and hand.

Thousands fall before Jehovah;
"Mercy, mercy," loud they cry;
Then with shouts of "Hallelujah!"
"Glory be to God on high!"
Many say, "'Tis all disorder;"
Disbelieve God's holy Word;
Still these cry and shout the louder,
"Glory, glory to the Lord!"

"Come," is heard in each direction,
"Young and old, and rich and poor;"
These are "days of visitation:"
Gospel grace may soon be o'er.
Sinners, hear the invitation;
Oh! thou dead and dying one,
Fly to Jesus for salvation,
Ere he set the Judgment Throne.

"OH THAT I HAD THE WINGS OF A DOVE."

I. Ashe, M.B.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

That visage marred, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
These were His golden chains of love,
His captive to enthral.

My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up and come away."

With hope deferred oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries He?" I cry;
Let not the Saviour chide my haste
For then would I reply,

May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release?
A pris'ner to be free?

A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent lord
May sigh till he appear.

I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows,
Would search the mystery of Thy love,
The depths of all Thy woes.

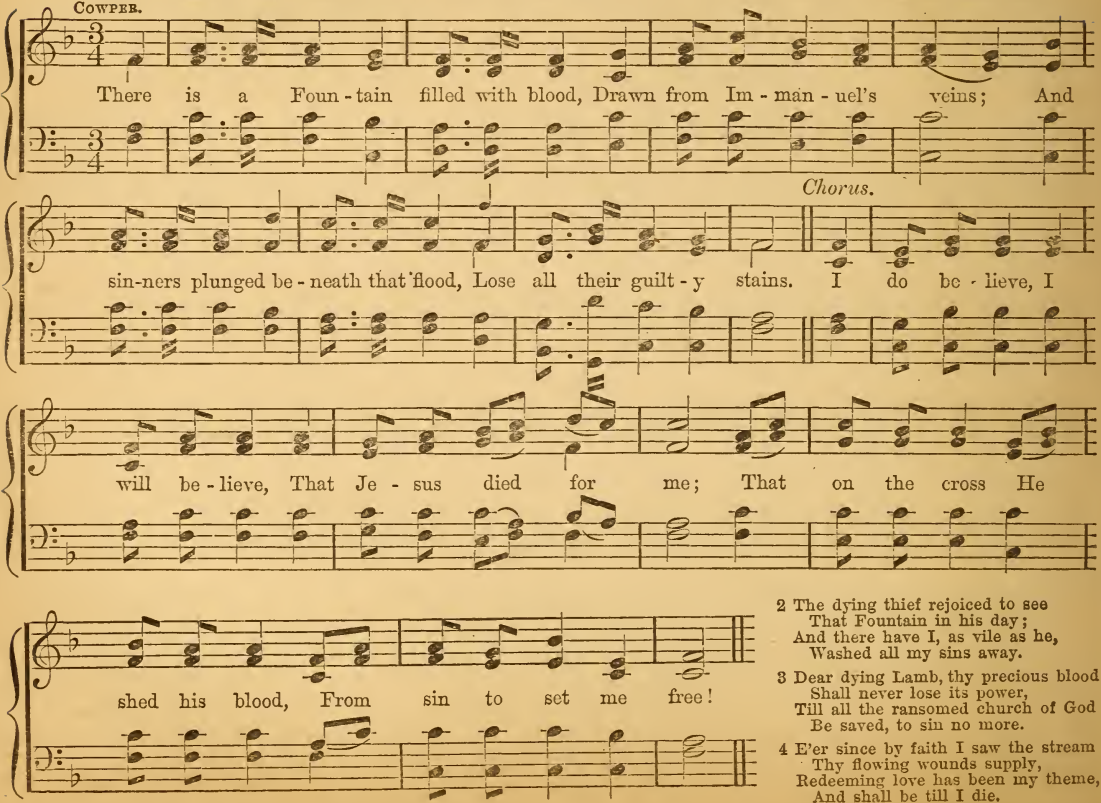
I fain would strike my harp divine
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done.

Ah! leave me not in this base world,
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself,
"Come, Jesus, quickly come."

ATONEMENT.

This Hymn has been set to other Music, to avoid the monotony of singing the Hymn and Chorus to the same Tune.

COWPER.


There is a Foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And
Chorus.
sin-ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. I do be - lieve, I
will be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me; That on the cross He
shed his blood, From sin to set me free!

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

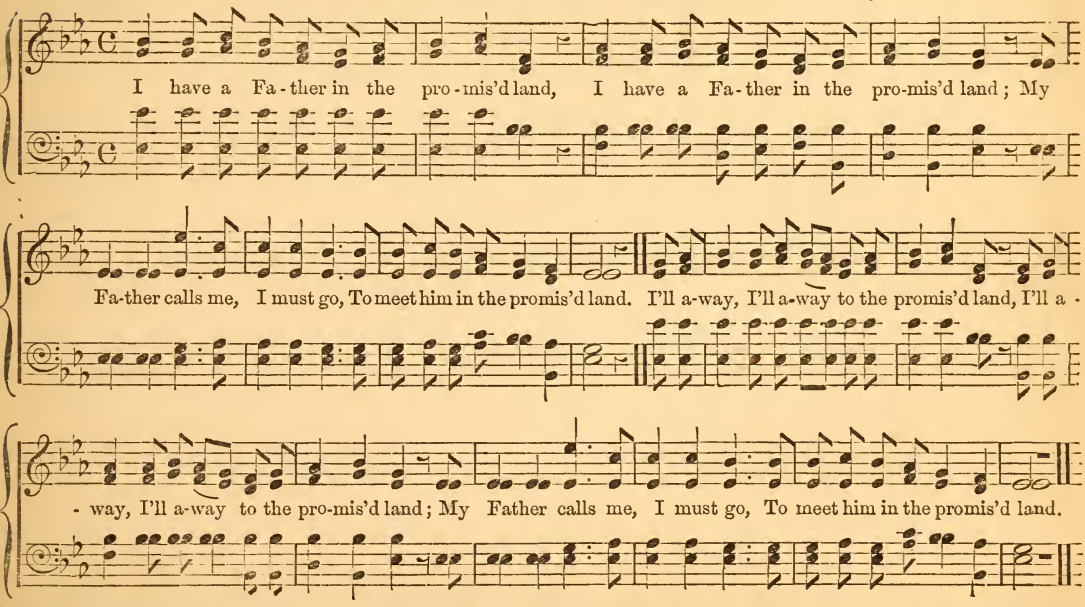
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.


I have a Fa-ther in the pro-mis'd land, I have a Fa-ther in the pro-mis'd land; My
Fa-ther calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promis'd land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promis'd land, I'll a -
- way, I'll a-way to the pro-mis'd land; My Father calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promis'd land.

I have a Saviour in the Promised Land;
I have a Saviour in the Promised Land.
My Saviour calls me; I must go
To meet Him in the Promised Land.

I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!
My Saviour calls me; I must go
To meet Him in the Promised Land.

I have a crown in the Promised Land;
I have a crown in the Promised Land.
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the Promised Land.

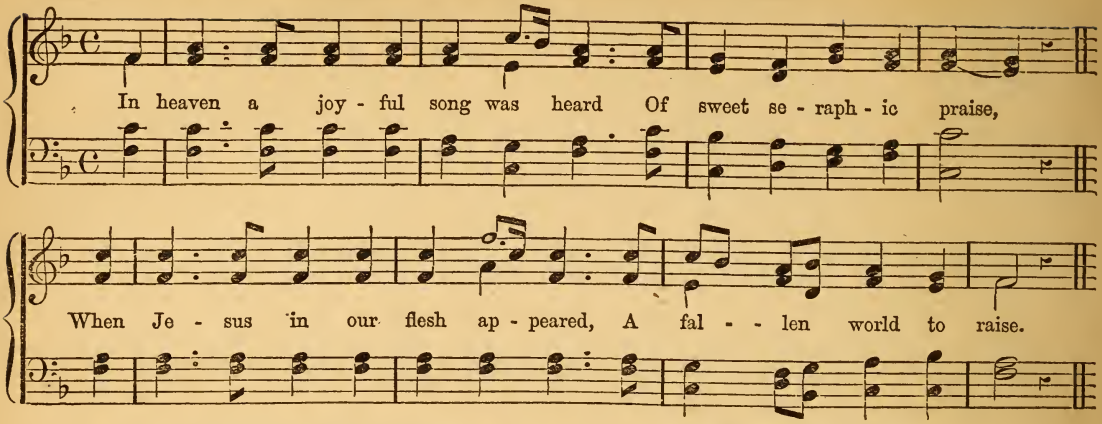
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the Promised Land.

I hope to meet you in the Promised Land;
I hope to meet you in the Promised Land.
At Jesus' feet a joyous band
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.

We'll away! we'll away to the Promised Land!
We'll away! we'll away to the Promised Land!
At Jesus' feet a joyous band
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.

MEDLEY.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!"



The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

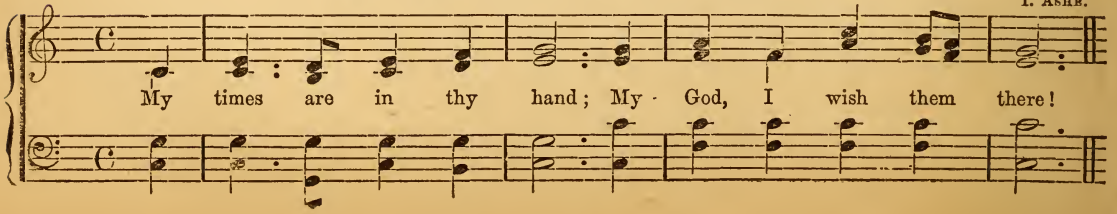
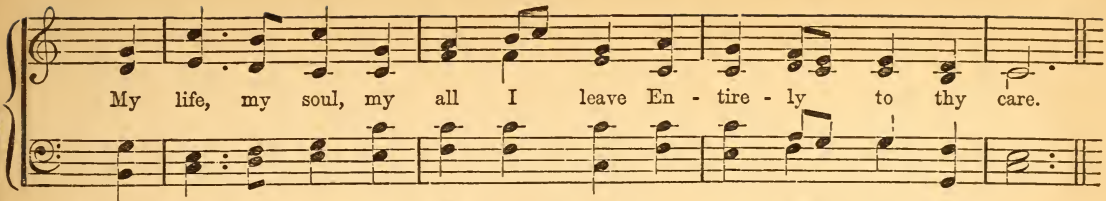
Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran·
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high;"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus is born to die.

Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though life, and earth, and time must fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

I. ASHE.



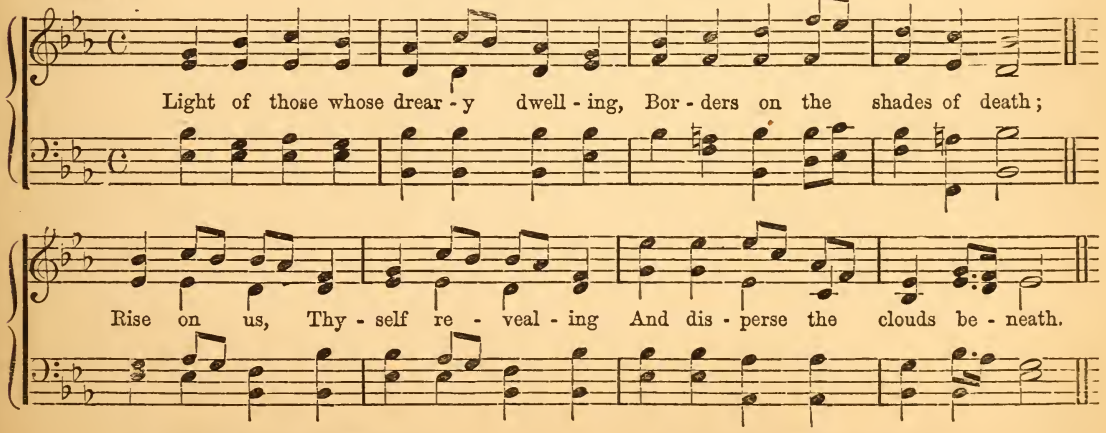
2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

C. WESLEY.

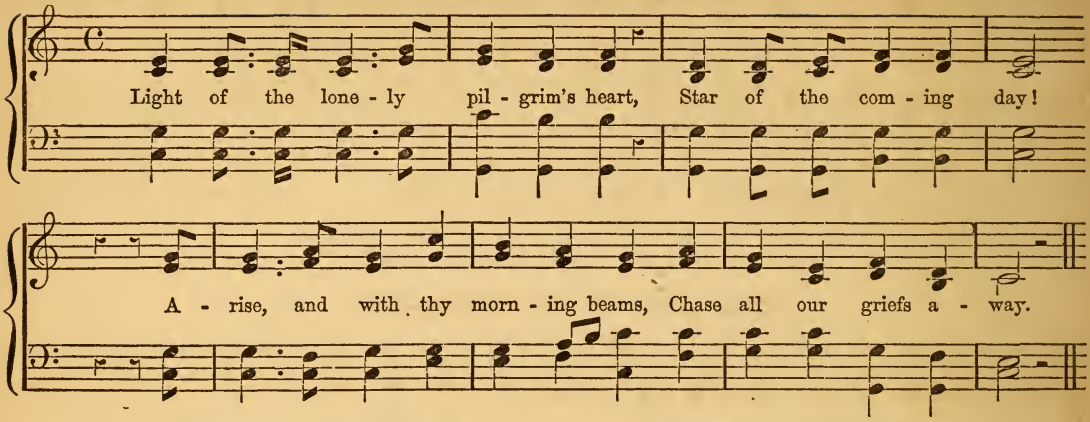
THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.


Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing, Bor - ders on the shades of death;
Rise on us, Thy - self re - veal - ing And dis - perse the clouds be - neath.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

3 Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransomed race:
So shall we, exalted Saviour,
Sing the wonders of thy grace.

Sir E. Denny. **THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.** E. S. Stubbs.



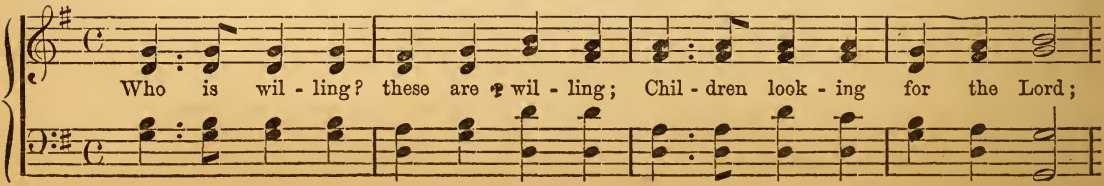
2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island, sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

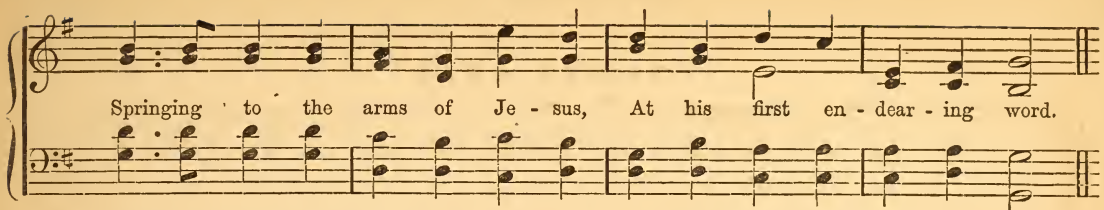
Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

4 See, Lord, thy fair creation groans—
The earth, the air, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

WHO IS WILLING?



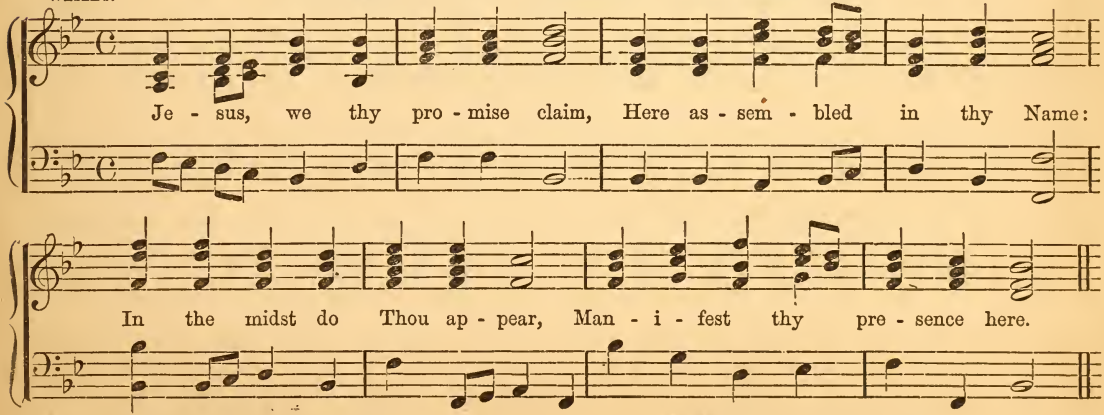


2 Let them come, the Shepherd sought them,
He has called them, they are blest;
Feed his lambs, his blood hath bought them,
And He bears them on his breast.

3 Who is willing, weeping sinners,
Broken-hearted, see, they come:
Lo! behold the cloud arising,
From the darkness of the tomb.

CLAIMING THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

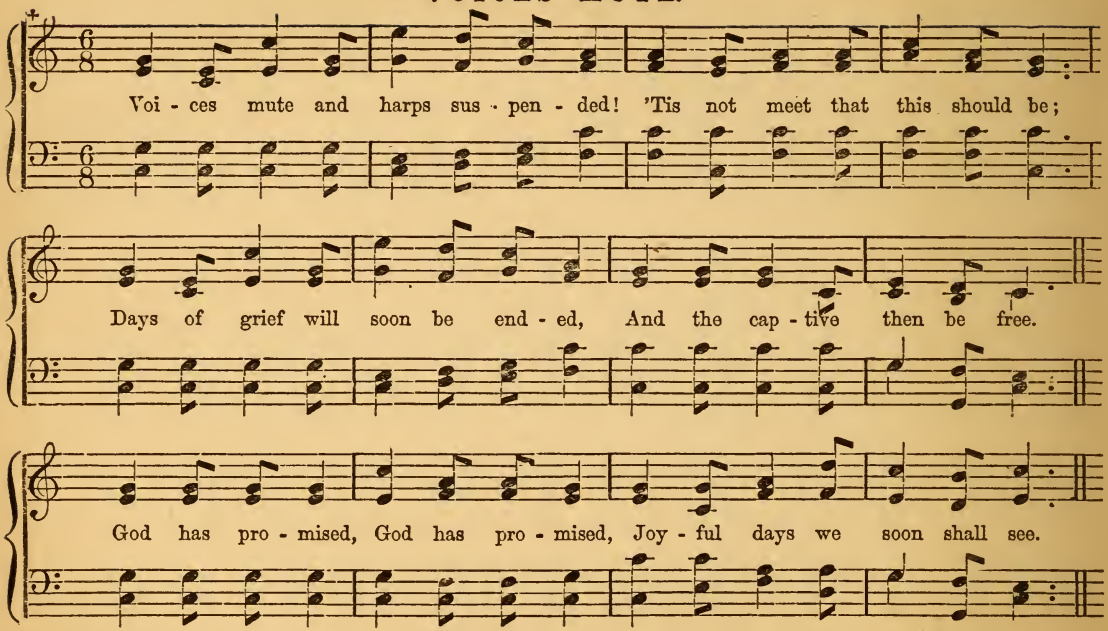
WESLEY.



2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit; give thy peace;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee.

3 Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,
To appear before thy sight
Partners with thy saints in light.

VOICES MUTE.

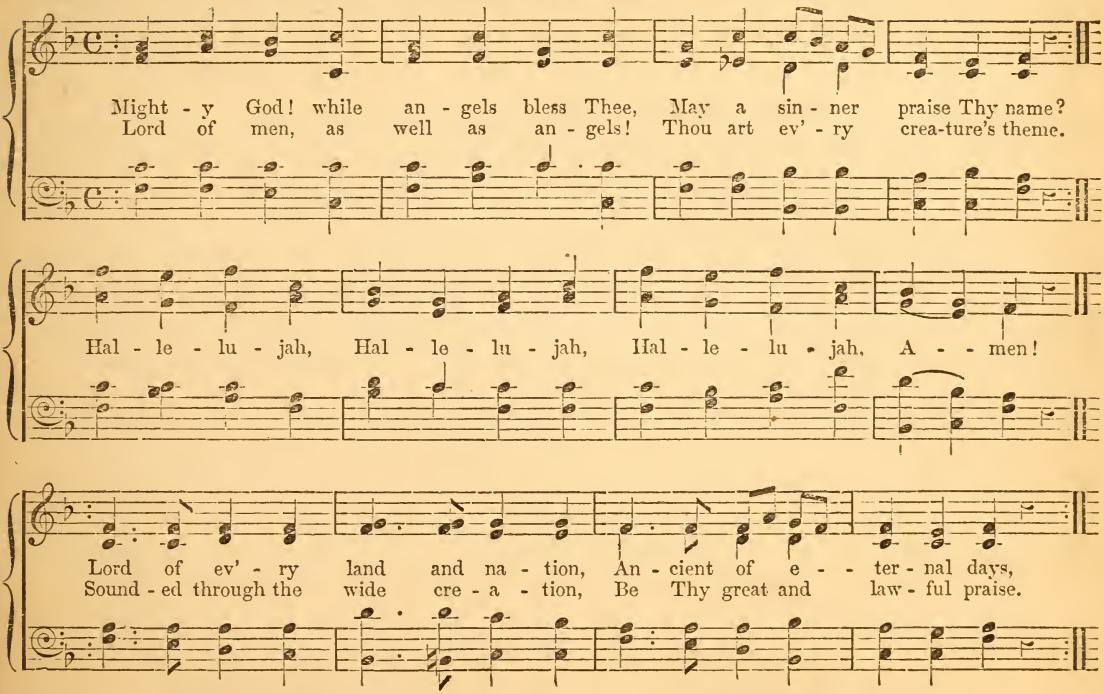

Voi - ces mute and harps sus - pen - ded! 'Tis not meet that this should be;
Days of grief will soon be end - ed, And the cap - tive then be free.
God has pro - mised, God has pro - mised, Joy - ful days we soon shall see.

2 To the land of promise going,
Where our troubles are no more,
Shall we yield to sadness, knowing
We shall reach the peaceful shore,
And be free from
All that caused us grief before?

3 Hope like this may well awaken
Joy, though in the captive's breast;
When cast down, he's not forsaken;
Still sustained when most oppressed;
Good awaits him—
His an everlasting rest!

4 Let us, then, dismiss our sadness;
Let us sing, for well we may;
Captives still, but hope brings gladness;
Hope of that forthcoming day,
When our sorrow
Shall for ever pass away.

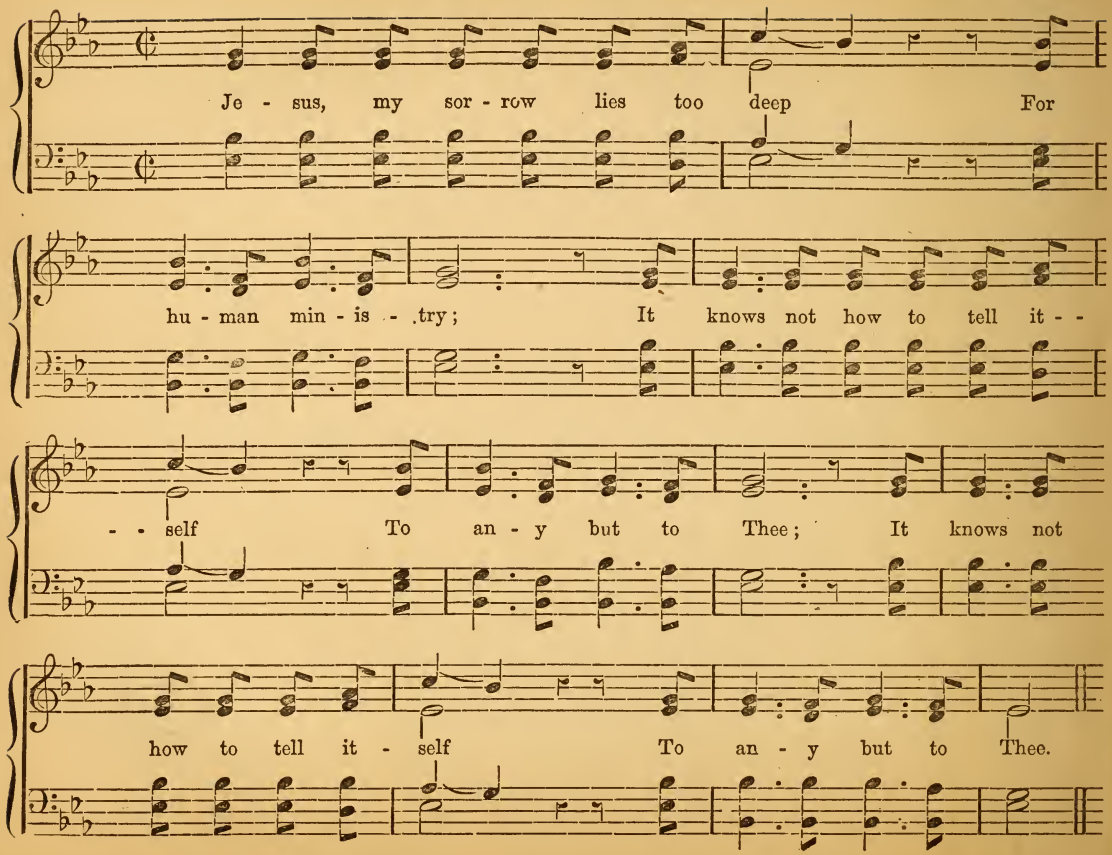
VESPER HYMN.

ROBINSON. [Harmonies from "THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," by Permission.]

Might - y God! while an - gels bless Thee, May a sin - ner praise Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as an - gels! Thou art ev' - ry crea-ture's theme.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men!
Lord of ev' - ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - - ter - nal days,
Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion, Be Thy great and law - ful praise.

Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Shall we not with saints and angels
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, Amen.
Did the angels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Let us then, with grateful voices,
Tune our tongues to sing Thy praise.

From the highest throne in glory
Thou did'st stoop to deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah, Amen.
Come, return, immortal Saviour!
Come, Lord Jesus! take Thy throne,
Quickly come and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

I NEED BUT THEE.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Je - sus, my sor - row lies too deep For
hu - man min - is - try; It knows not how to tell it - -
- - self To an - y but to Thee; It knows not
how to tell it - self To an - y but to Thee.

2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once thine own.

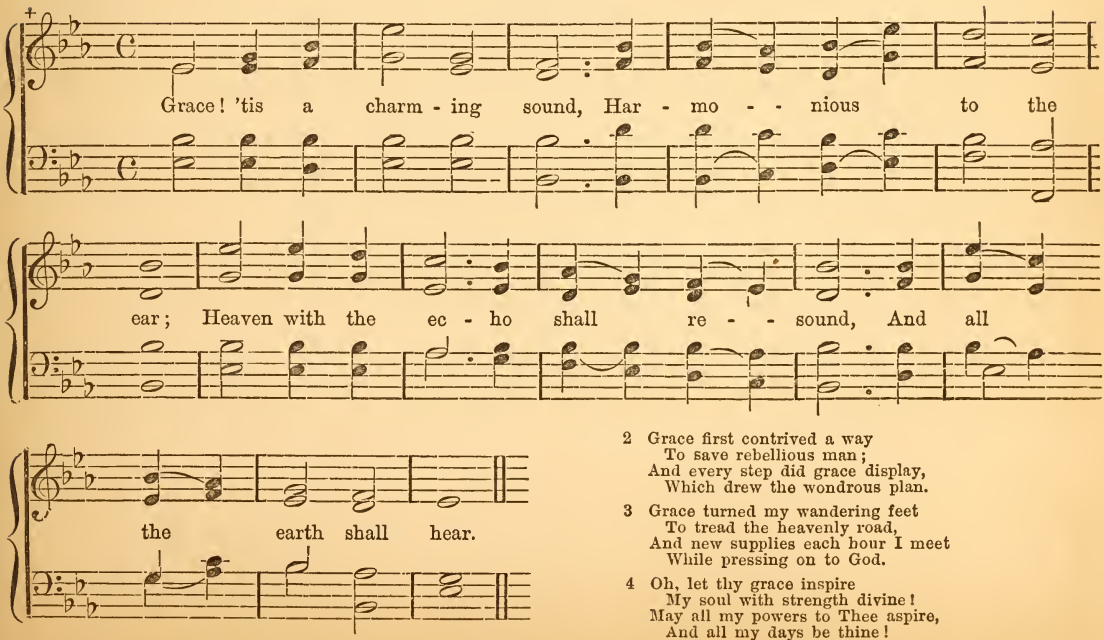
3 Yes, for as if Thou wouldst be God,
E'en in thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but thine own
Untouched by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to Thee;
Thine eye at least can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not enough, enough,
This holy sympathy?
There is no sorrow e'er so deep
But I may bring to Thee!

GRACE.

DODDRIDGE.



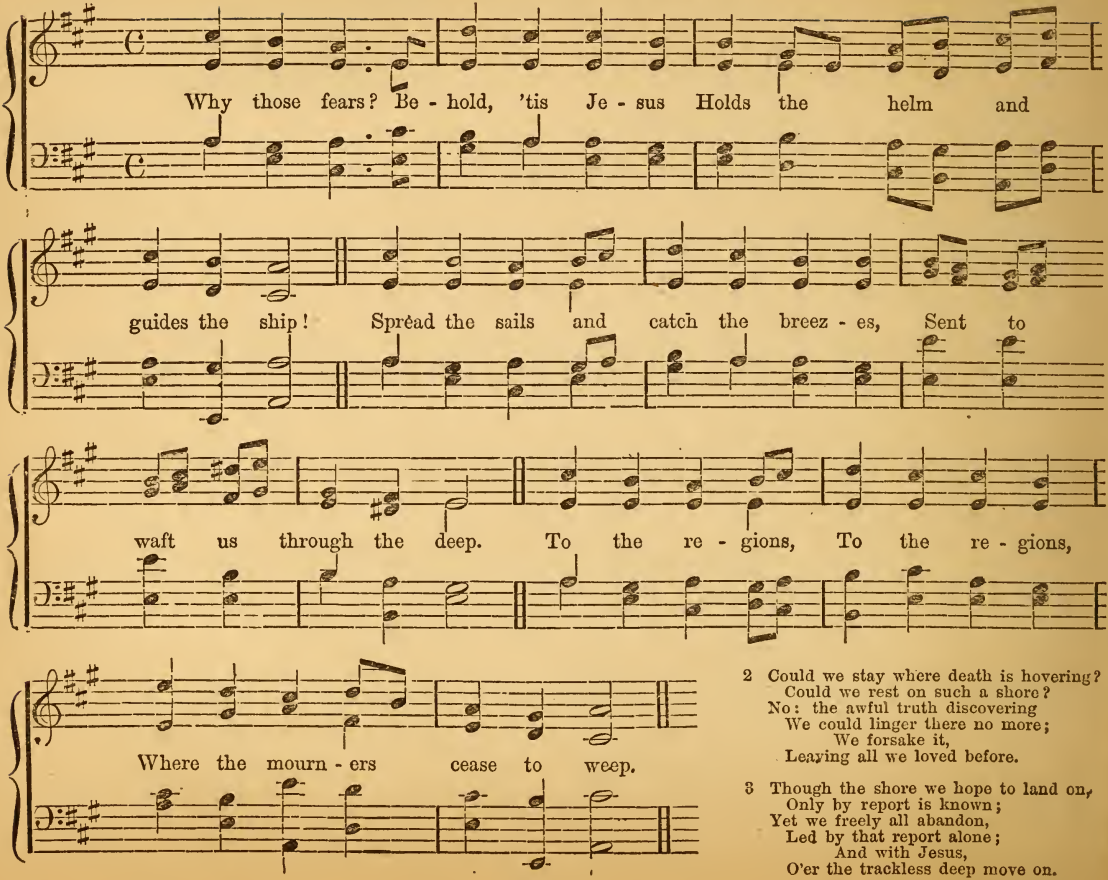
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And every step did grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace turned my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

WHY THOSE FEARS?

T. KELLY. T. KELLY.


Why those fears? Be - hold, 'tis Je - sus Holds the helm and
guides the ship! Spread the sails and catch the breez - es, Sent to
waft us through the deep. To the re - gions, To the re - gions,
Where the mourn - ers cease to weep.

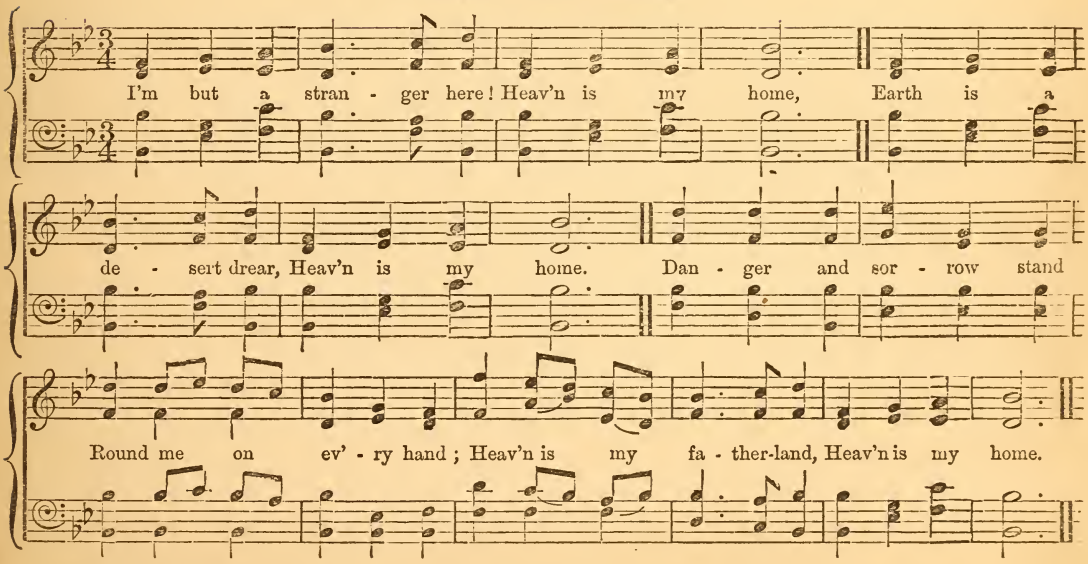
2 Could we stay where death is hovering?
Could we rest on such a shore?
No: the awful truth discovering
We could linger there no more;
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.

3 Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
O'er the trackless deep move on.

4 Led by Him, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him the storm defy;
Calm amid tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh;
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

5 Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

6 Oh, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar,
Then it is that they who hate us,
Can molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.

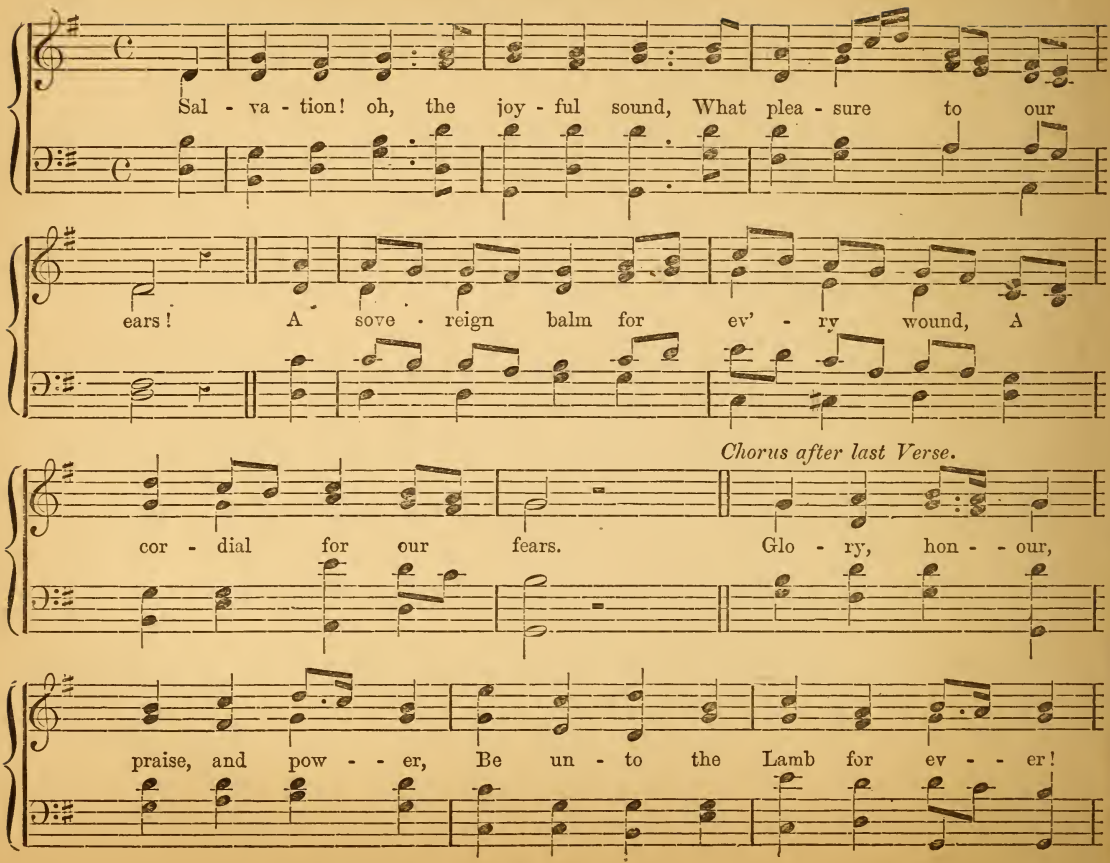
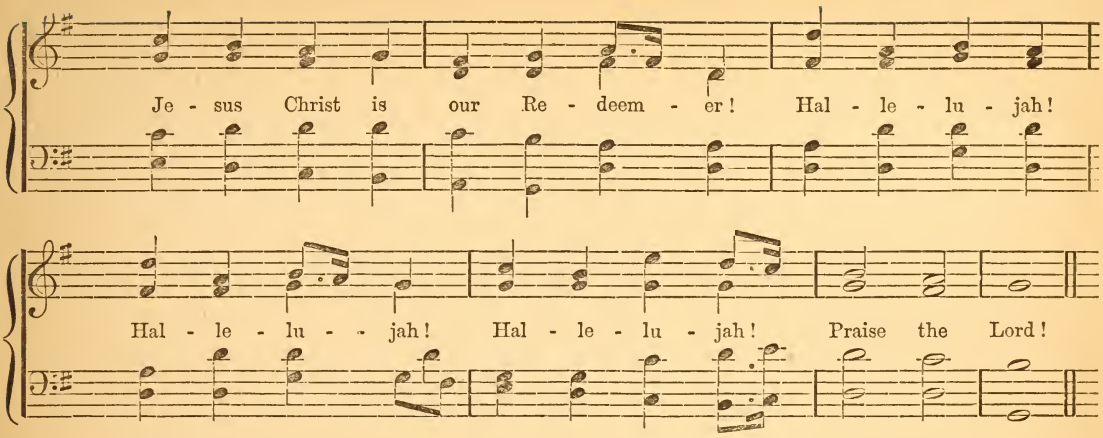
HEAVEN OUR HOME.

I'm but a stran - ger here! Heav'n is my home, Earth is a
de - sert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand
Round me on ev' - ry hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

What though the tempest rage?
Heav'n is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast:
I shall reach home at last.
Heav'n is my home.

There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home.
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home.
There, with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest.
Heav'n is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot;
Heav'n is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There, at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

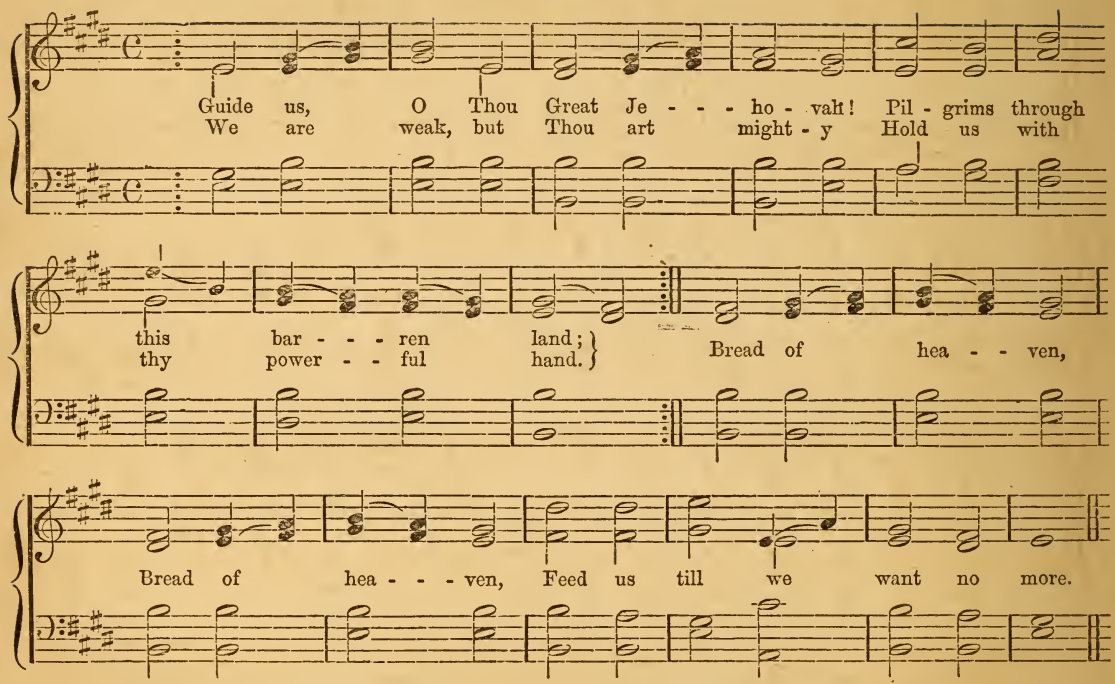
WATTS.

SALVATION!

Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound, What plea - sure to our
ears! A sove - reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A
Chorus after last Verse.
cor - dial for our fears. Glo - ry, hon - - our,
praise, and pow - - er, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - - er!

2 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, &c.

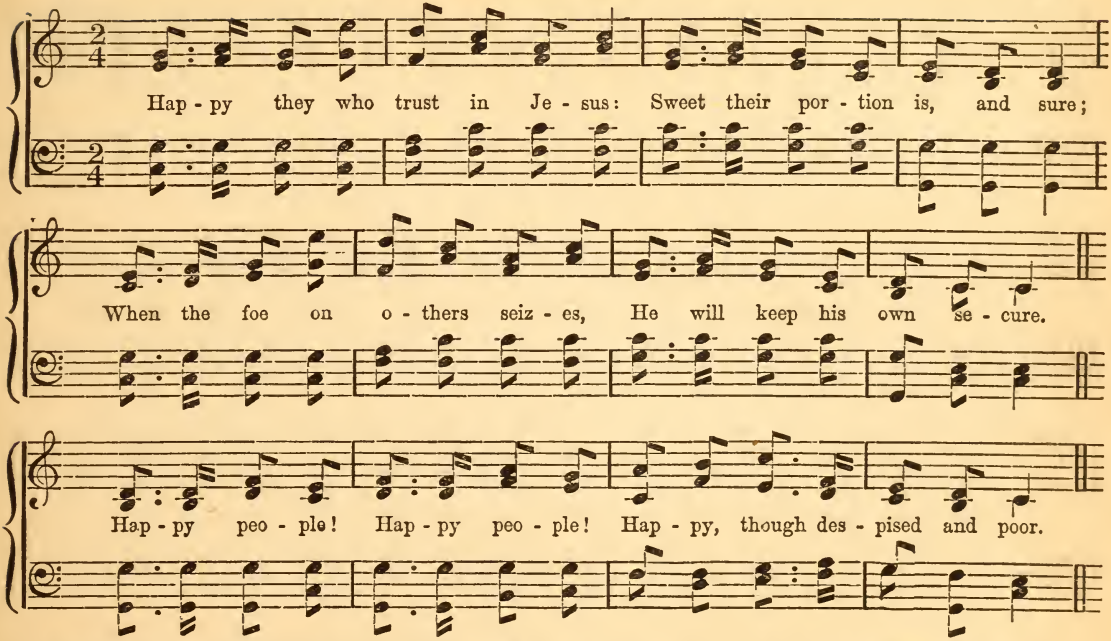
WILLIAMS.

GUIDE US!


Guide us, O Thou Great Je - - - ho - vah! Pil - grims through
We are weak, but Thou art might - y Hold us with
this bar - - - ren land;
thy power - - ful hand.
Bread of hea - - ven,
Bread of hea - - - ven, Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the sacred fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

KELLY. **HAPPY THEY WHO TRUST IN JESUS.** H. M. W.

Hap - py they who trust in Je - sus: Sweet their por - tion is, and sure;
When the foe on o - thers seiz - es, He will keep his own se - cure.
Hap - py peo - ple! Hap - py peo - ple! Hap - py, though des - pised and poor.

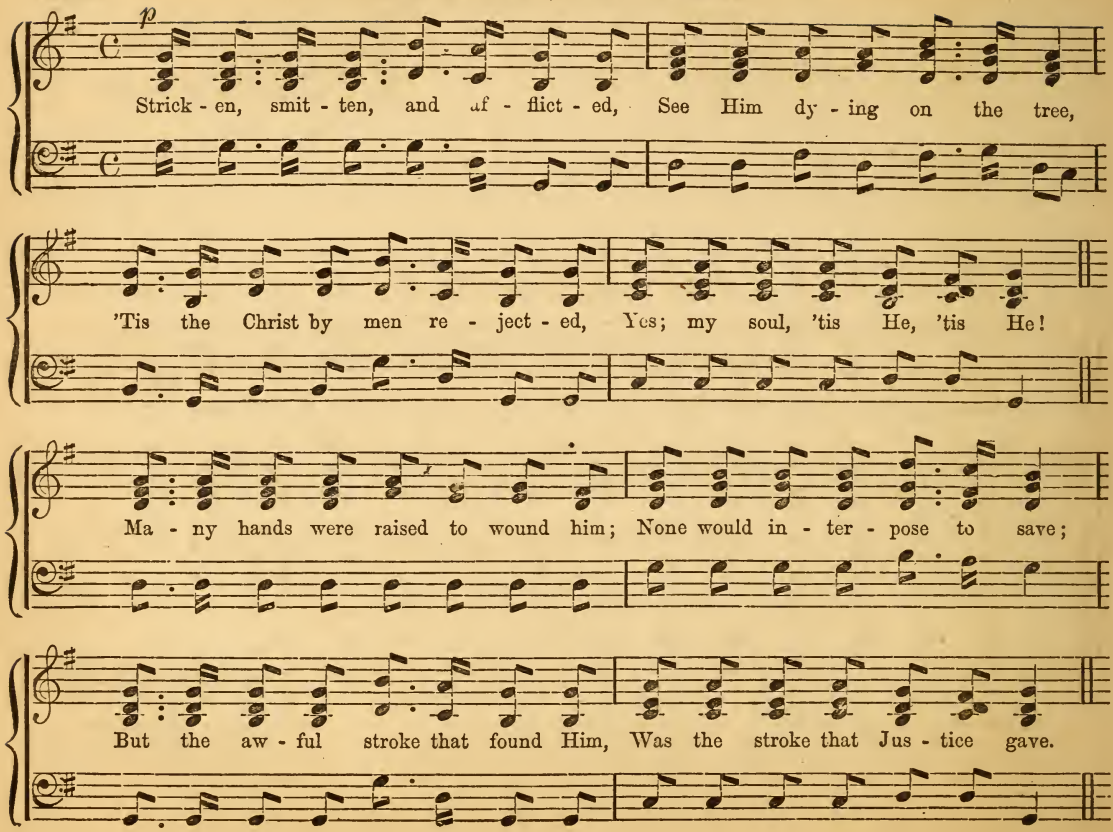
2 Since his love and mercy found us,
We are precious in his sight;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But his presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers;
Ever watchful is his care,
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure we are:
Sweet their portion,
Who their Saviour's kindness share!

4 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord his children gathers,
Spreads his wings, and hides them there:
Thus protected
All their foes they boldly dare.

KELLY.

STRICKEN, SMITTEN.

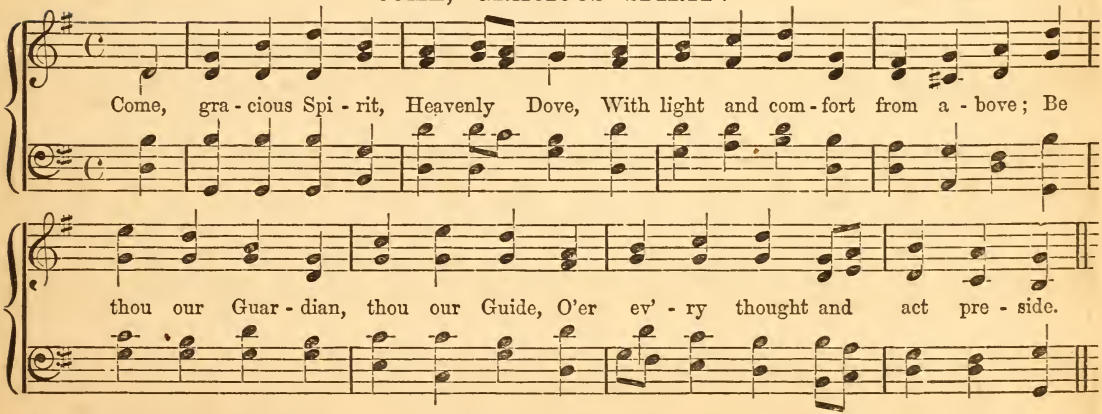

p
Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree,
'Tis the Christ by men re - ject - ed, Yes; my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
Ma - ny hands were raised to wound him; None would in - ter - pose to save;
But the aw - ful stroke that found Him, Was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.

2 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed;
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of Man, and Son of God.

3 Here we have a firm Foundation;
Here's the Refuge of the lost:
Christ the Rock of our salvation;
His the Name of which we boast.
Lamb of God for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice to cancel guilt;
None shall ever be confounded.
Who on Him their hopes have built.

COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT!

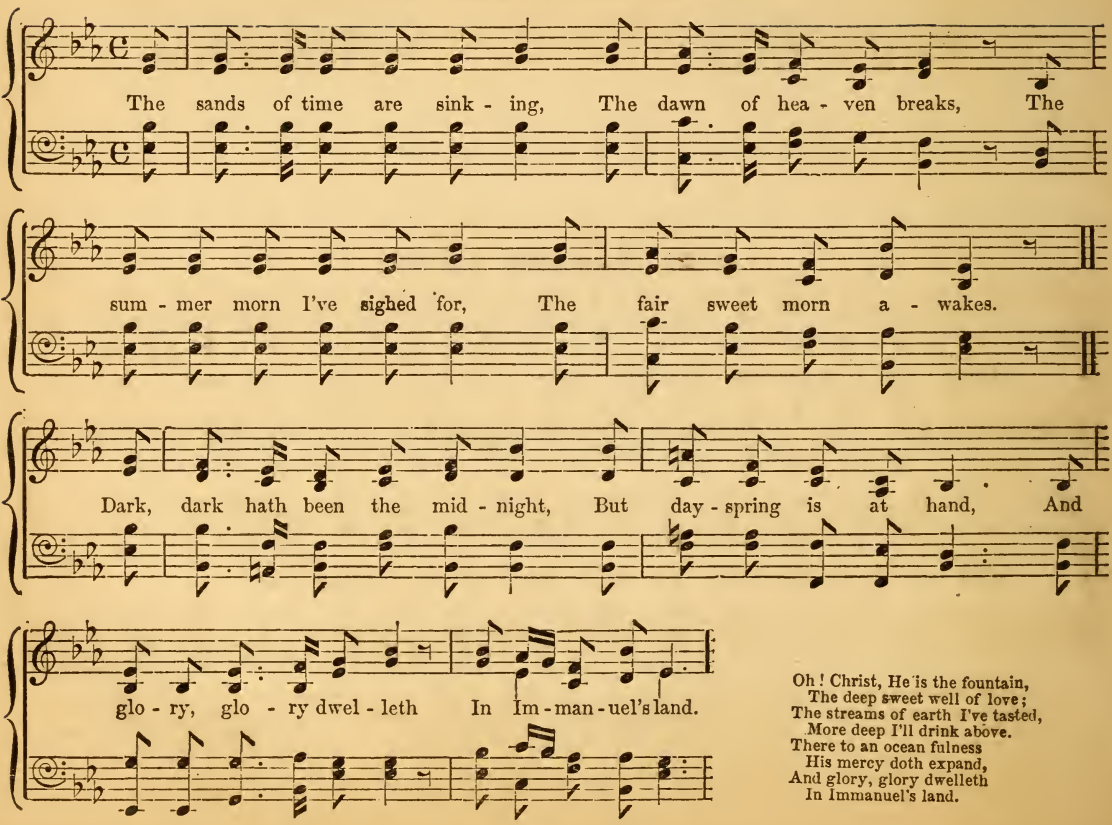
REV. I. ASHE.


Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, Heavenly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove; Be
thou our Guar - dian, thou our Guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and act pre - side.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.

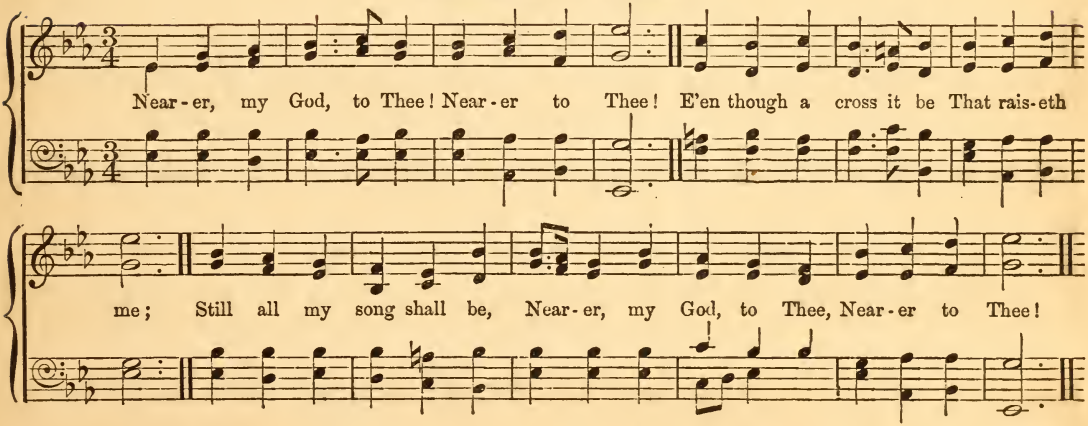
IN IMMANUEL'S LAND.

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks, The
sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes.
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand, And
glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth In Im - man - uel's land.

Oh! Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When thron'd where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel s land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze on glory,
But on my King of Grace.
Not on the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

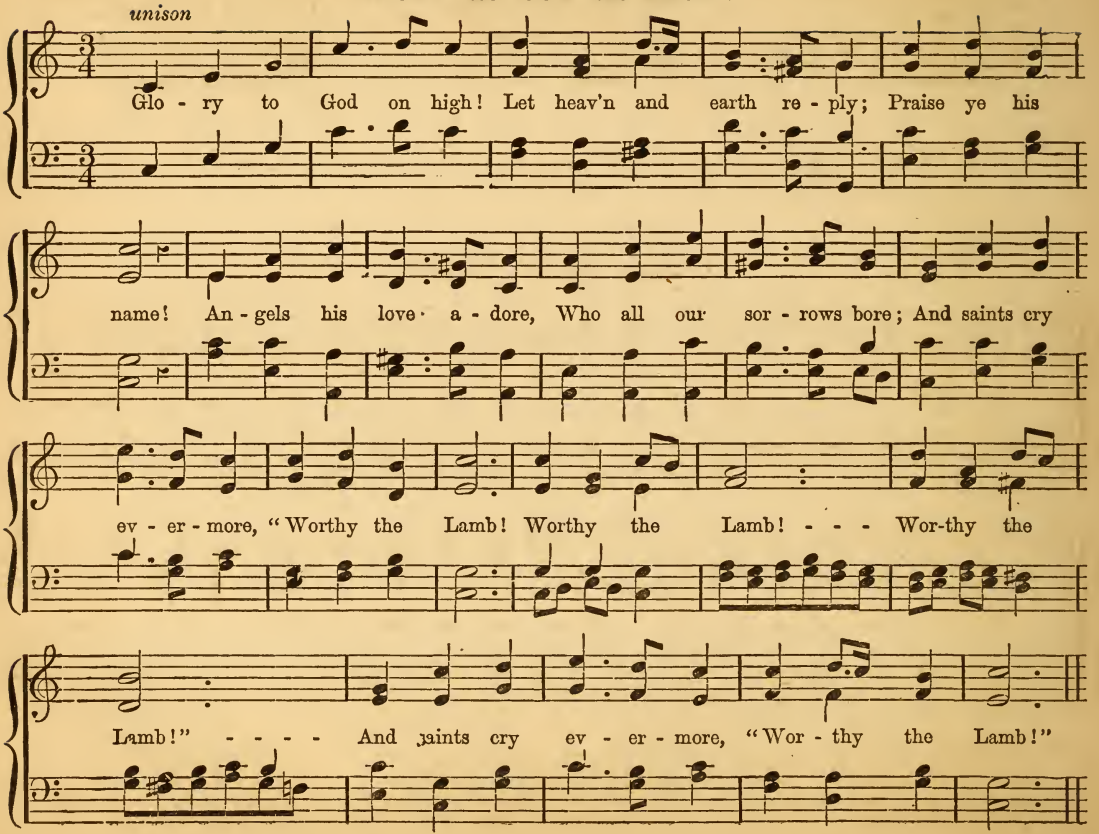
NEARER TO THEE.

Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee! E'en though a cross it be That rais-eth
me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

And when, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

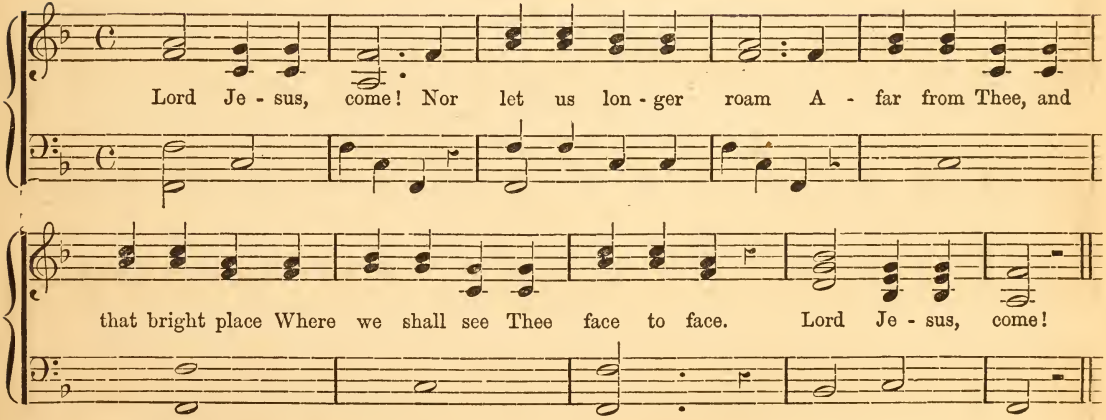
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH!

unison
Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply; Praise ye his
name! An - gels his love · a - dore, Who all our sor - rows bore; And saints cry
ev - er - more, "Worthy the Lamb! Worthy the Lamb! - - - Wor-thy the
Lamb!" - - - - And saints cry ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one
Praising his name.
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God
Should sound his praise abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm has done;
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we may change our place
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name.
To him we'll tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

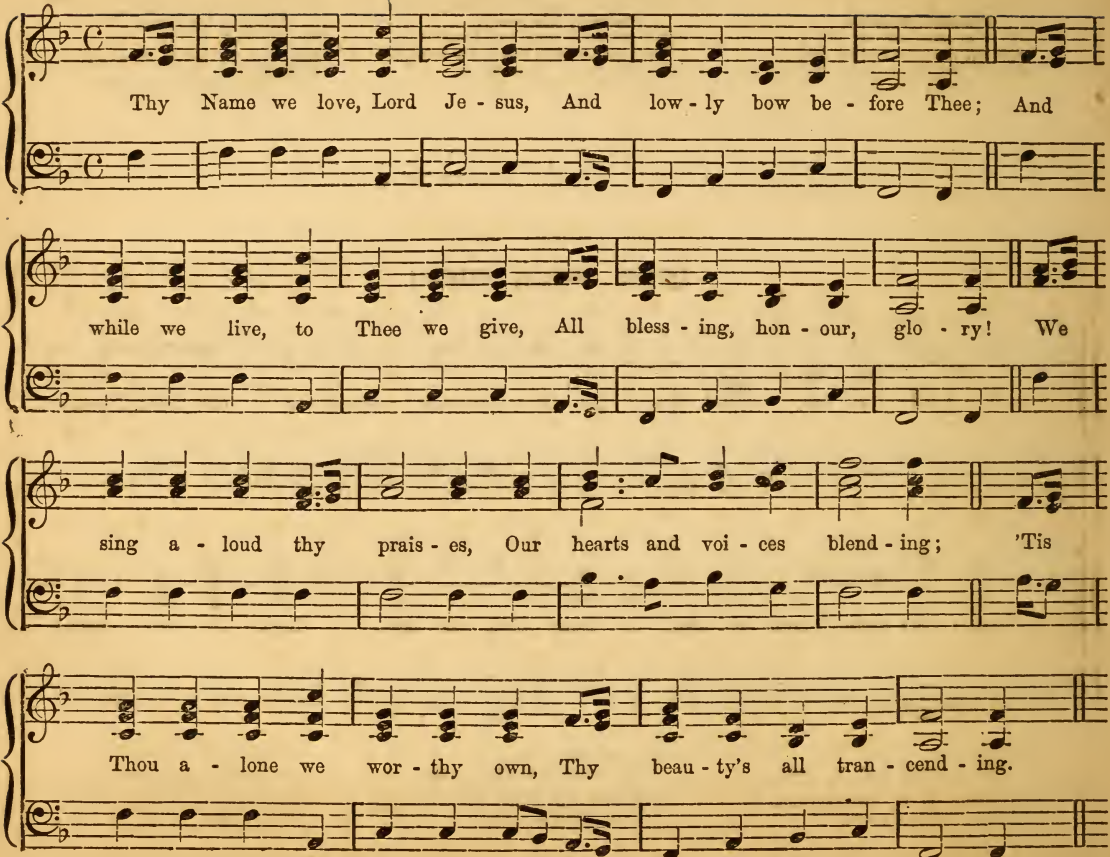
LORD JESUS, COME!


Lord Je - sus, come! Nor let us lon - ger roam A - far from Thee, and
that bright place Where we shall see Thee face to face. Lord Je - sus, come!

2 Lord Jesus, come!
Thine absence here we mourn;
No joy we know apart from Thee,
No sorrow in thy presence see.
Come, Saviour, come.

3 Lord Jesus, come!
And claim us as thine own;
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more.
Come, Saviour, come!

4 Lord Jesus, come!
And take thy people home;
That all thy flock, so scattered here,
With Thee in glory may appear.
Lord Jesus, come!

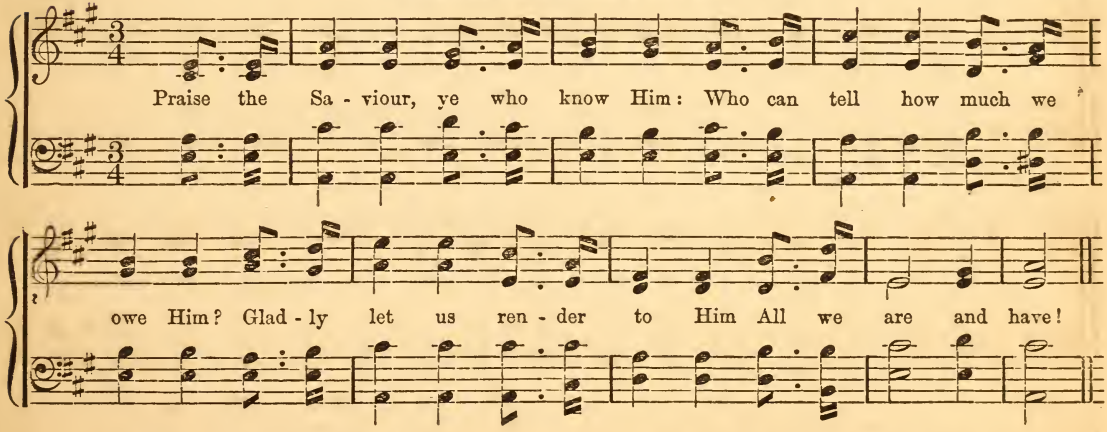
THY NAME WE LOVE.

Thy Name we love, Lord Je - sus, And low - ly bow be - fore Thee; And
while we live, to Thee we give, All bless - ing, hon - our, glo - ry! We
sing a - loud thy prais - es, Our hearts and voi - ces blend - ing; 'Tis
Thou a - lone we wor - thy own, Thy beau - ty's all tran - cend - ing.

2 Thy Name we love Lord Jesus;
It tells God's love unbounded,
To ruined man, ere time began,
Or heaven and earth were founded;
Thine is a love eternal,
That found in us its pleasure,
That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
And make us thine own treasure.

3 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus;
It tells thy birth so lowly,
Thy patience, grace, thy gentleness,
Thy lonely path, so holy;
Thou wast the "Man of sorrows"
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;
Our bitter cup, Thou drankest up;
The thorny crown—did'st wear it.

4 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus;
God's Lamb—Thou wast ordained,
To bear our sin (Thyself all clean),
And hast our guilt sustained:
We see Thee crowned in glory,
Above the heavens now seated,
The victory won, thy work well done,
Our righteousness completed.

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR. 1.

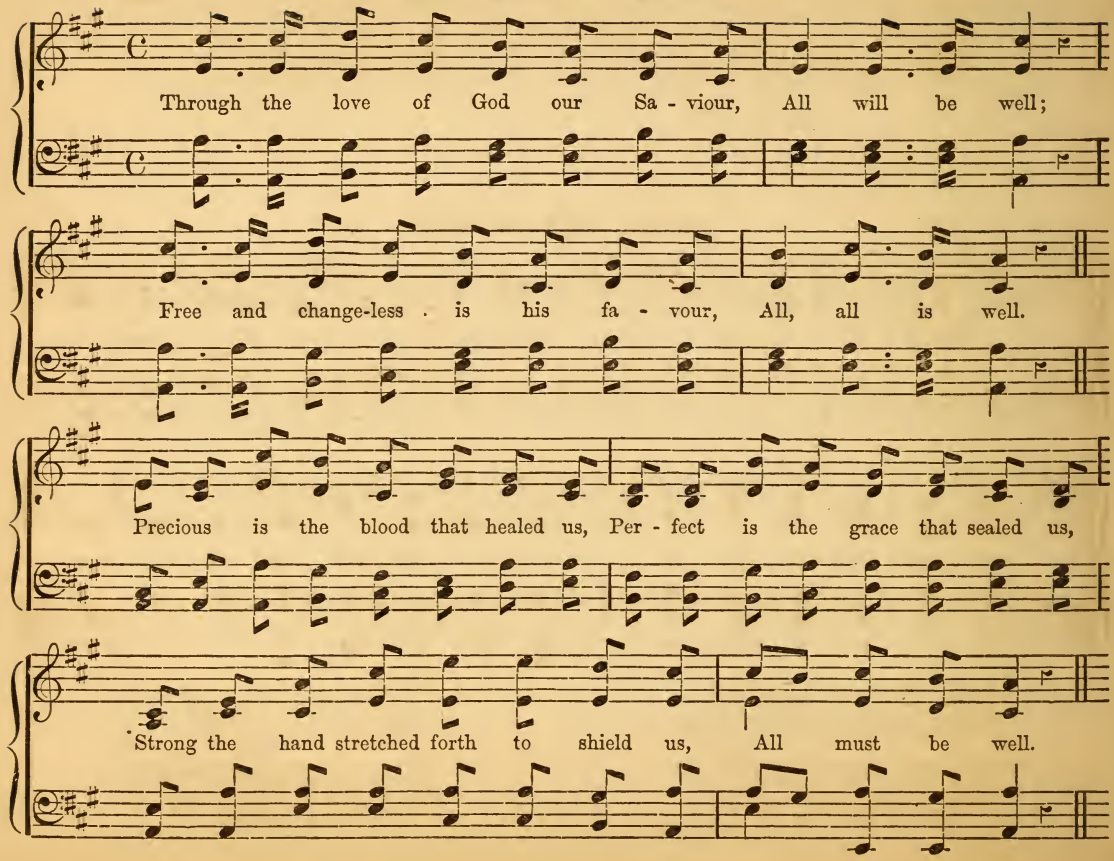


2 Jesus is the Name that charms us;
He for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never,
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

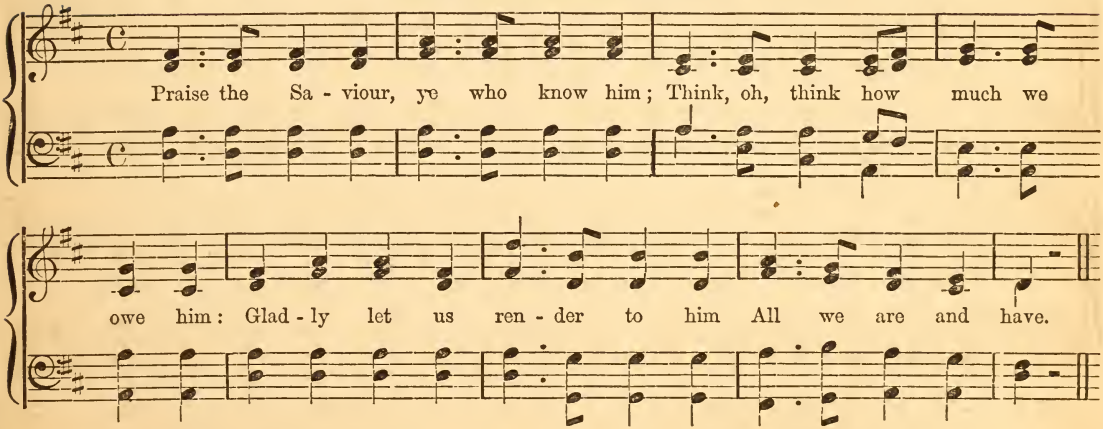
5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be;
That which is not now, nor could be,
There shall be our own.

ALL WILL BE WELL!

Through the love of God our Sa - viour, All will be well;
Free and change-less . is his fa - vour, All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us, Per - fect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us, All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying;
Jesus, every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR! 2.



2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
He for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves and nothing harms us,
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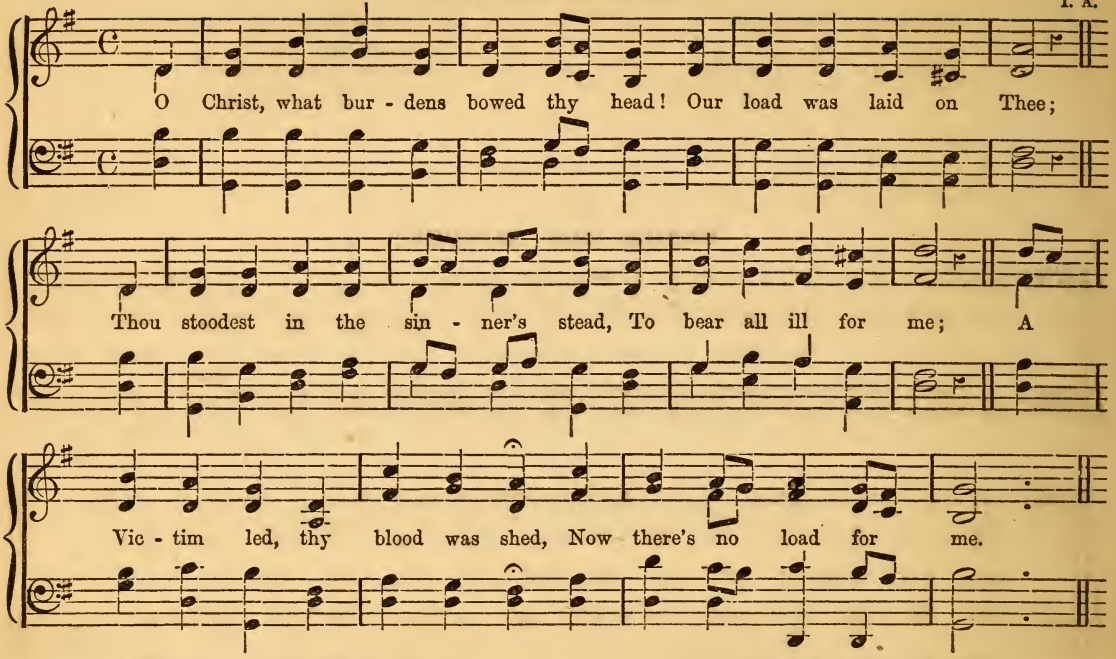
3 Trust in him, ye saints, for ever,
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those he loves from him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh. keep us cleaving
To thyself, and still believing,
Till the time of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be,
That which is not now nor could be,
Soon shall be our own.

THE SIN-BEARER.

I. A.

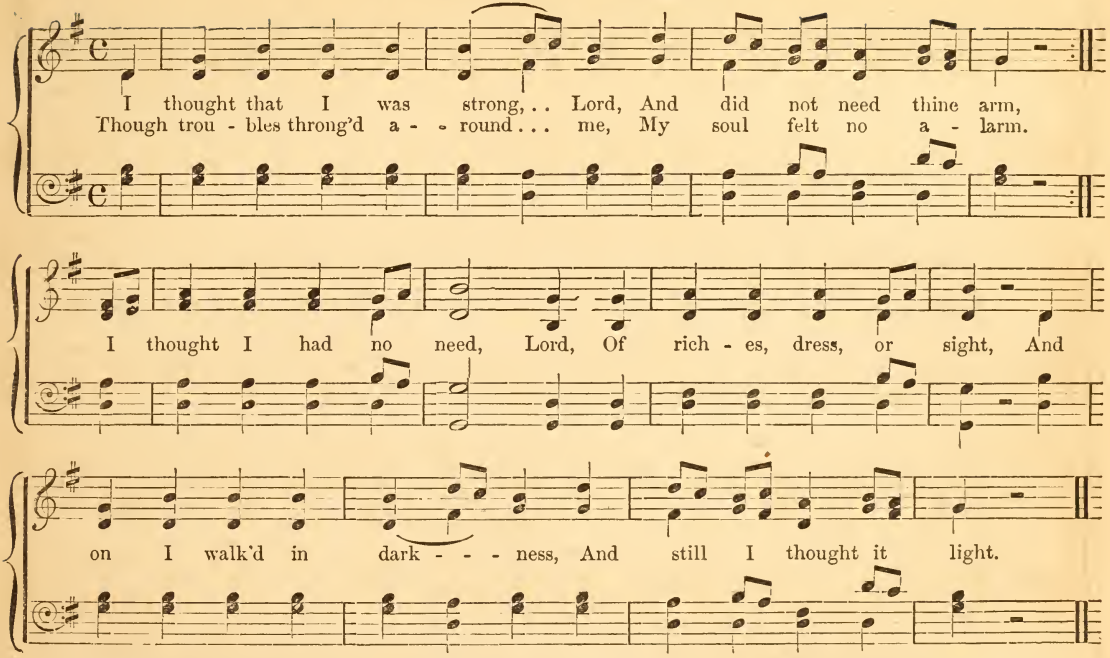

O Christ, what bur - dens bowed thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sin - ner's stead, To bear all ill for me; A
Vic - tim led, thy blood was shed, Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup;
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, love drank it up,
Now blessing's draught for me.

3 The Father lifted up his rod:
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful sound was heard;
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 The Father's face of radiant grace
Shines now in light for me;
For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee.
Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.

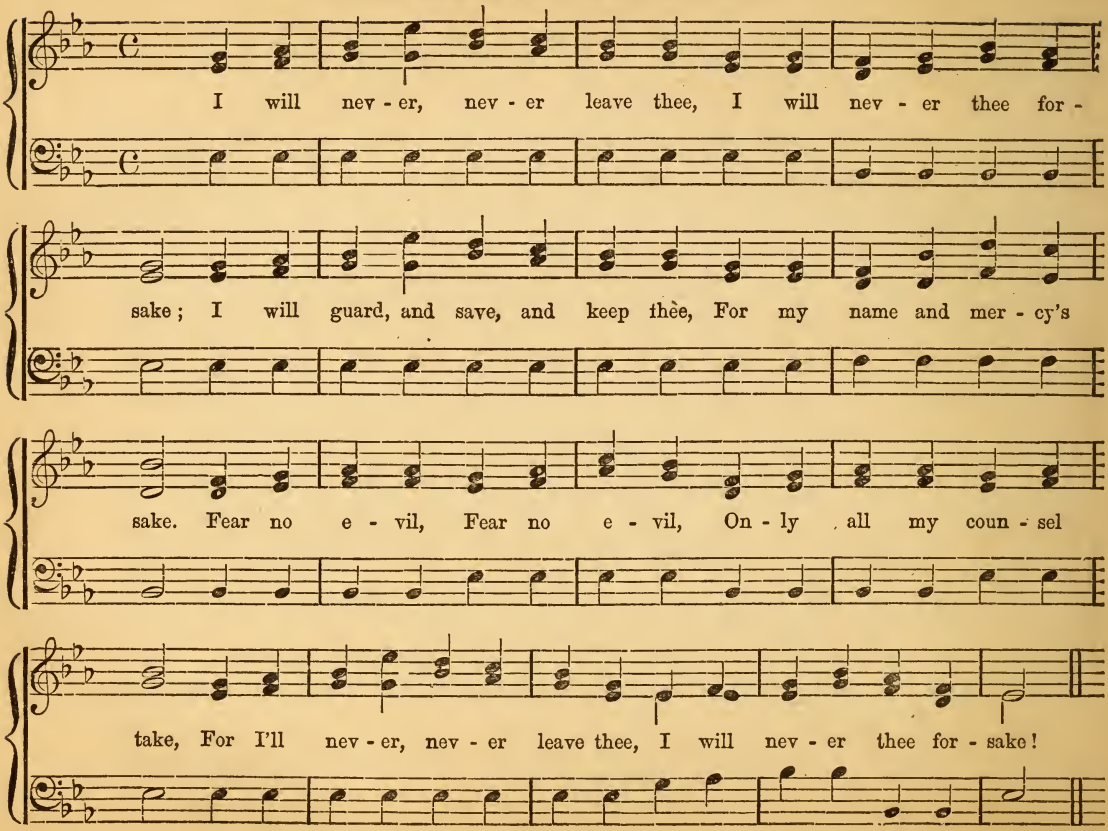
THE CHRISTIAN'S STRENGTH.

I thought that I was strong, . . Lord, And did not need thine arm,
Though trou - bles throng'd a - - round . . . me, My soul felt no a - larm.
I thought I had no need, Lord, Of rich - es, dress, or sight, And
on I walk'd in dark - - - ness, And still I thought it light.

But Thou hast broke the spell, Lord,
And waked me from my dream;
The light has burst upon my soul,
With bright, unerring beam.
Oh, Thou hast given me sight, Lord,
And I can see within,
I see that all my heart is dyed
With deepest stain of sin.

I know Thy blood has cleansed my soul,
I know that I'm forgiven,
And all the roughest paths on earth,
Will surely end in heaven.
For I know that I am Thine, Lord,
And none can pluck away,
The feeblest sheep that ever yet
Did make Thine arm its stay.

My soul did sleep the sleep of death,
But Thou didst give it life,
And with a spirit strong in Thee,
I'm ready for the strife.
For pain and sickness ready,
Prepared for care and grief,
For I know I have in Thee, Lord,
An ever sure relief.

LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.


I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for -
sake; I will guard, and save, and keep thèe, For my name and mer - cy's
sake. Fear no e - vil, Fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun - sel
take, For I'll nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake!

2 When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on me in humble prayer,
I will fold my arms about thee,
Guard thee with the tenderest care.
In the trial, I will make thy pathway clear.

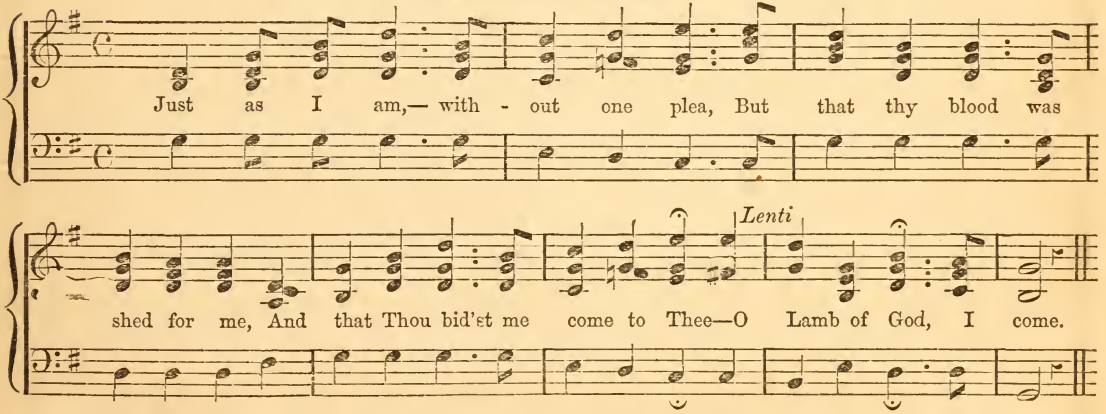
3 When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright;
Pleasure like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight, [aright.
I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps

4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care;
Through the mist by which 'tis shrouded,
I will make a light appear.
And the banner of my love I will uprear.

5 If thou leave my care and keeping,
Thou mayst wander far from me;
Sorrow then, and woe, and weeping,
Mercy must mete out to thee.
To the rightcous, my rich blessings all are free.

6 When thy feeble flame is dying,
And thy soul about to soar
To that land where pain and sighing
Shall be heard and known no more,
I will teach thee to rejoice that life is o'er.

COMING TO JESUS.



2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

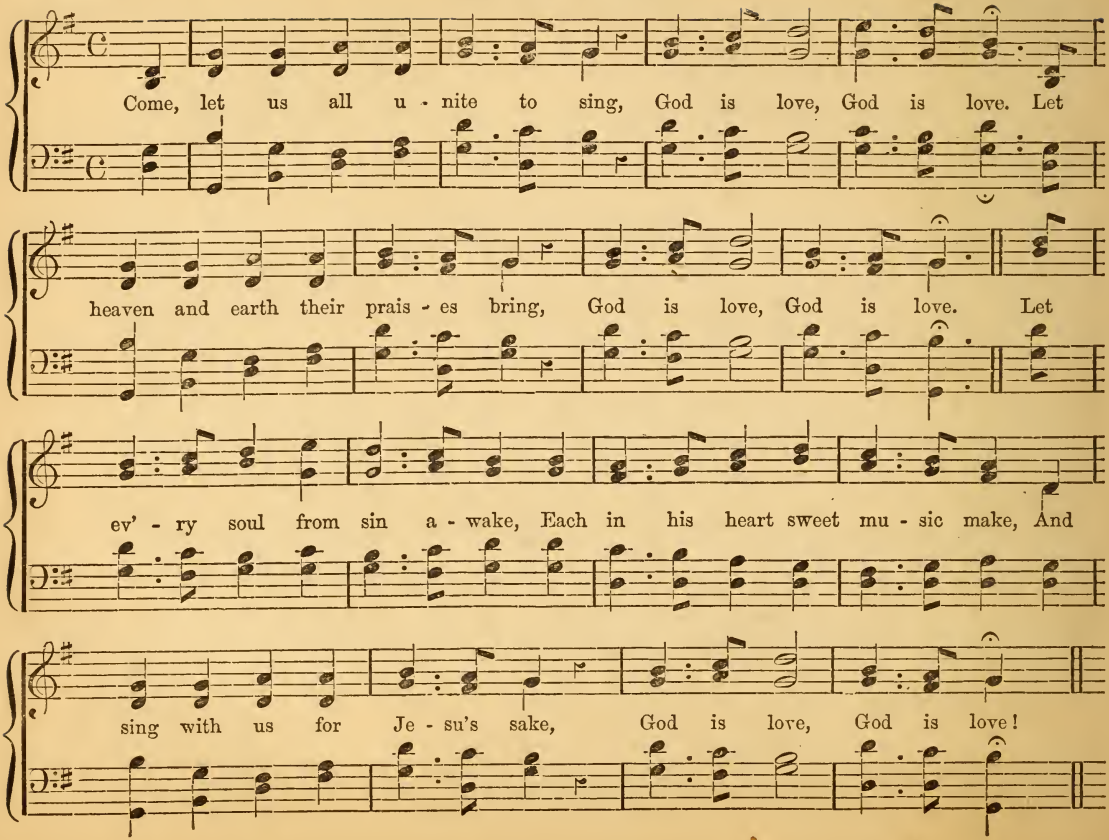
5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above, [O Lamb of God, I come!

WELCOME.

GOD IS LOVE!

M E. STANLEY.

Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love, God is love. Let
heaven and earth their prais - es bring, God is love, God is love. Let
ev' - ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make, And
sing with us for Je - su's sake, God is love, God is love!

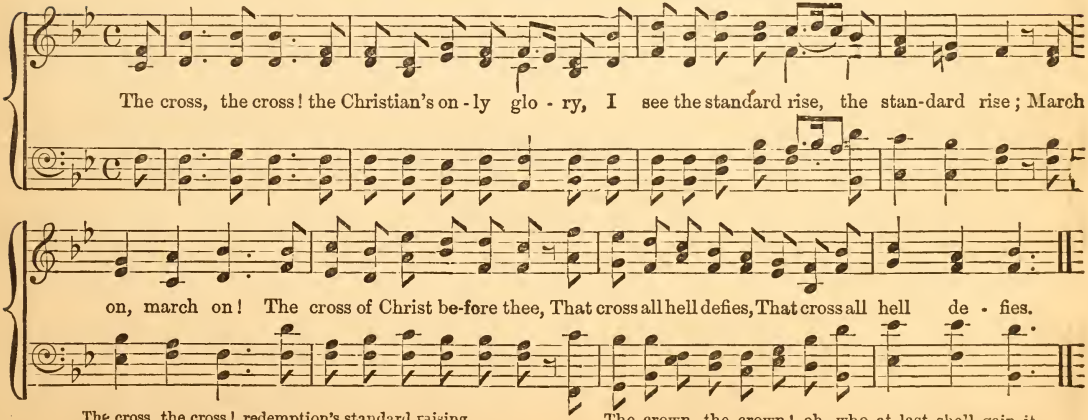
2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love;
In Christ we have redemption found,
God is love.
His blood hath washed our sins away;
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice and say,
God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here,
God is love;
His promises our spirits cheer,
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
God is love.

4 What though our heart and flesh should fail,
God is love;
Through Christ we shall o'er death prevail:
God is love.
Though Jordan swell we need not fear,
Our Saviour will be with us there,
Our heads above the waves to bear:
God is love.

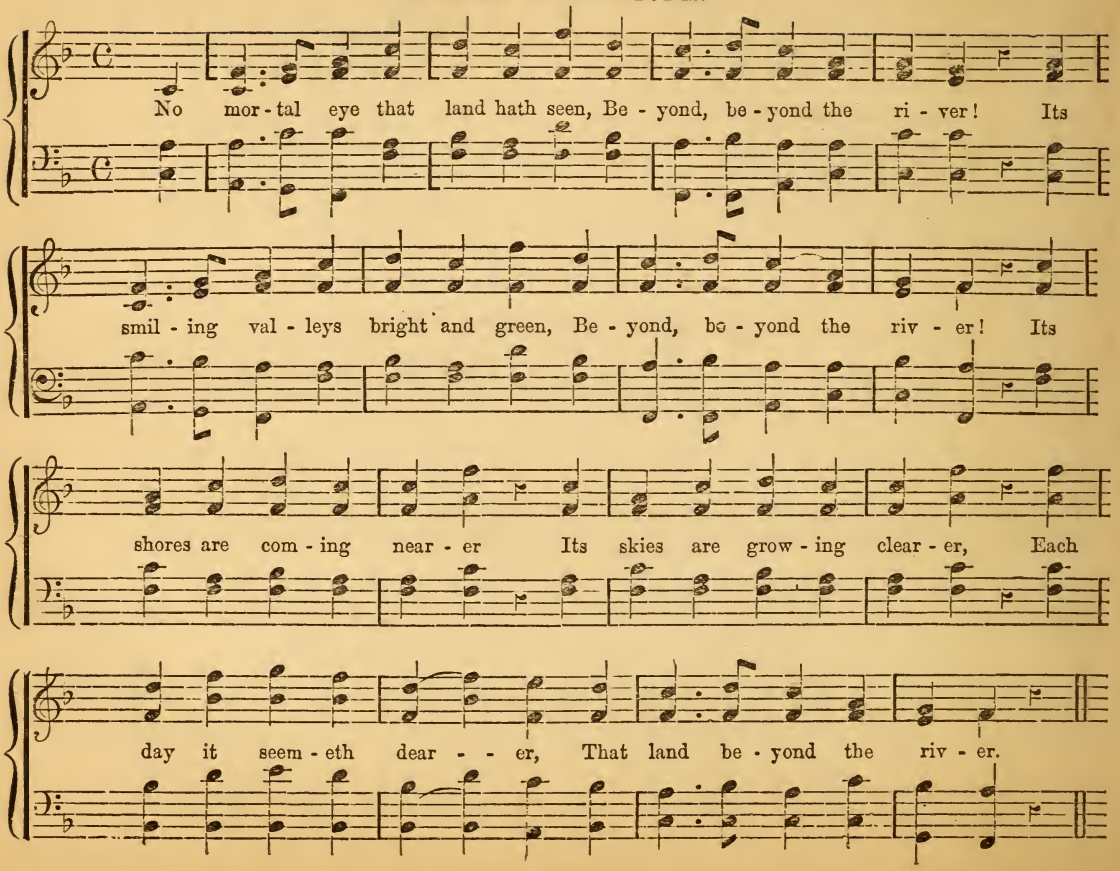
5 In glory we shall sing again,
God is love;
This shall be our lofty strain,
God is love.
While endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This still shall be our sweetest song,
God is love.

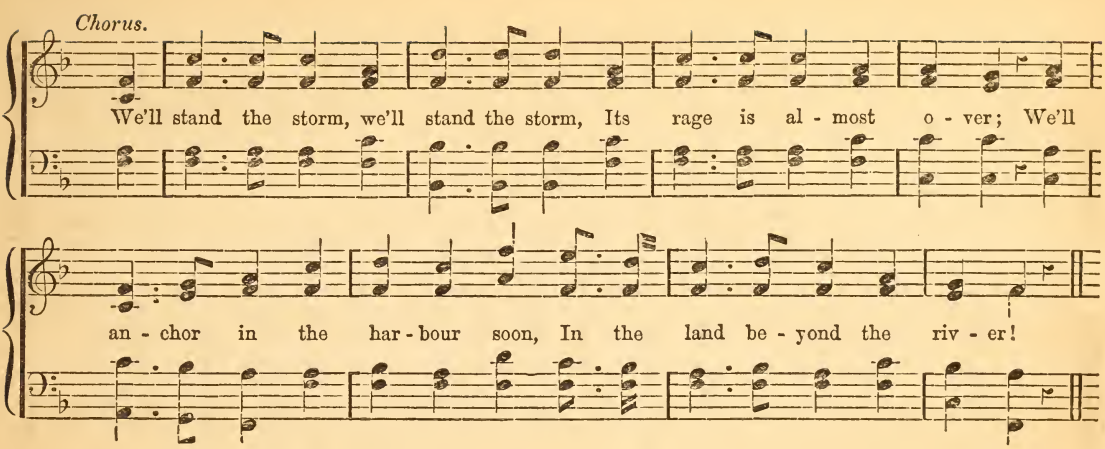
THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.


The cross, the cross! the Christian's on - ly glo - ry, I see the standard rise, the stan-dard rise; March
on, march on! The cross of Christ be-fore thee, That cross all hell defies, That cross all hell de - fies.

The cross, the cross! redemption's standard raising,
I see the banner wave;
Sing, on the march, salvation's captain praising;
'Tis Christ alone can save.

The crown, the crown! oh, who at last shall gain it,
That cross a crown affords;
Press on, press on with courage to obtain it,
The battle is the Lord's.

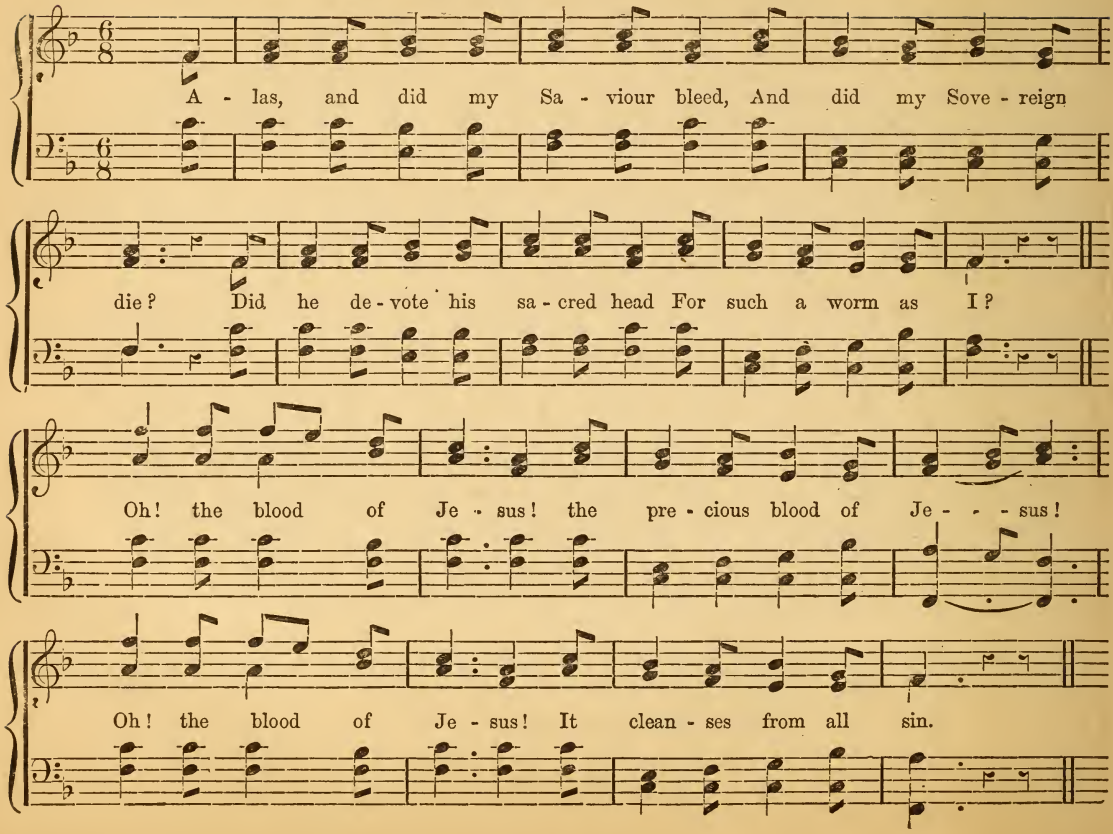
BEYOND THE RIVER.

No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver! Its
smil - ing val - leys bright and green, Be - yond, be - yond the riv - er! Its
shores are com - ing near - er Its skies are grow - ing clear - er, Each
day it seem - eth dear - - er, That land be - yond the riv - er.


Chorus.
We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its rage is al - most o - ver; We'll
an - chor in the har - bour soon, In the land be - yond the riv - er!

2 No cankering care, nor mortal strife,
Beyond, beyond the river;
But happy, never-ending life,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Through the eternal hours,
God's love in heavenly showers
Shall water faith's fair flowers.
In the land beyond the river.
We'll stand, &c.

3 That glorious day will ne'er be done,
Beyond, beyond the river;
For we've a crown and kingdom won,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys which none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.
We'll stand, &c.

4 When we shall look from Zion's hill,
Beyond, beyond the river,
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There angels bright are singing,
There golden harps are ringing;
We ne'er shall cease our singing,
In the land beyond the river.
We'll stand, &c.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD OF JESUS.

A - las, and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my Sove - reign
die? Did he de - vote his sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
Oh! the blood of Je - sus! the pre - cious blood of Je - - - sus!
Oh! the blood of Je - sus! It clean - ses from all sin.

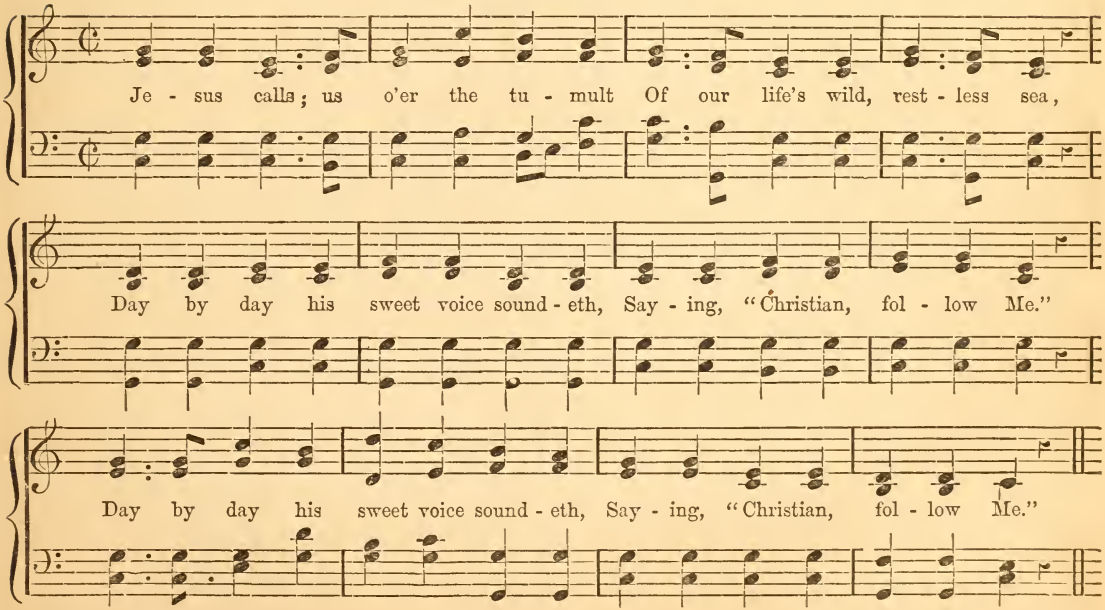
2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the Incarnate Maker died
For man, his creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

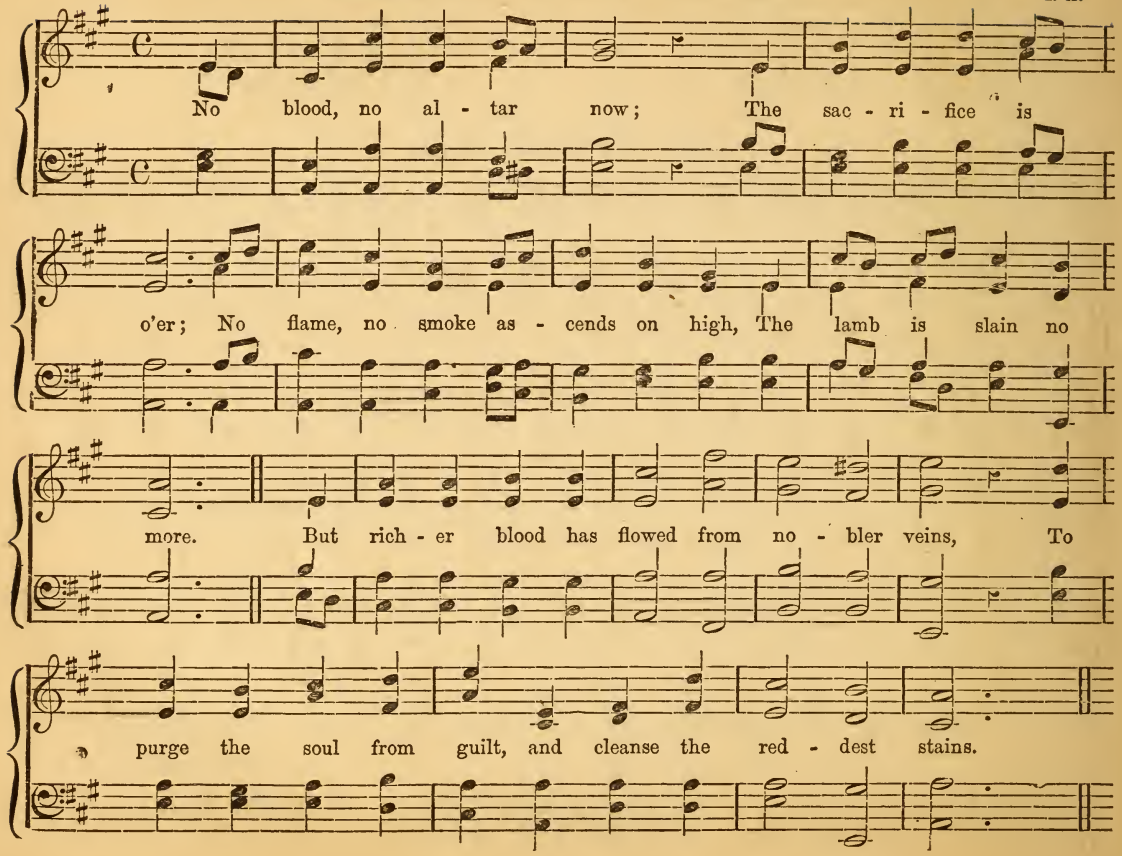

Je - sus calls; us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
Day by day his sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me."
Day by day his sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call!
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

THE BLOOD OF THE COVENANT.

I. A.

No blood, no al - tar now; The sac - ri - fice is
o'er; No flame, no smoke as - cends on high, The lamb is slain no
more. But rich - er blood has flowed from no - bler veins, To
purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the red - dest stains.

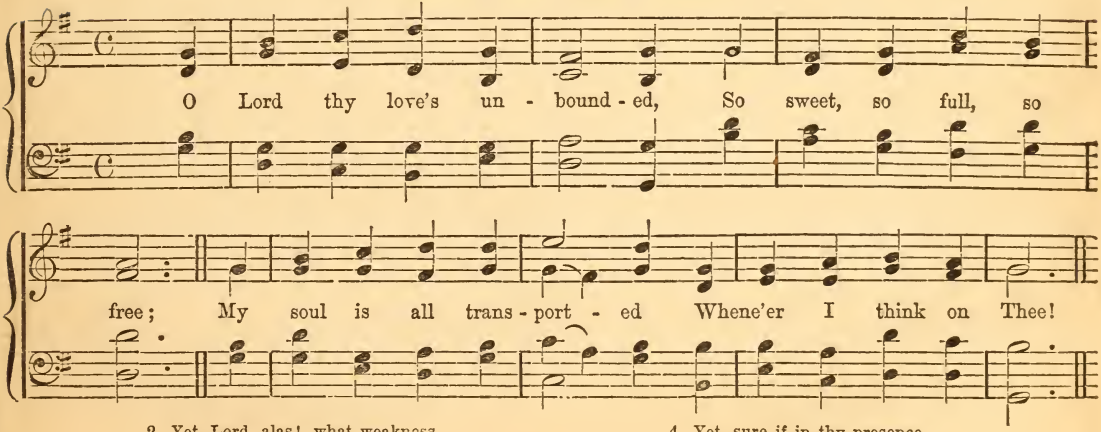
2 We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won;
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
That needs no second fight, and leaves no other foe.

3 We thank Thee for the grace
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The eternal Father's love.
Love of the Father, Everlasting Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three in One.

4 We thank Thee for the hope
So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up
Till the long dawn appear.
Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it cheer
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here!

5 We thank Thee for the crown
Of glory and of life,
'Tis no poor, withering wreath of earth,
Man's prize in mortal strife;
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,
The kingdom of our God, and his Incarnate Son.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.



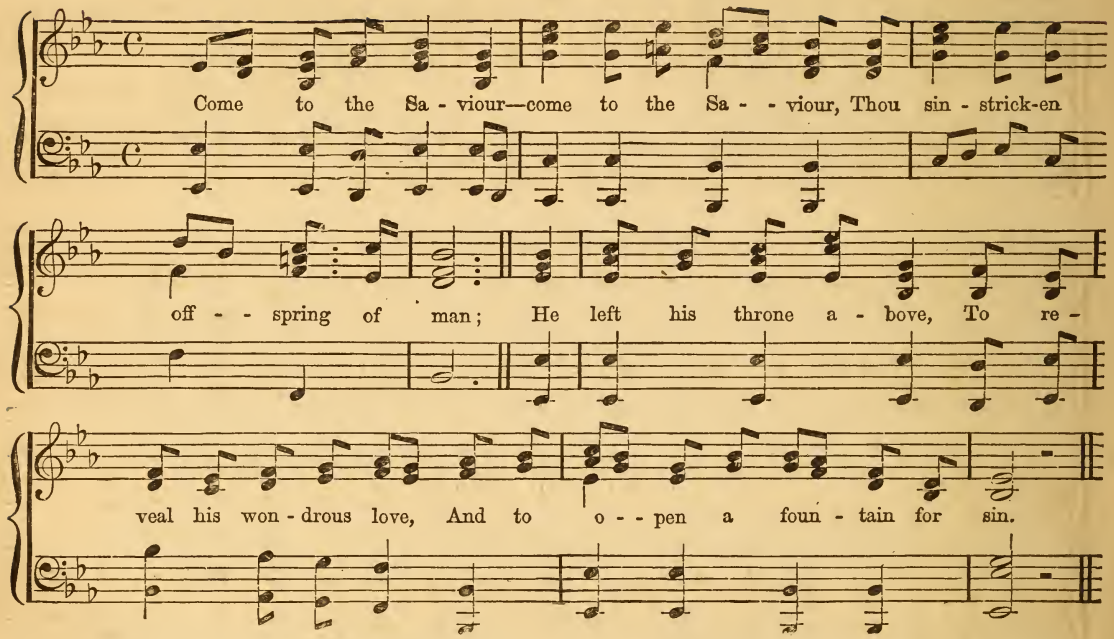
2 Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness
Within myself I find!
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wandering mind.

3 And yet thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness—
The peace its beams impart.

4 Yet, sure if in thy presence,
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would, more familiar,
Its brighter glories bear.

5 And thus, thy deep perfections
Much better should I know,
And with adoring fervour
Should in thy likeness grow.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.


Come to the Sa - viour—come to the Sa - - viour, Thou sin - strick-en
off - - spring of man; He left his throne a - bove, To re -
veal his won - drous love, And to o - - pen a foun - tain for sin.

2 Why dost thou linger? why dost thou linger?
Oh, when will thou haste to be saved?
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past,
Oh, arouse thee, and come to be saved!

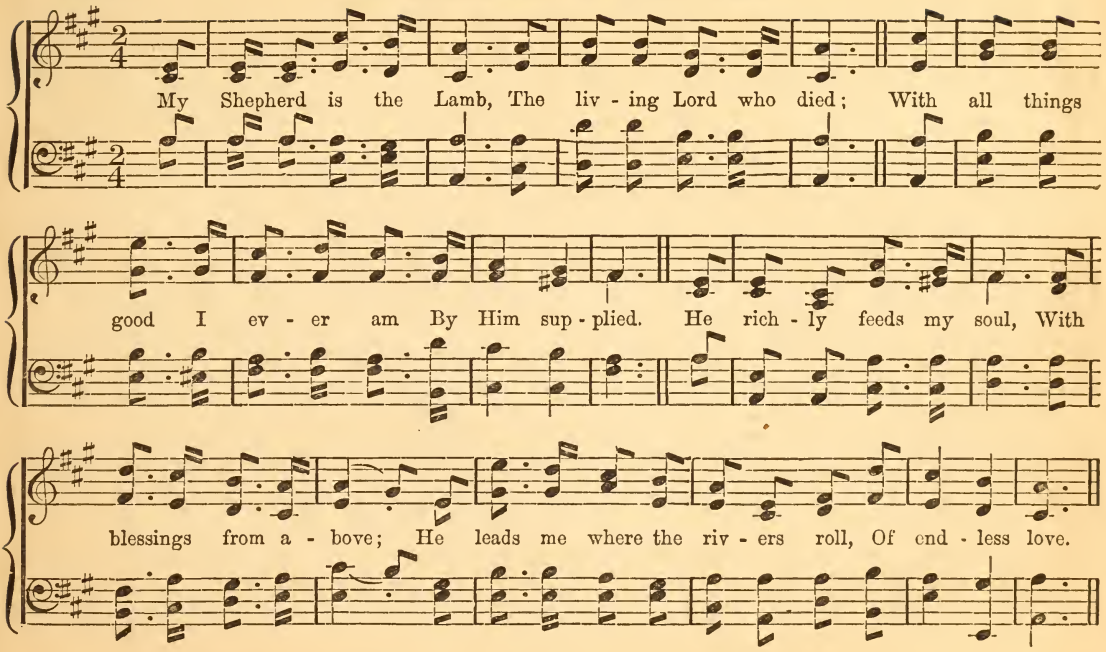
3 Pardon is offered; pardon is offered;
A pardon full, present, and free;
Thy mighty debt was paid,
When on Calvary Jesus died,
To atone for a rebel like thee.

4 Plunge in the fountain; plunge in the fountain,
The fountain which cleanses the soul;
'Tis cleansing far and near,
And its streams are flowing here;
Oh, believe it, and thou art made whole!

5 I do believe it! I do believe it!
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb!
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus's name!

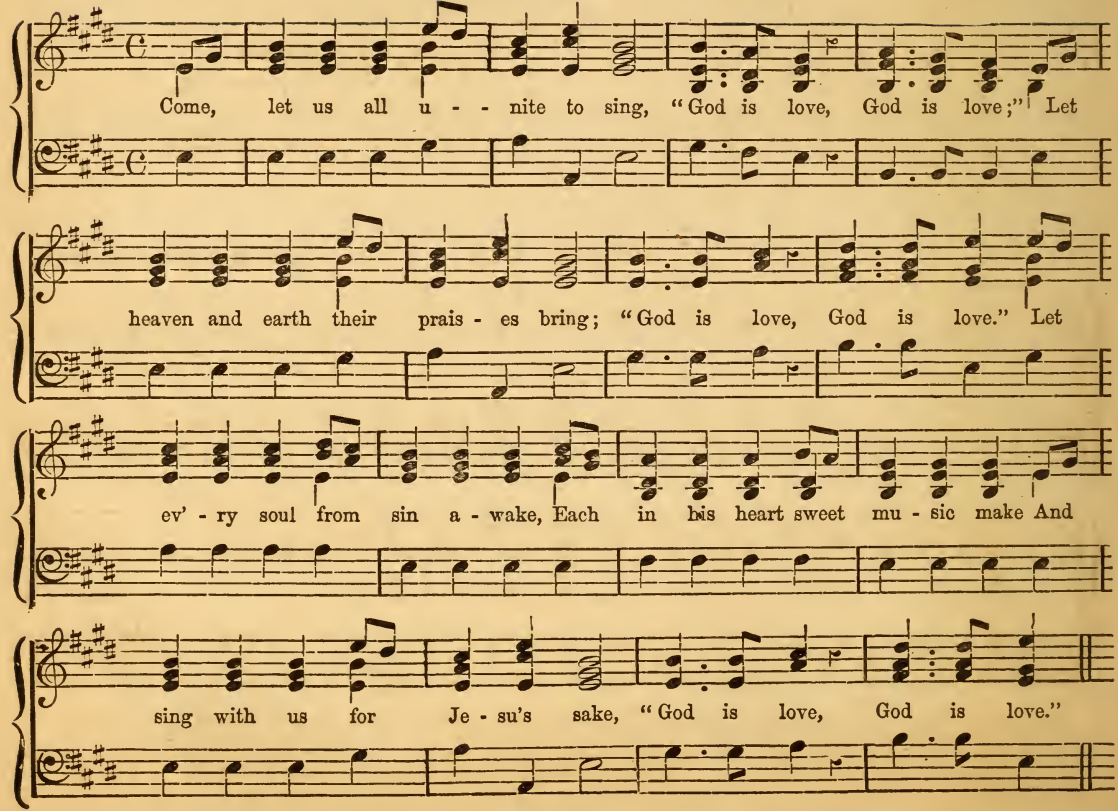
BEAUMONT.

MY SHEPHERD IS THE LAMB.


My Shepherd is the Lamb, The liv - ing Lord who died; With all things
good I ev - er am By Him sup - plied. He rich - ly feeds my soul, With
blessings from a - bove; He leads me where the riv - ers roll, Of end - less love.

2 My soul He doth restore
Whene'er I go astray;
He makes my cup of joy run o'er
From day to day.
His love, so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil;
Mercy and goodness follow me,
Fruit of his toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
Then shall I see Him face to face,
And know as known;
Still shall I lift my voice;
His praise my song shall be;
And I will in his love rejoice,
Who died for me.

GOD IS LOVE.

Come, let us all u - - nite to sing, "God is love, God is love;" Let
heaven and earth their prais - es bring; "God is love, God is love." Let
ev' - ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make And
sing with us for Je - su's sake, "God is love, God is love."

2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love;
In Christ we have redemption found,
God is love.
His blood hath washed our sins away;
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice and say,
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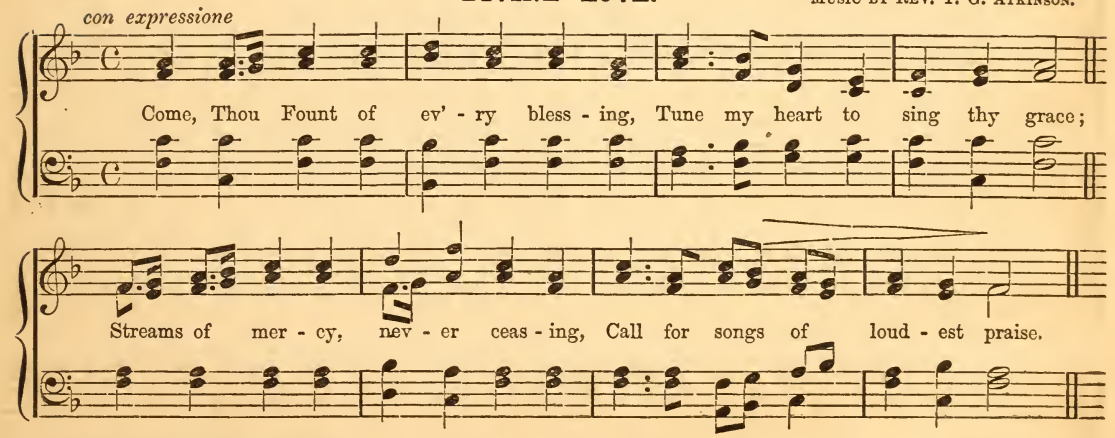
3 How happy is our portion here,
God is love;
His promises our spirits cheer,
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
God is love.

4 What though our heart and flesh should fail,
God is love;
Through Christ we shall o'er death prevail:
God is love.
Though Jordan swell we need not fear,
Our Saviour will be with us there,
Our heads above the waves to bear:
God is love.

5 In glory we shall sing again,
God is love;
This shall be our lofty strain,
God is love.
While endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This still shall be our sweetest song,
God is love.

DIVINE LOVE.

MUSIC BY REV. T. G. ATKINSON.

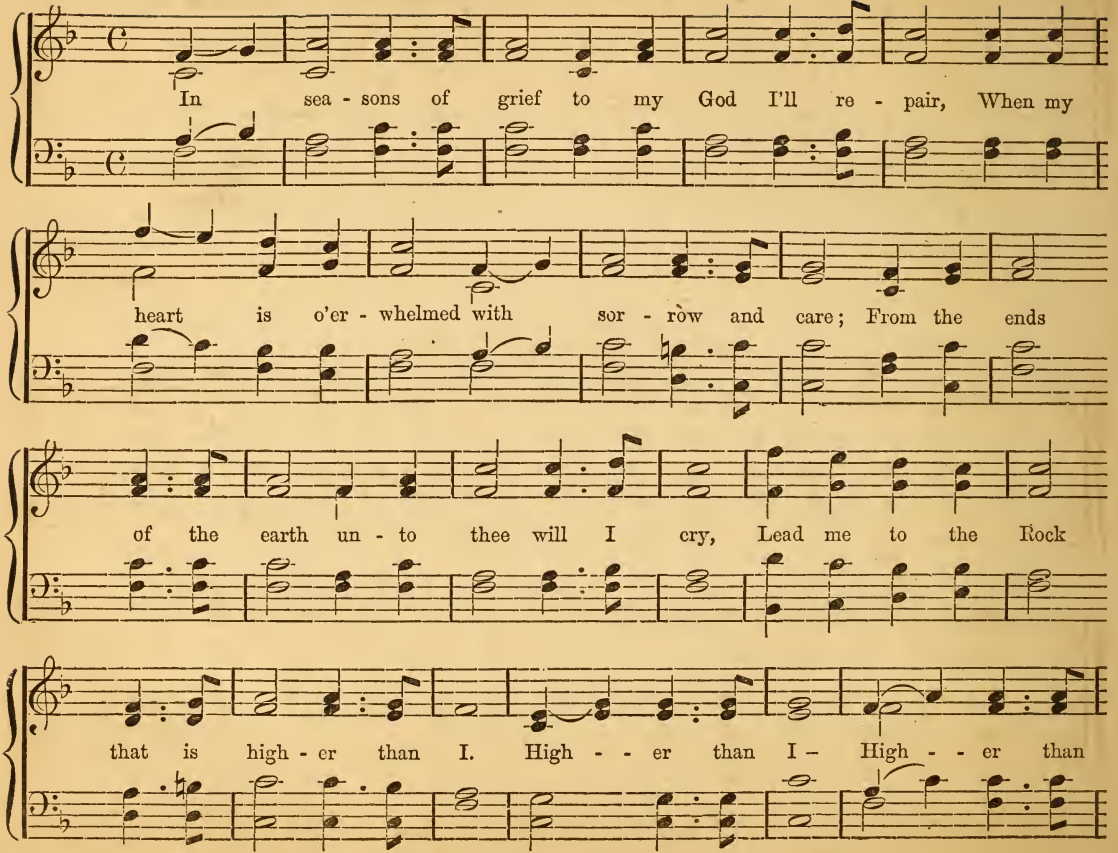

con expressione
Come, Thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

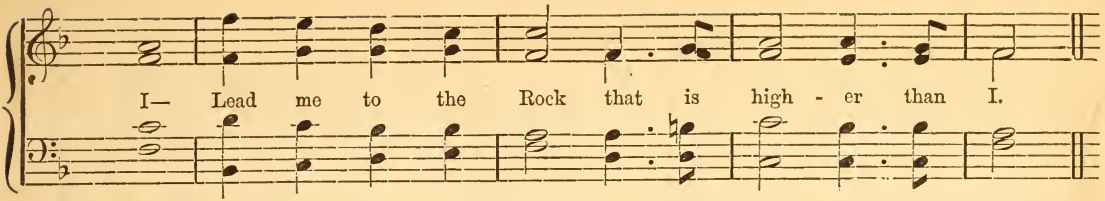
2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to save my soul from danger,
Freely shed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

HIGHER THAN I.


In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my
heart is o'er - whelmed with sor - row and care; From the ends
of the earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock
that is high - er than I. High - - er than I – High - - er than



2 When Satan, my foe, dares come in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Saviour who meekly did die,—
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

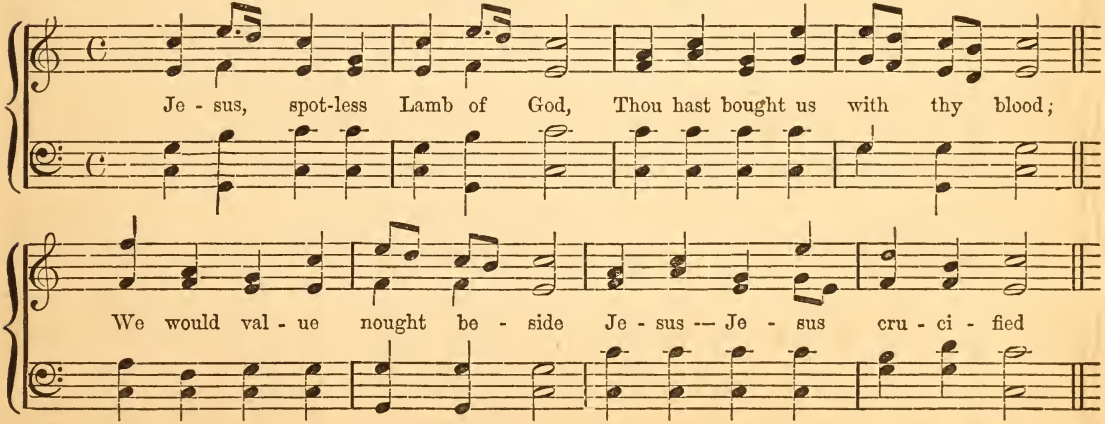
3 And while as a stranger I sojourn below,
All thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow;
In affliction's dark night to thy throne let me fly,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 When thou, Lord, shalt close my frail pilgrimage here,
In the likeness of Jesus then let me appear;
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
Looking to the Rock that is higher than I.

5 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,
With the ransomed I'll praise him above yonder sky,
Fixed firm on the Rock that is higher than I.

J. G. D.

JESUS, SPOTLESS LAMB.

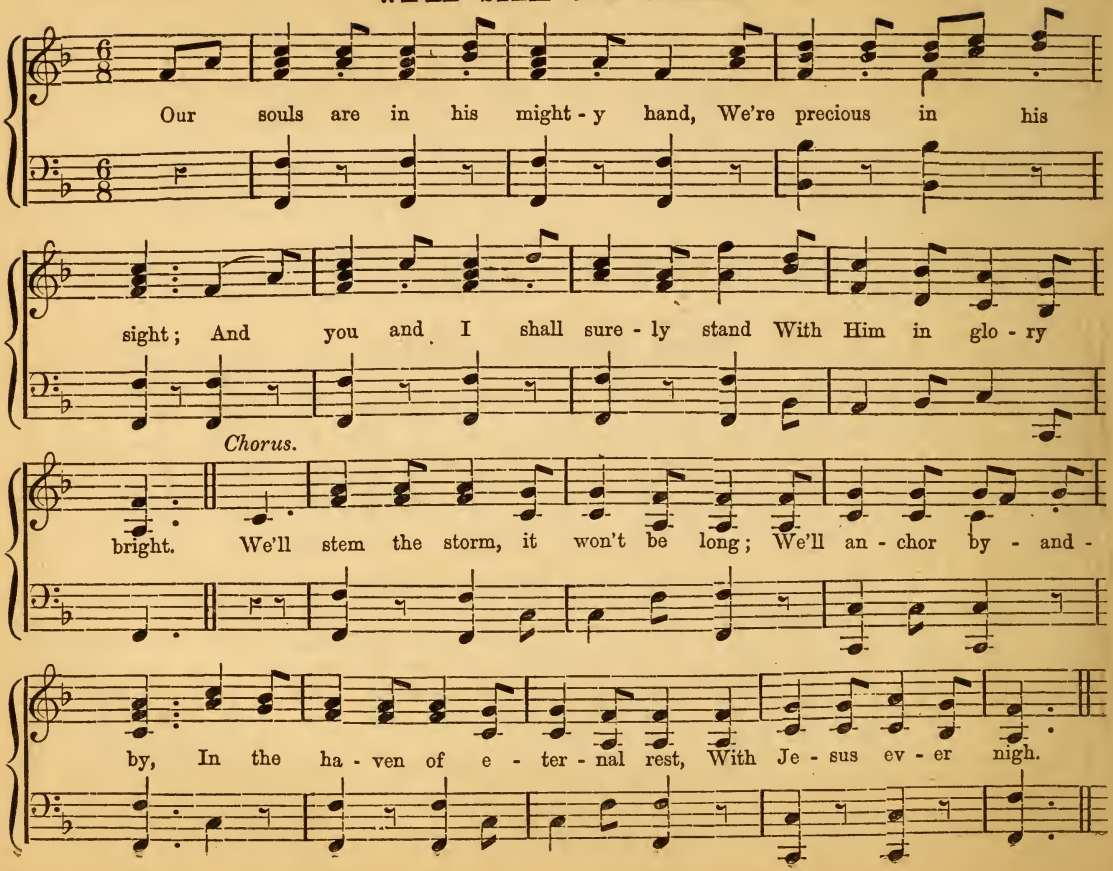


2 We are thine—and thine alone,
This we gladly, fully own;
And, in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek thy praise.

3 Help us to confess thy name,
Bear with joy thy cross and shame,
Only seek to follow thee,
Though reproach our portion be.

4 When thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heavenly home,
Louder still our lips shall own
We are thine, and thine alone.

WE'LL STEM THE STORM.


Our souls are in his might - y hand, We're precious in his
sight; And you and I shall sure - ly stand With Him in glo - ry
Chorus.
bright. We'll stem the storm, it won't be long; We'll an - chor by - and -
by, In the ha - ven of e - ter - nal rest, With Je - sus ev - er nigh.

2 Him eye to eye we then shall see,
Our face like his shall shine,
Oh, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join.

3 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed;
We all shall join in praising Him
Whose glories never fade.

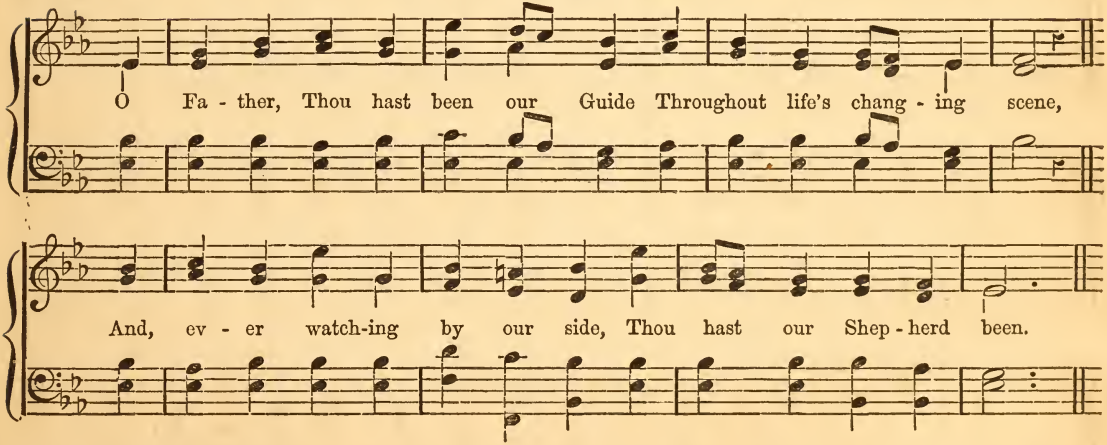
4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We'll have no less to sing his praise
Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home;
Come, dear Redeemer, come away;
Come, Jesus, quickly come.

W. F. E. A.

FOR OUR CHILDREN.

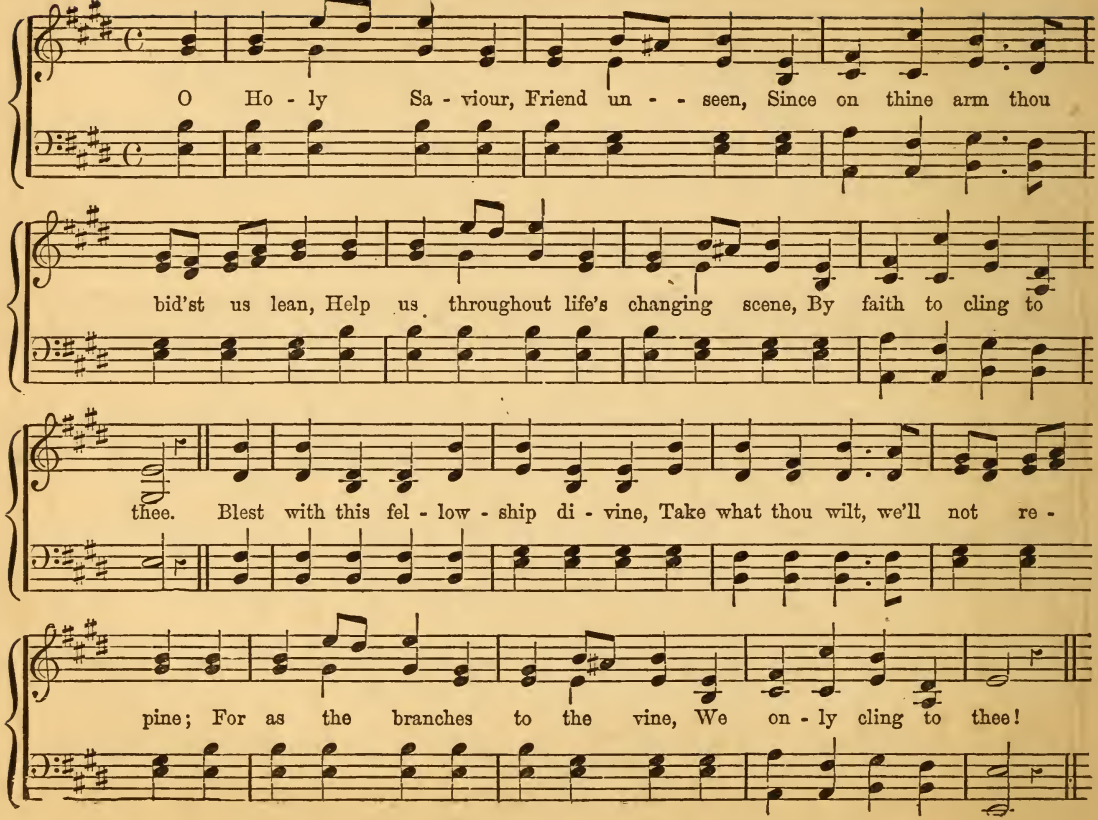
I. A.


O Fa - ther, Thou hast been our Guide Throughout life's chang - ing scene,
And, ev - er watch-ing by our side, Thou hast our Shep - herd been.

2 So for the generation, Lord,
That soon shall take our place,
We ask that they may love thy wor..,
And early seek thy grace.

3 Oh, may they march as warriors on,
As those of conquest sure,
And know for them the day is won
If they to death endure.

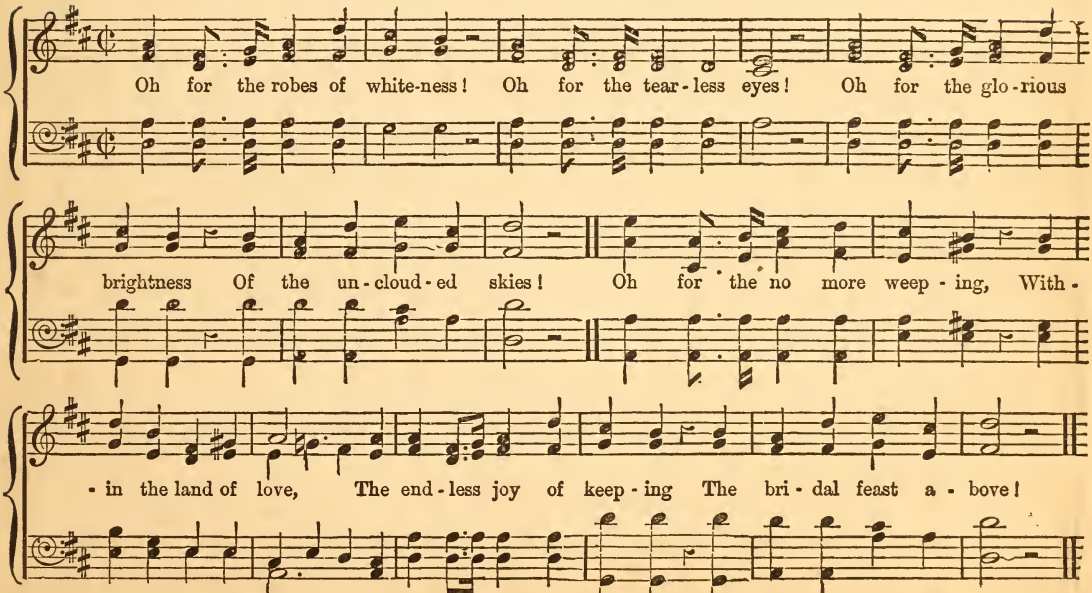
4 Keep them upon the narrow way,
That leads to heaven and Thee:
Keep them, till in the perfect day
They all thy love shall see.

CLINGING TO JESUS.

O Ho - ly Sa - viour, Friend un - - seen, Since on thine arm thou
bid'st us lean, Help us throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to
thee. Blest with this fel - low - ship di - vine, Take what thou wilt, we'll not re -
pine; For as the branches to the vine, We on - ly cling to thee!

Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found a place of rest,
As exiles still, yet not unblest
While we can cling to thee.
What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still can we cling to thee.

3 Though oft we seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"
Though faith and hope are often tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee.

THE ROBES OF WHITENESS.

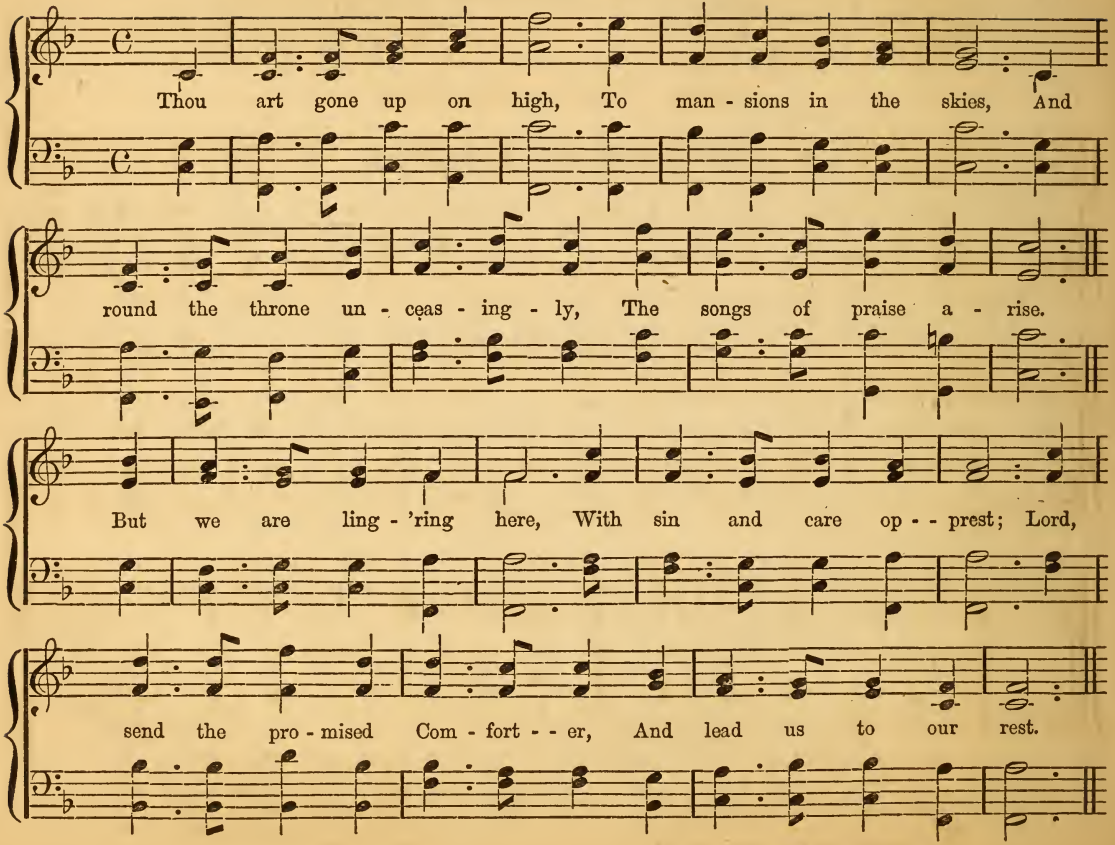

Oh for the robes of white-ness! Oh for the tear-less eyes! Oh for the glo-rious
bright-ness Of the un-cloud-ed skies! Oh for the no more weep-ing, With-
-in the land of love, The end-less joy of keep-ing The bri-dal feast a-bove!

2 Oh for the bliss of dying, My risen Lord to meet;
Oh for the rest of lying For ever at his feet.
Oh for the hour of seeing My Saviour face to face—
The hope of ever being In that sweet meeting-place.

3 Jesus, Thou King of glory, I soon shall dwell with Thee!
I soon shall sing the story Of thy great love to me!
Meanwhile my soul would enter, E'en now before thy throne,
That all my love might centre, On Thee, and Thee alone!

THE ASCENDED SAVIOUR.

I. A.

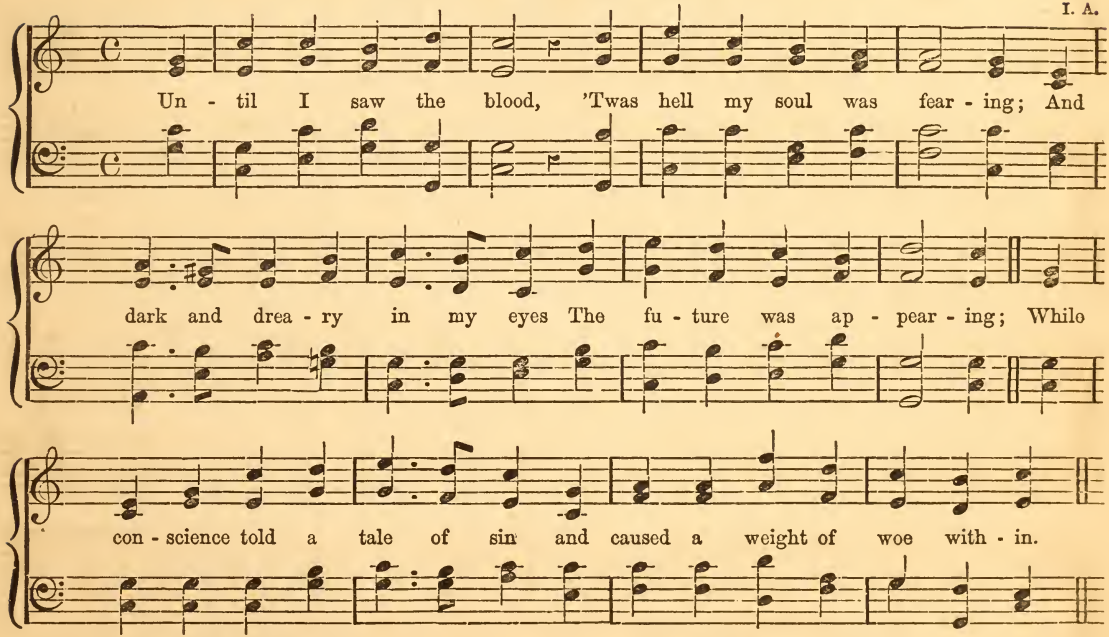

Thou art gone up on high, To man - sions in the skies, And
round the throne un - ceas - ing - ly, The songs of praise a - rise.
But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - - prest; Lord,
send the pro - mised Com - fort - - er, And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Oh, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

UNTIL I SAW THE BLOOD.

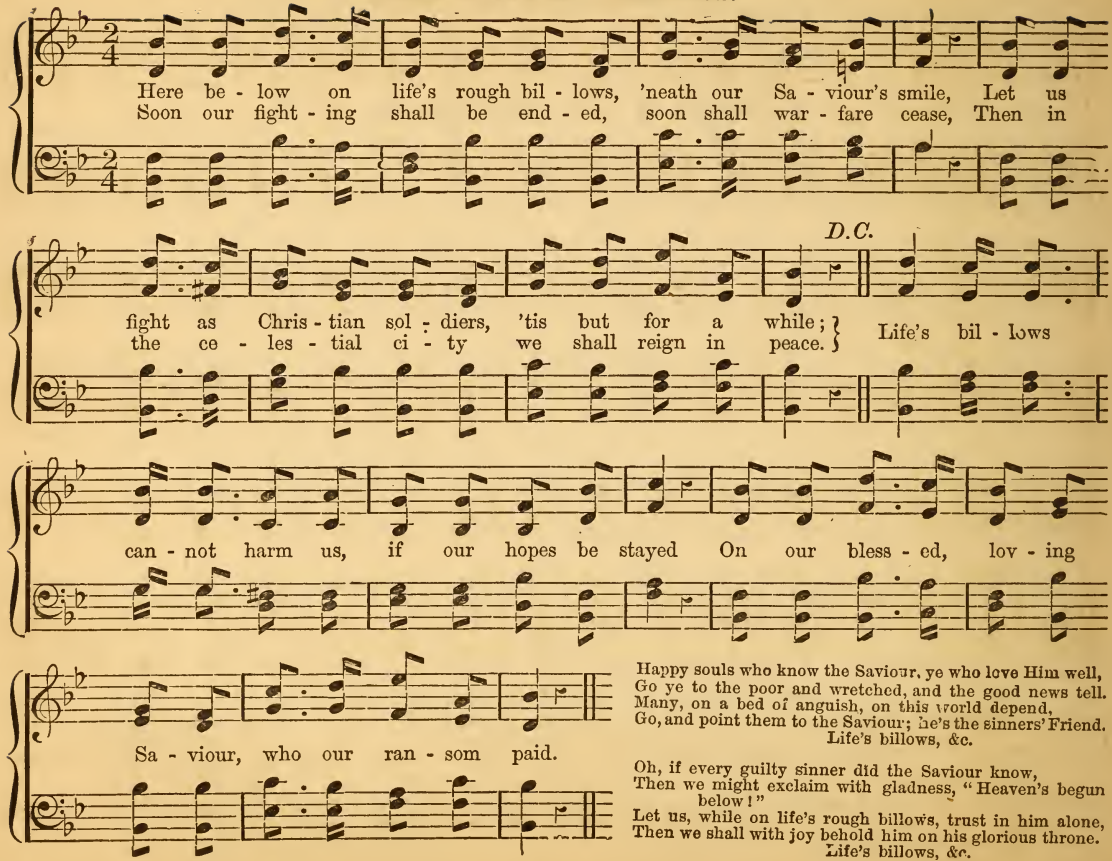
I. A.


Un - til I saw the blood, 'Twas hell my soul was fear - ing; And
dark and drea - ry in my eyes The fu - ture was ap - pear - ing; While
con - science told a tale of sin and caused a weight of woe with - in.

2 Until I saw the blood,
For mercy I was crying,
As if to move the heart of God,
Or win his favour trying;
But all the seeking seemed in vain,
The wished-for peace I could not gain.

3 But when I saw the blood,
And looked on Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once,
And I with transport read it;
I found myself to God brought nigh,
And "Victory" became my cry.

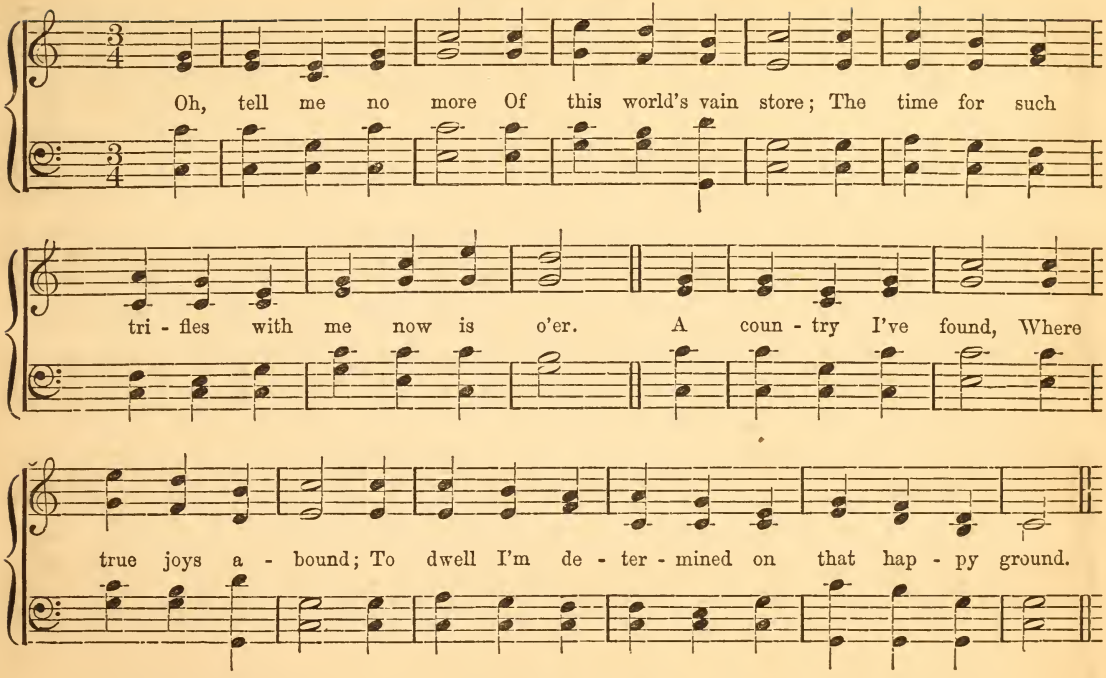
LIFE'S ROUGH BILLOWS.


Here be - low on life's rough bil - lows, 'neath our Sa - viour's smile, Let us
Soon our fight - ing shall be end - ed, soon shall war - fare cease, Then in
D.C.
fight as Chris - tian sol - diers, 'tis but for a while;
the ce - les - tial ci - ty we shall reign in peace.
Life's bil - lows
can - not harm us, if our hopes be stayed On our bless - ed, lov - ing
Sa - viour, who our ran - som paid.

Happy souls who know the Saviour, ye who love Him well,
Go ye to the poor and wretched, and the good news tell.
Many, on a bed of anguish, on this world depend,
Go, and point them to the Saviour; he's the sinners' Friend.
Life's billows, &c.

Oh, if every guilty sinner did the Saviour know,
Then we might exclaim with gladness, "Heaven's begun below!"
Let us, while on life's rough billows, trust in him alone,
Then we shall with joy behold him on his glorious throne.
Life's billows, &c.

OH, TELL ME NO MORE.

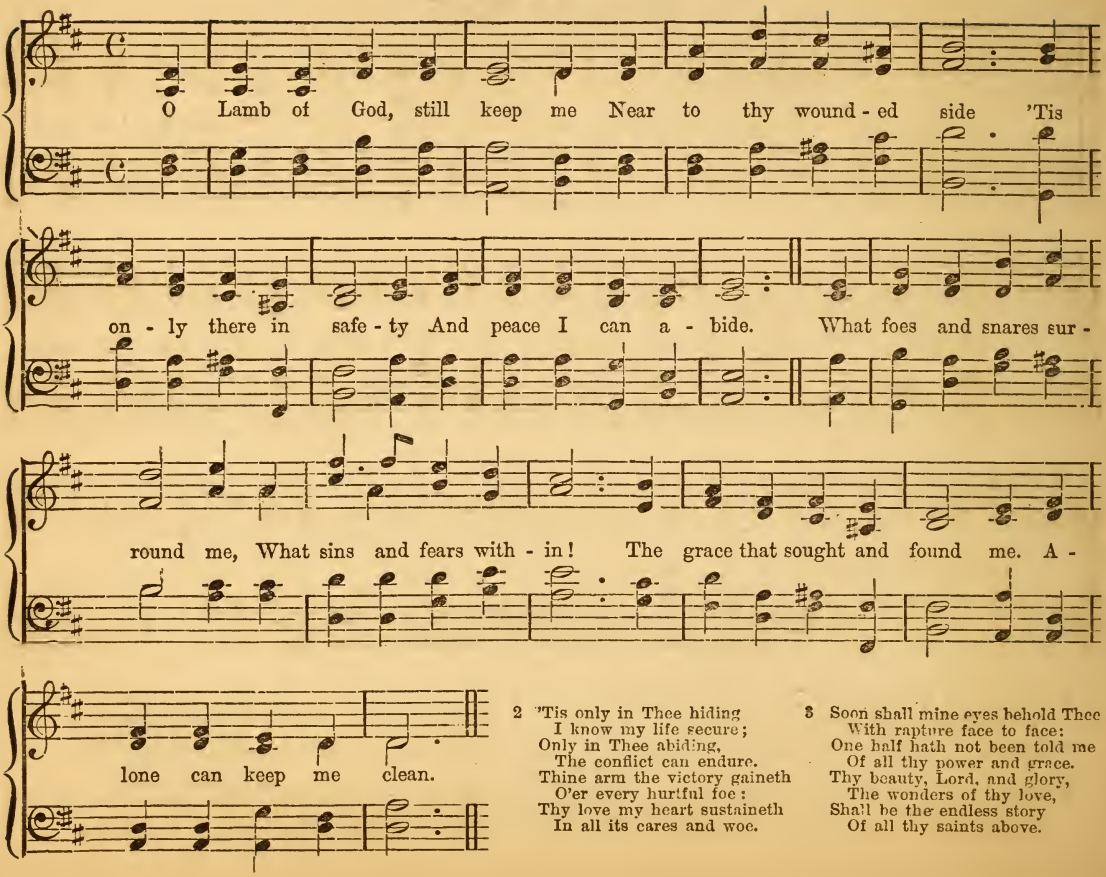

Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such
tri - fles with me now is o'er. A coun - try I've found, Where
true joys a - bound; To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground.

2 The souls that believe,
In paradise live;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away!
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 Perhaps for his name,
Poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish with glad, loving aim.
I still (which is best)
Shall on his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

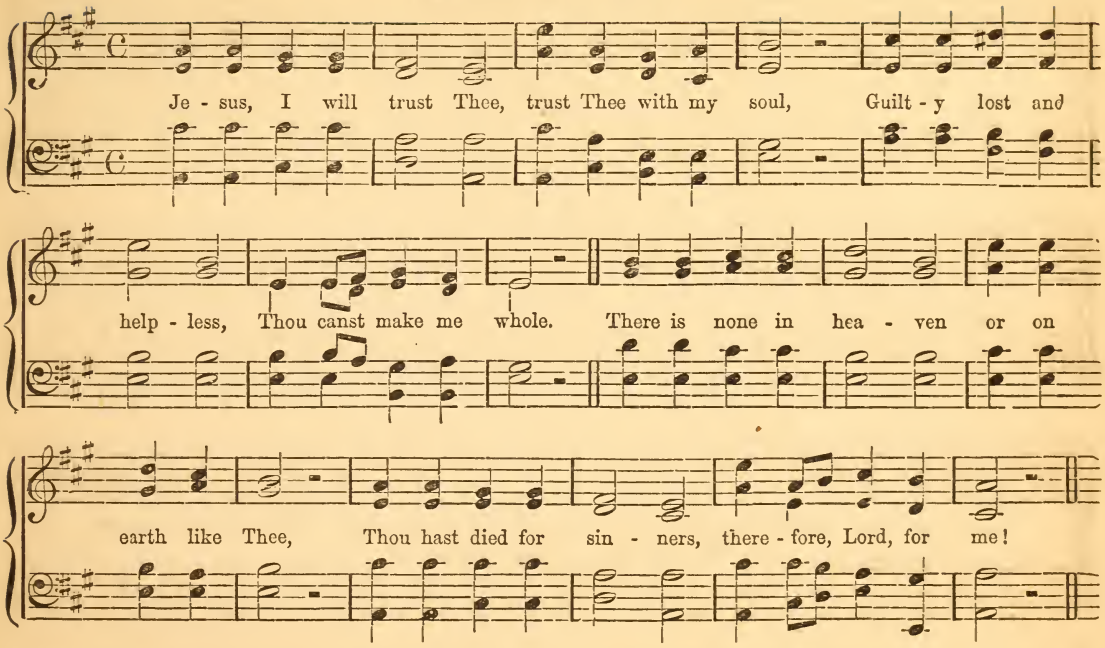
4 And if I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot say why.
But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

O LAMB OF GOD!


O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to thy wound - ed side 'Tis
on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide. What foes and snares sur -
round me, What sins and fears with - in! The grace that sought and found me. A -
lone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe:
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face:
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

TRUST IN JESUS.

Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul, Guilt - y lost and
help - less, Thou canst make me whole. There is none in hea - ven or on
earth like Thee, Thou hast died for sin - ners, there - fore, Lord, for me!

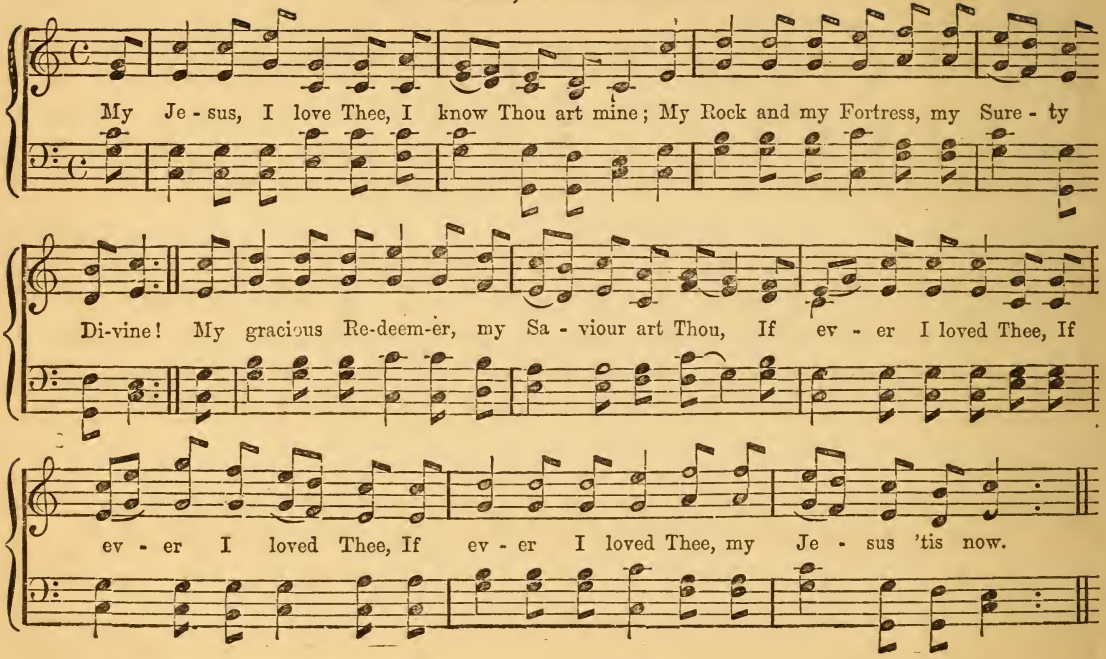
2 Jesus, I may trust Thee! Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel, at thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever, on thy cross of shame,—
Sinners, read and worship, trusting in that Name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering thy ways,
Full of love and mercy, all thine earthly days—
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought thy face,
None too vile or guilty for a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust thy written word
(Though thy voice of mercy I have never heard)—
When thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet,
Only may I hearken, sitting at thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt,
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out."—
Faithful is thy promise, precious is thy blood,
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.


My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; My Rock and my Fortress, my Sure - ty
Di-vine! My gracious Re-deem-er, my Sa - viour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, If
ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

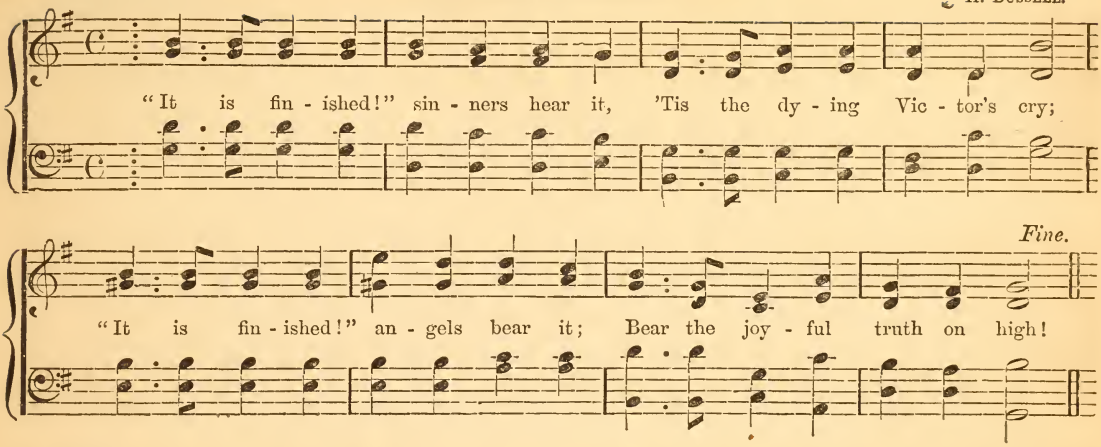
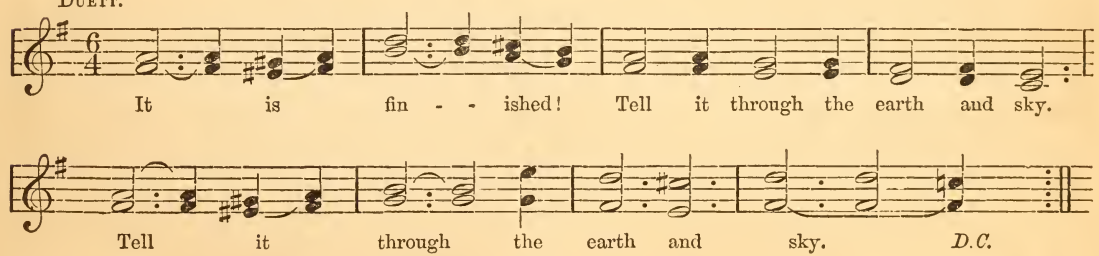
2 I love Thee because Thou hast first lovëd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow—
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And will praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, if the death-dew lie cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in the heaven of light;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

With permission from "THE CHORALIST."

"IT IS FINISHED!"

H. BUSSELL.

DUETT.

2 Hear the Lord Himself declaring
All performed He came to do;
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news for you.
Jesus speaks it:
His are faithful words and true.

3 It is finished! all is over;
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus the victory was obtained.
'Tis a victory
None but Jesus could have gained.

4 Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown Him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame;
In the highest heaven enthrone Him,
Men and angels, sound his fame.
Great his glory,
Jesus bears a matchless Name.

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NOTE.—The indented lines in smaller type refer to Tunes for the Hymns with which the brace connects them. Where the Hymn has also its peculiar Tune the brace is omitted.

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